# The Saturday Evening POST

FEB 24 '59

February 28, 1959 — 15¢

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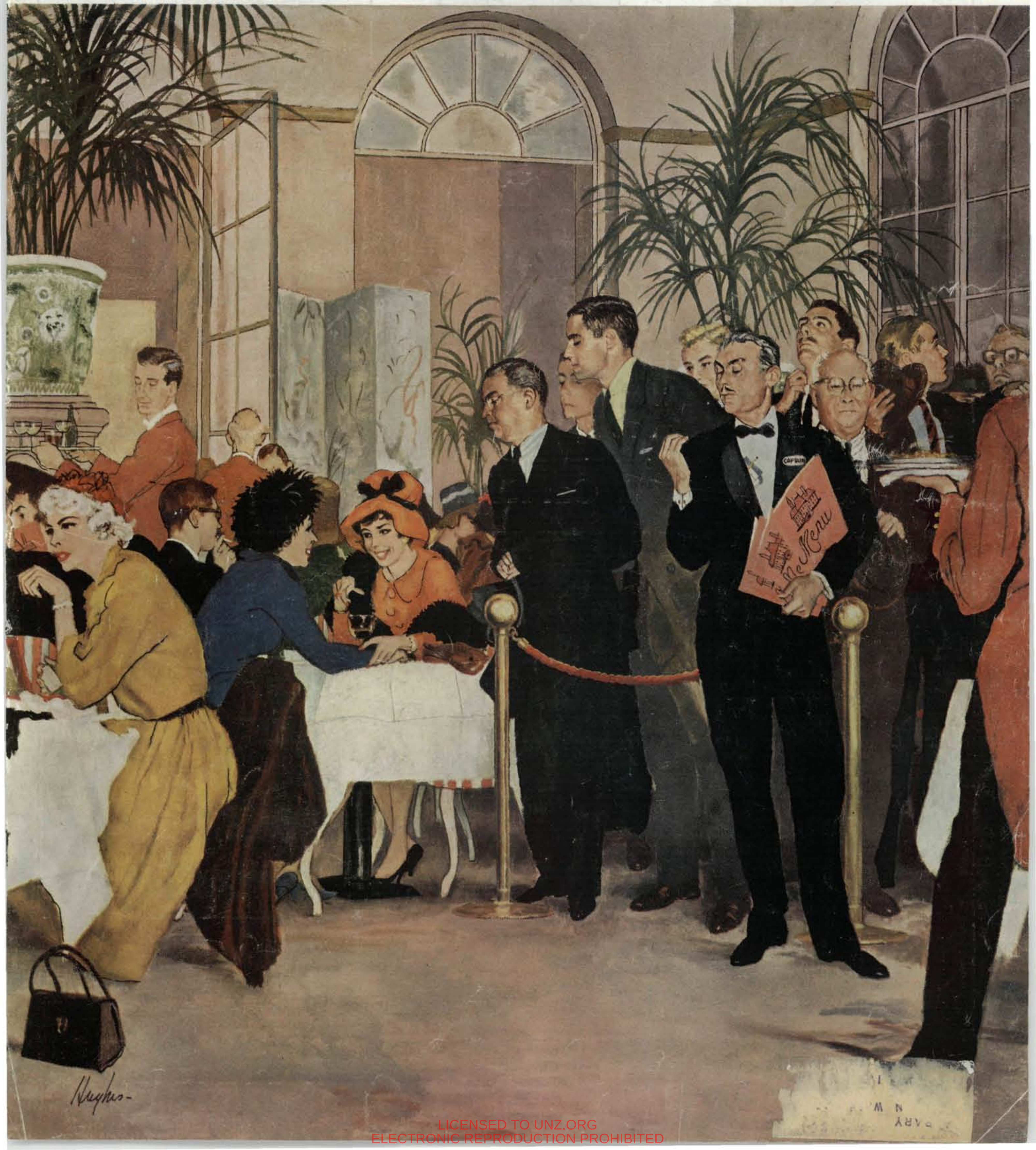
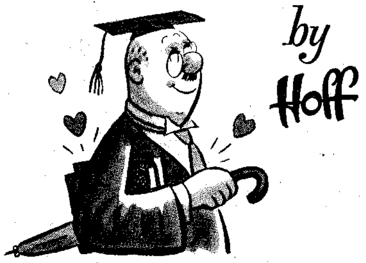
## HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP FLOYD PATTERSON

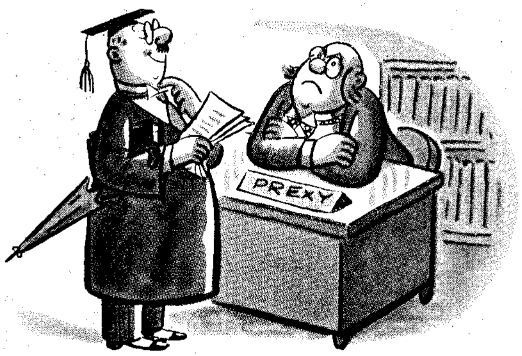
## The Squeeze on Berlin

## ARTHUR MURRAY

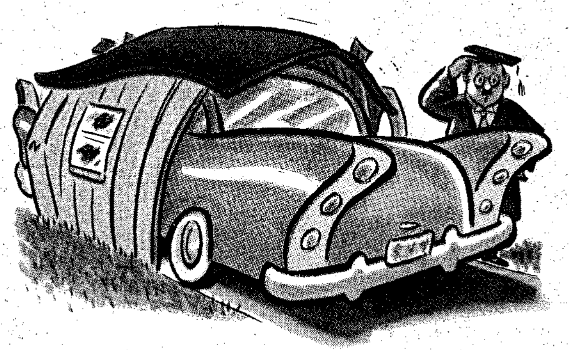

CAPTAIN
Menu
Hughes

# Absent-minded Prof parks wife, kisses Rambler

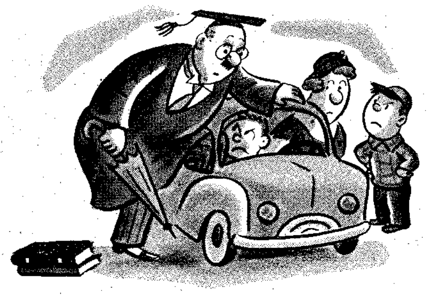




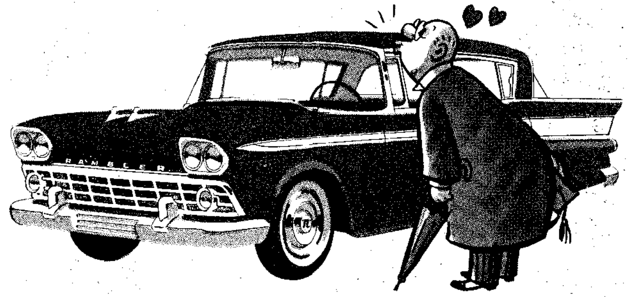
Once there was a professor who got called into the college president's office. "Is it true," said the prexy, "that last week you parked your wife and kissed your new 1959 Rambler?" "Yes, sir," said the prof, "but . . ."



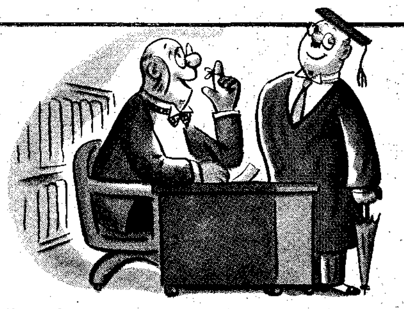
"Such absent-mindedness is appalling," said the prexy. "But, sir," said the prof, "that wasn't absent-mindedness! Remember that big gas-guzzler I used to drive that didn't fit my garage and my wife couldn't park?"



"Well, I decided to trade it for a little foreign car, but my wife said, 'We have four children, dear. Remember?' 'Bless my soul,' I said, 'so we do.' Then my brightest student told me about Rambler—big car room, small car economy.



"So I got a Rambler and last week when I had to go to that conference at State U., I parked my wife at her mother's and kissed my Rambler because it's a sweetheart of a car and gets twice the mileage of my former big car," said the prof.



"That's what this string on my finger is for," said the prexy. "My wife said we're only getting five to nine miles per gallon—or is it five to nine gallons per mile—on our big car. So where is that Rambler dealer?"

# Go Rambler for '59-the Compact Car

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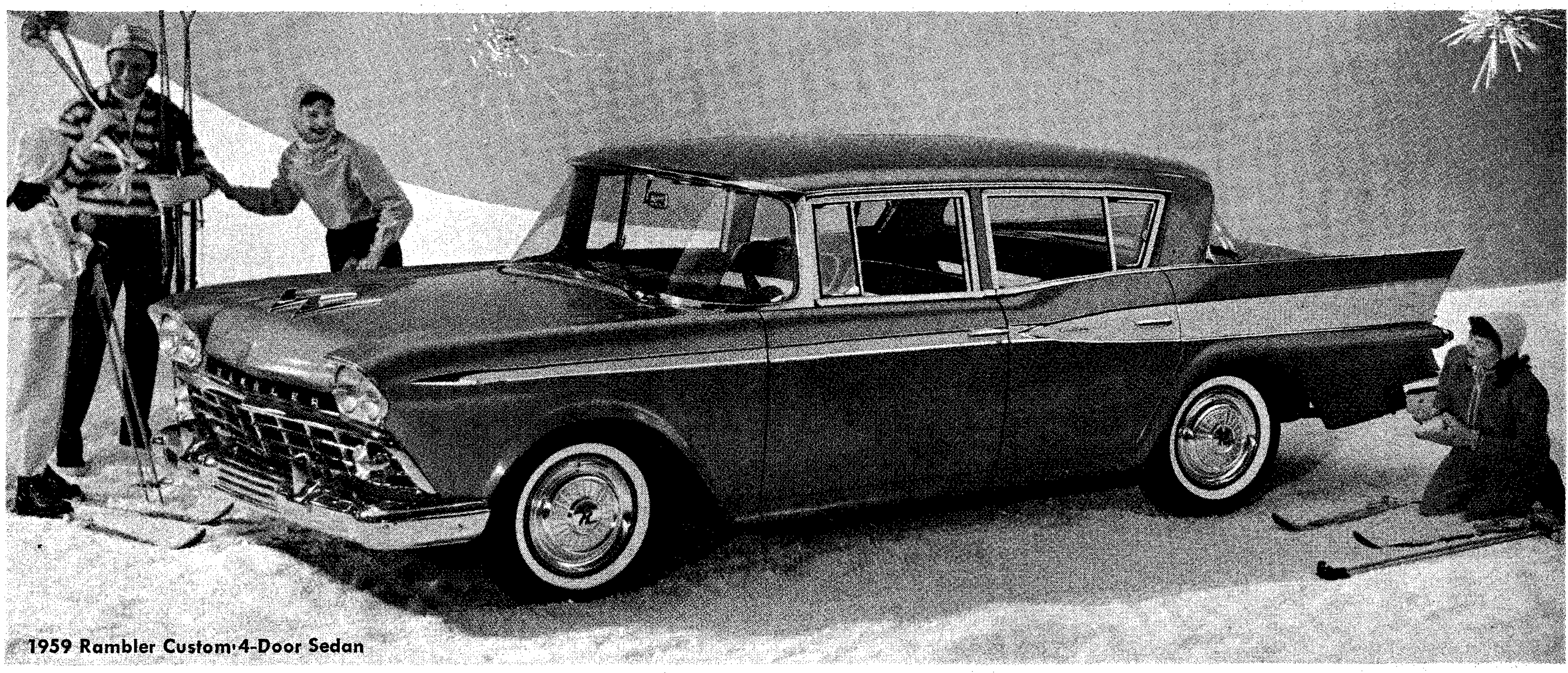

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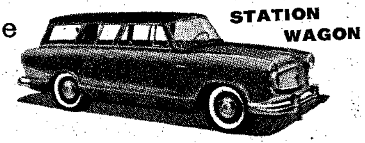

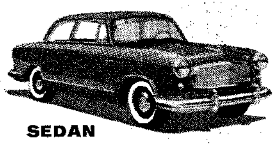

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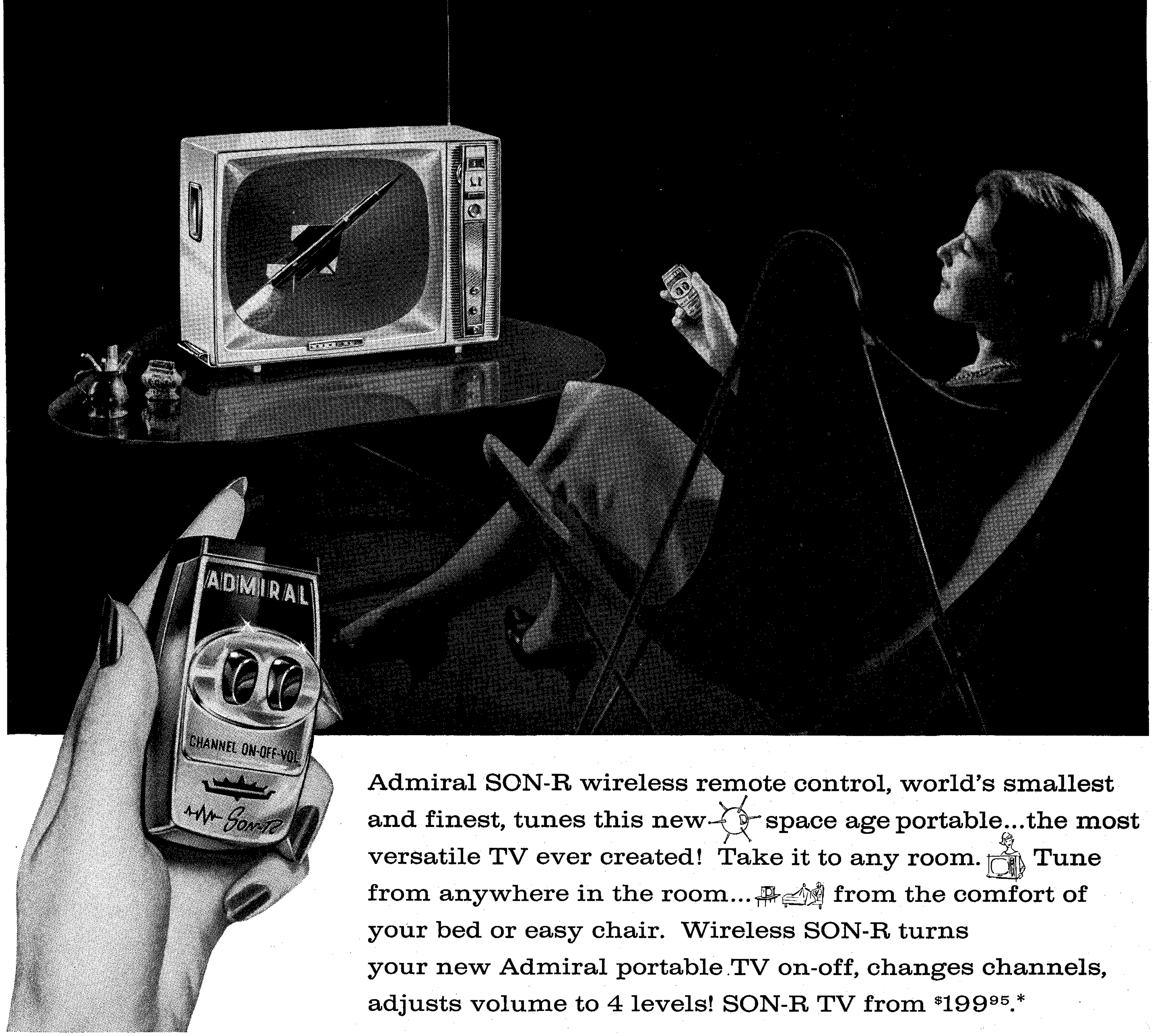

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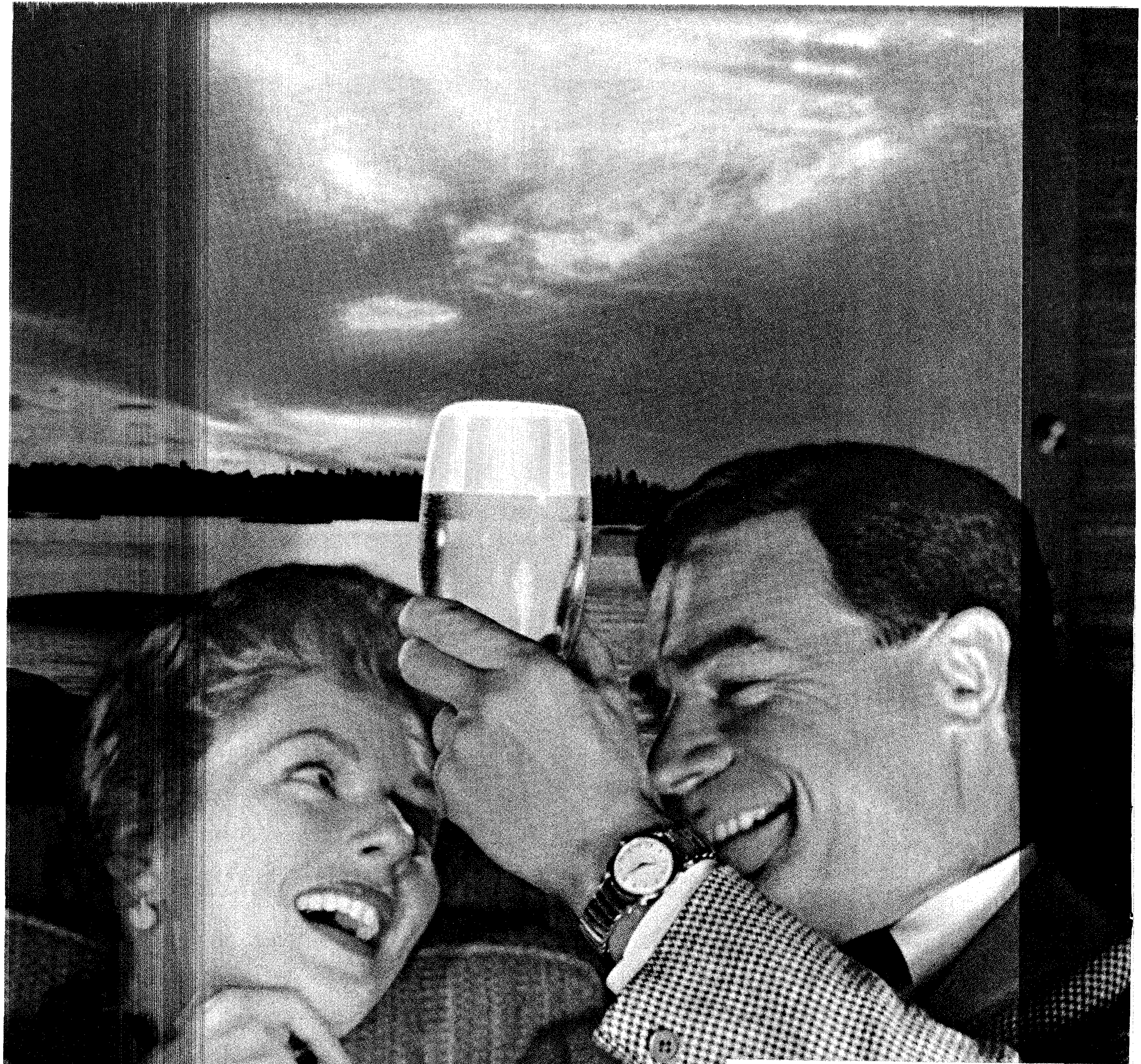

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# IN THIS ISSUE

*February 28, 1959*    *Vol. 231, No. 35*

## 4 Short Stories

Motel Weekend . . . *Thomas Walsh* 22
Desert Bride . . . *Prentiss Combs* 24
The Friday Girl . . . *Mary C. McCall, Jr.* 31
The Secret of the Tin Box . . . *Paul Horgan* 34

## 7 Articles

A Visit With the Champion . . . *W. C. Heinz* 19
Our Plans for Outer Space . . . *T. Keith Glennan, as told to Robert Cahn* 25
The Squeeze is on Berlin . . . *Toni Howard* 26
The Face of America: Splashy Spectacle . . . *Photograph by Bill Shrout* 28
Treasure of the Athabaska . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 30
Why I Love Lake Champlain . . . *Murray Hoyt* 32
My Husband, Arthur Murray, Part III: Arthur's First Million Dollars *Kathryn Murray, as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman* 36

## 2 Serials

Riviera Prelude (Conclusion) . . . *Vivian Connell* 38
The Cardiff Giant Affair (Fifth of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 43

## Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 40
Verse . . . 65, 82, 96
Hazel . . . 102
Keeping Posted . . . 104

The Saturday Evening
POST
February 28, 1959
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP
FLOYD PATTERSON
The Squeeze on Berlin
ARTHUR MURRAY

## THE COVER

See all the tired workingmen herded in the hotel corral. Little do they ask of life—a morsel of food, maybe a drop of drink, to keep them alive so they can work some more. And see the two ladies who have finished their lunch and begun another fifteen-minute Niagara of conversation. By departing at once they could help repay mankind for all the unsung years during which males gave females their seats in trolley cars. But men have now broken themselves of this habit—also they are pretty good luncheon lingerers themselves—so let's drop the subject. Artist George Hughes thinks the hungering herd should go around the corner to the hoagie bar. That's an idea; while waiting for seats there, they could organize a luncheon club—for men only.

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# Letters

## Johnson by Alsop

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on a perfectly splendid article carried in the January 24th issue of The Saturday Evening Post entitled LYNDON JOHNSON: HOW DOES HE DO IT? [by Stewart Alsop].

This is a first-class job. I've read a very great deal about Lyndon Johnson since I have been in the Senate, and this is by all odds the best analysis that I have seen. As a matter of fact, it is the first time that any writer has been able to put his finger clearly and accurately on the reason for Johnson's amazing influence in the Senate.

WILLIAM PROXMIRE
*United States Senate*
*Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sirs:

As one long acquainted with our remarkable Majority Leader, I believe the article is perceptive, accurate, eminently fair and friendly.

GEORGE SMATHERS
*United States Senate*
*Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop is one of the finest magazine writers of our country. His article on Lyndon Johnson is an especially brilliant piece of work.

PHILIP L. GRAHAM, *Publisher*
*The Washington Post and Times Herald*
*Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sirs:

Alsop comments: "In short, the accident of his Texas birth almost certainly bars Johnson from the White House."

Well, what about Ike? He was born in Texas and got into the White House a couple times.

W. RUSSELL ODELL
*Chicago, Ill.*

● *Ike, who left Texas for Kansas as an infant, admits his Texas birth; Lyndon proclaims his. Therein lies the difference.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I was interested in the piece on Lyndon Johnson, but I think both his control and his personality are being greatly exaggerated. He is a smooth fixer, but it remains to be seen whether he can do anything but compromise.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
*Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sirs:

"How Lyndon does it" is no mystery. He talks conservative, he pleads for middle-of-the-roadism and he votes liberal. His power comes from the liberals, and the true conservatives in Texas plan to retire Mr. Johnson to his beautiful ranch come next election.

J. MCCARTHY
*Dallas, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

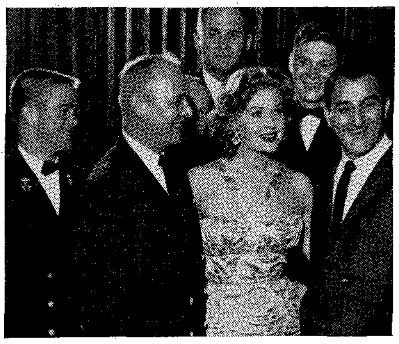
I am hoping, as are all Texas Democrats, that Mr. Alsop will have to eat his words next year when the Northern liberals and the Southerners do agree and choose to bestow their coveted presidential nomination on the Democrat that can and will be elected—Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas.

CAROL ROGERS
*Big Spring, Texas*

## A Question of Anchors

Dear Sirs:

Kindly inform the midshipman [below, left], obviously a member of the NROTC, whose picture appears on page 21 of your January 17th issue, that the gold anchors he is wearing on his collar are the type which belong on his cap.



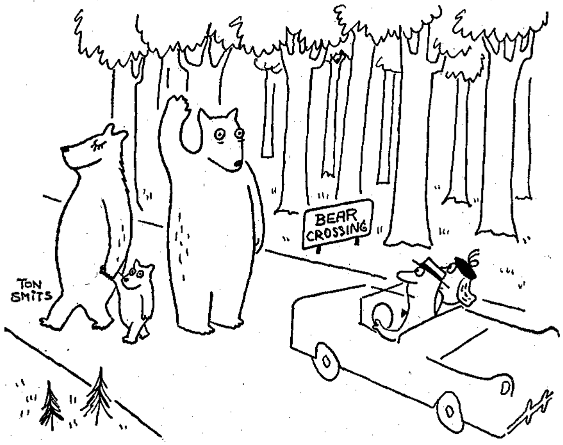
*Cadet Tate visits California.*

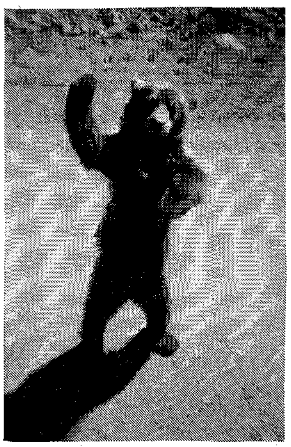
R. B. ROTHWELL, *Mid. 3/c*
*United States Naval Academy*
*Annapolis, Md.*

● *That's John Thomas Tate, not a midshipman, but a naval-aviation cadet stationed at Pensacola, Fla. His lapel insigne, a fouled anchor, is correct at Pensacola, incorrect at Annapolis and at NROTC units.*—*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

## BEARS WATCHING





Dear Sirs:

[Re Jan. 24 cartoon above]: I am interested to see that the young traffic cop whose picture I snapped some time ago in Yellowstone Park has grown up and apparently is regularly employed.

FRED T. EVANS
*Gig Harbor, Wash.*

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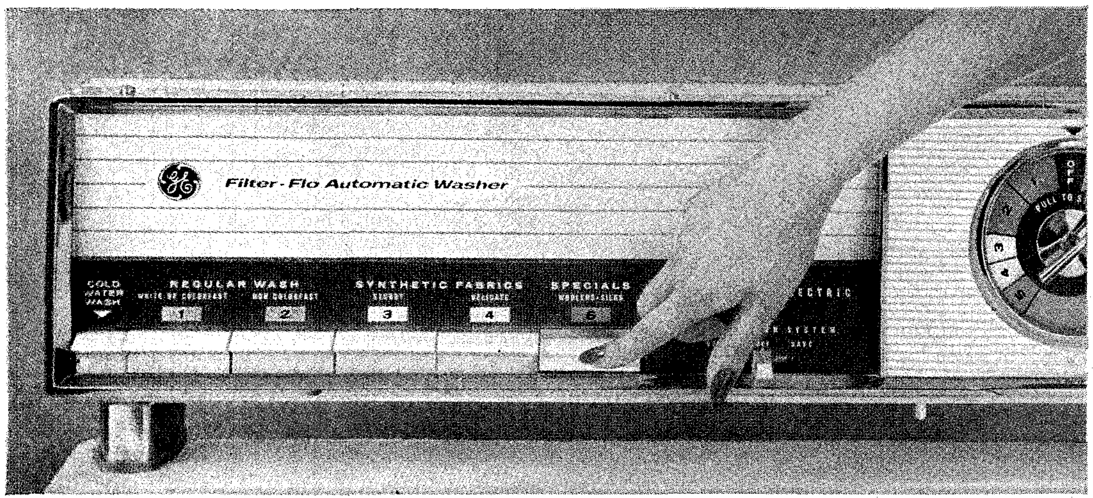

**1** . . . is the key for white and colorfast cottons and linens that need hot water, vigorous washing action. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry quickly.

**2** . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water temperatures and fast spin they need. Brisk activation gets them clean as a whistle.

**3** . . . is for sturdy, well-made wash 'n wear clothes of synthetics and blends. Warm wash water, brisk activation get them clean; slow spin prevents deep wrinkles.

**4** . . . gently washes delicate wash 'n wear clothes in warm water, eliminates tiresome handwashing. Slow spin protects sheer fabrics, seams and trim.

**5** . . . is for "specials." Slow wash speed in warm water is kind to woolens—won't "pill" blankets or sweaters. Fast spin gets out that extra water woolens absorb.

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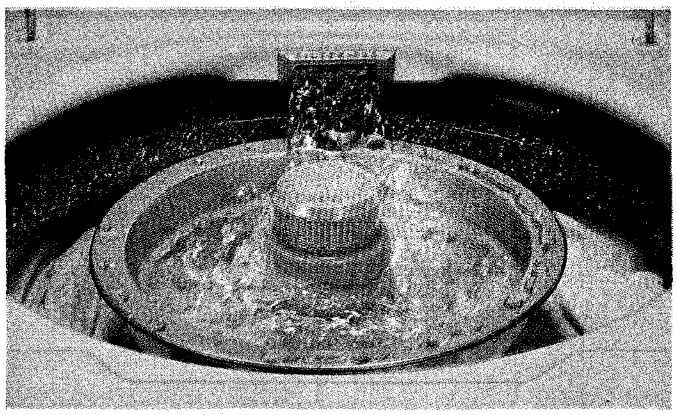

**NO-LINT-FUZZ WASHING** because the famous, time-proven Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the water constantly. This filter is *dependable*, can't clog or impede water flow! A handy detergent dispenser, too.

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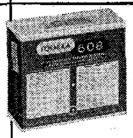

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# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

## Undiplomatic Statement

Dear Sirs:

To the question, "Is the water safe to drink in Tehran?" (see your Jan. 3 issue, SCHOOL FOR MODERN DIPLOMATS, by Henry F. and Katharine Pringle) the following answer is given: "Not unless it is from the embassy's private water supply [as the city water system consists of open *jubes*, or ditches, which also are used for washing clothes, bathing, and rinsing dishes]."

This statement was correct a few years ago; however, it is not any longer. Thanks to our capital's new water-supply organization, with the most modern and up-to-date equipment, canalization system and water-filtering plant, all you have to do is turn on your water tap to get a cool, fresh, absolutely germ-free water.

F. SEPAHBODY  
*Press Attaché*  
*Imperial Iranian Embassy*  
*Bern, Switzerland*

## Extra Brother

Dear Sirs:

Your article, SO YOU WANT TO BE A HOLLYWOOD EXTRA [by Lee Edson, Jan. 24], was very well done and was informative to a great many of us who have been in the motion-picture business for a long time. However, in talking it over, several of us detected a minor error. . . .

Mr. Edson states that the former star, Franklyn Farnum, is "a brother of the late silent-screen stars, Dustin and William Farnum."

This is a general misapprehension in Hollywood, but Mr. Farnum recently worked on Say One For Me [below] . . . which I am directing, and, himself, corrected it for me. He is in no way related to the other Farnums. . . .

Thank you again for a most illuminating exposition on a generally misunderstood phase of film making.

FRANK TASHLIN  
*20th Century-Fox Film Corp.*  
*Beverly Hills, Calif.*

*Franklyn Farnum.*

Dear Sirs:

Franklyn is 80, not 83, has just retired as president of Screen Extras Guild. . . .

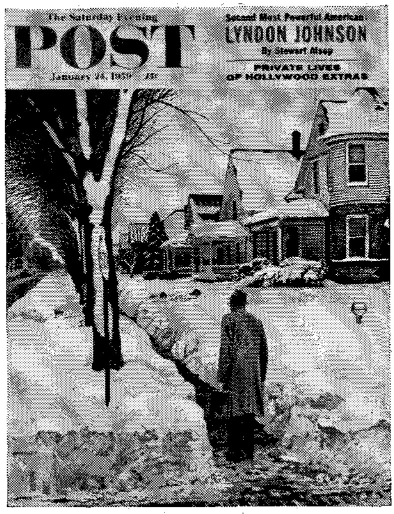
Incidentally, the Guild has just served on the motion-picture producers its formal proposals for contract revisions. Among them: . . . payment of $90 for riding a camel or an elephant, but only $75 for leading same.

BUCK HARRIS  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

## Good Times in Bad Axe

Dear Sirs:

If I awoke in the middle of the night in the house in the right foreground of John Falter's cover for the January 24th Post [below], I could find my way without a light . . . because I lived there all my boyhood. Much the same goes for the street itself, North Port Crescent Street, in Bad Axe, Michigan. Although I have not lived in that house for many years . . . it is deep in the nerves and bones. Like any house, or any town, that has seen the passage of even a few generations, it could a tale unfold. To me, and to the relatively few people who have lived on that street, Mr. Falter's painting conveys the feeling of . . . real life and death, of change and permanence.



ARTHUR J. CARR  
*Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

We spent three short, wonderful years in the house with the tower.

LELAND WOOD  
*Holly, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

The home . . . was owned and occupied by one Japheth Hind. Noah Hind [like the Biblical Noah] had three sons—Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Ham and Shem remained on the farm (Huron County, that is), and "Jap" moved into town and became the town banker.

I lived next door forty years ago, and the scene is very familiar, as it has not changed.

GERTRUDE MC CAREN SKILLMAN  
*Detroit, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

Never having been to Bad Axe, Michigan, I will still venture to say the stop signs precede the crosswalks.

JOHN V. HOPF  
*Manitowoc, Wis.*

● *Artist Falter swears he didn't move the stop sign—but he did put the sidewalk on the wrong side of the trees. "Maybe I should have my artistic license suspended for six months," he suggests.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The artist's name . . . might well be the name of the man hesitating at the end of the sidewalk.

MRS. C. SLACK  
*Kerby, Ore.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

4–Sid Avery; Fred T. Evans. • 6–20th Century-Fox. • 19–Wide World; Jacob Lofman. 20–Wide World. • 21–United Press International. • 22, 23–Bernard D'Andrea. 24–Bruce Bomberger. • 25–Ollie Atkins; NASA. • 26–Claude Jacoby; map by Center Studio; Birnback; Claude Jacoby. • 27–Claude Jacoby. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. 30–Alberta Government; King; map by Peter F. Petraglia. • 31–Robert Meyers. 32, 33–George Burns. • 34, 35–Ken Riley. • 36–White Studio; two by Larry Fried. 37–Anonymous; Larry Fried; David Knudsen; United Press International. • 38, 39–Bernard D'Andrea. • 43–Sam Bates. • 72–Gene Lester. • 84–Map by Zen Yonkovig. 104–Anonymous; George Burns; M-G-M; Columbus Dispatch.

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*Illustrated: The Hammond Home Model Organ*

# together

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Playing a Hammond is something everyone in the family can take part in

. . . it offers that rare kind of fun that is also enriching; and of course—

. . . when you have a Hammond, you know you have the very best

*Terms: about $135 down and $40 a month at most dealers*

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**. . . new fidelity of tone**
**. . . new furniture styling**

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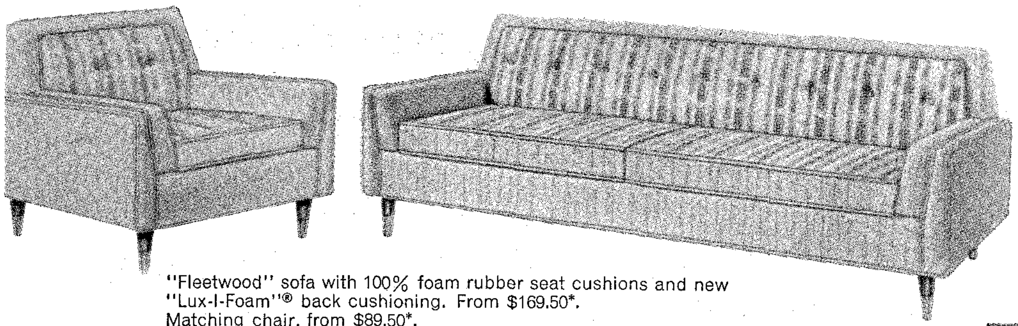
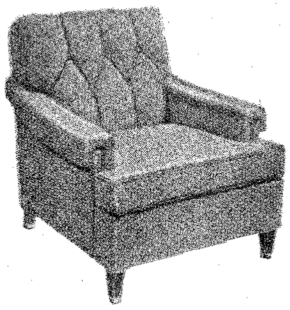
# ONLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MAKER

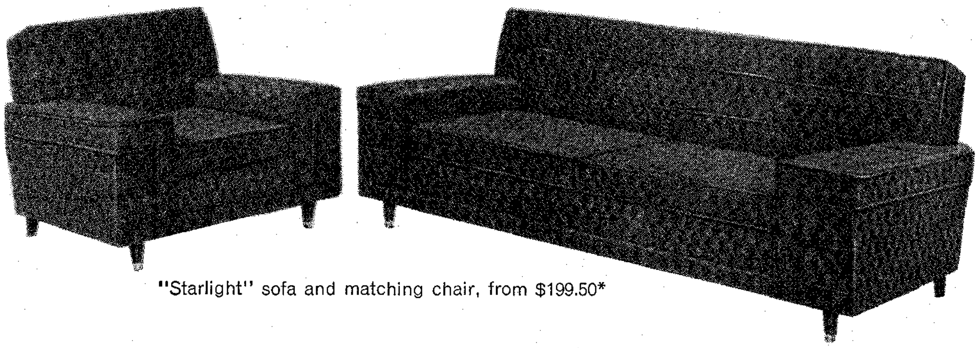


"Fleetwood" sofa with 100% foam rubber seat cushions and new "Lux-I-Foam"® back cushioning. From $169.50*. Matching chair, from $89.50*.

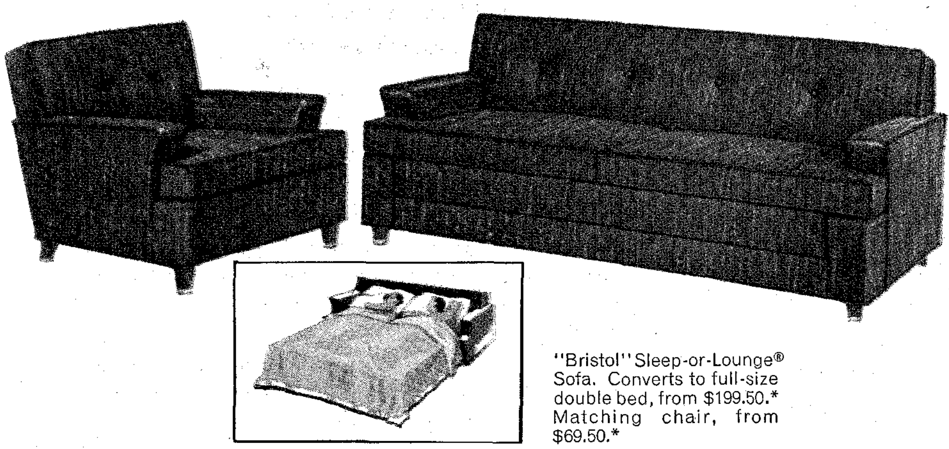


Lounge chair, from $79.50*

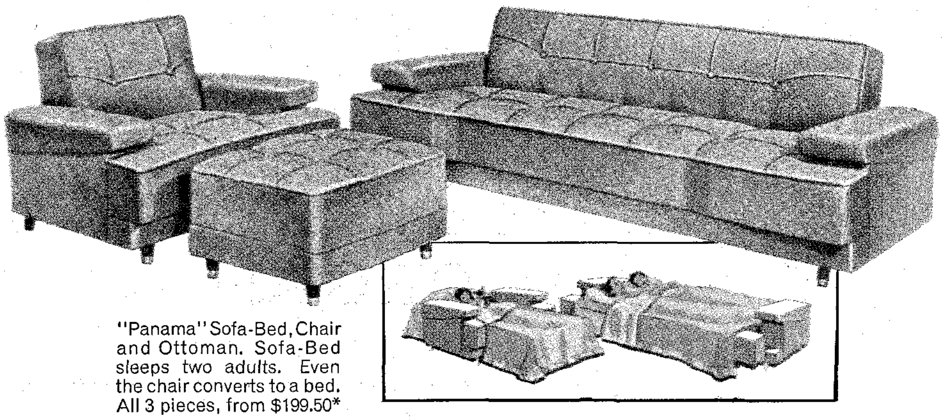
"Regal" crescent sofa, from $199.50*



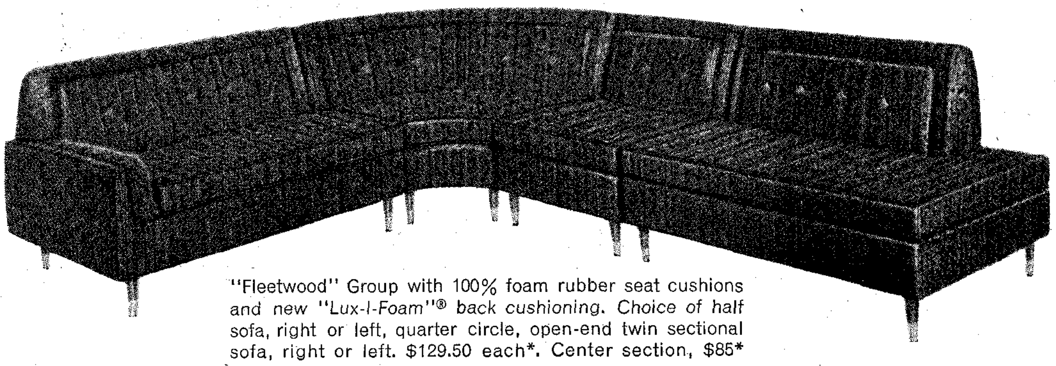
"Starlight" sofa and matching chair, from $199.50*



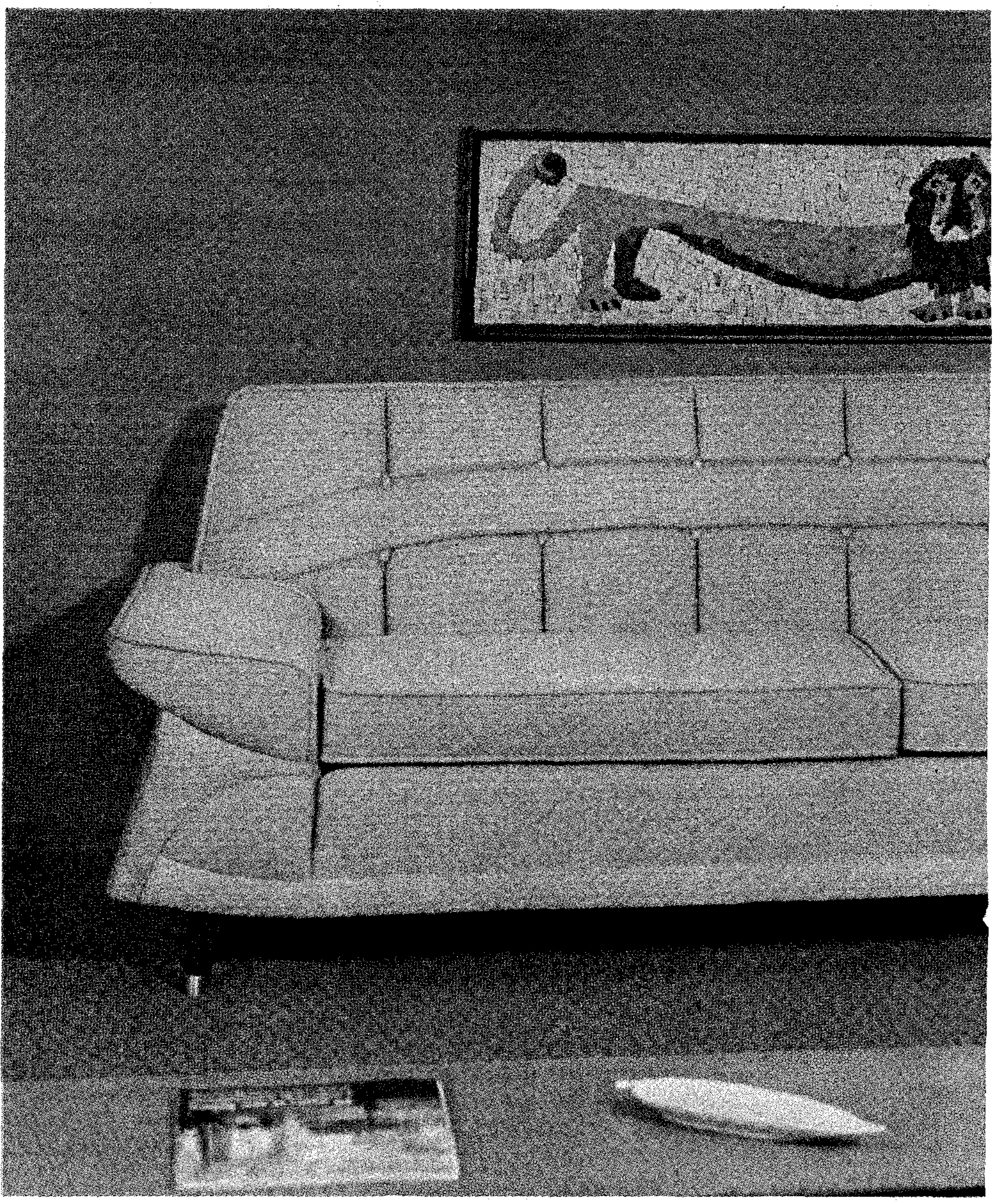
"Bristol" Sleep-or-Lounge® Sofa. Converts to full-size double bed, from $199.50.* Matching chair, from $69.50.*



"Panama" Sofa-Bed, Chair and Ottoman. Sofa-Bed sleeps two adults. Even the chair converts to a bed. All 3 pieces, from $199.50*

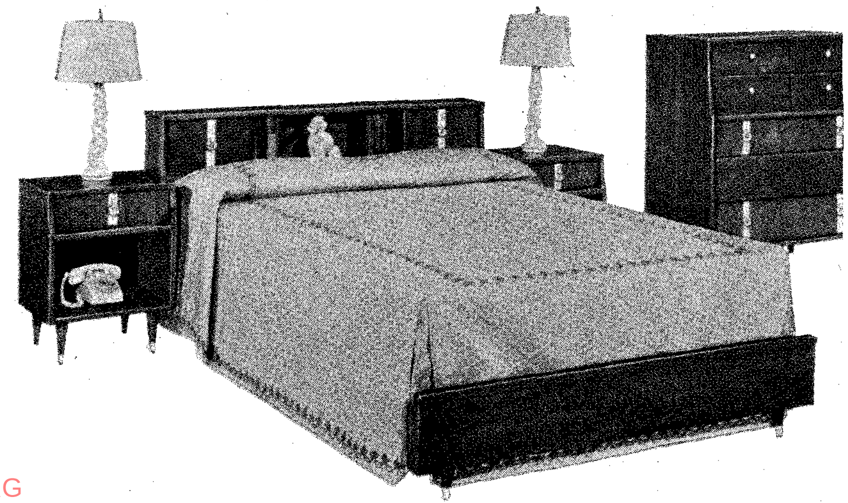


"Fleetwood" Group with 100% foam rubber seat cushions and new "Lux-I-Foam"® back cushioning. Choice of half sofa, right or left, quarter circle, open-end twin sectional sofa, right or left. $129.50 each*. Center section, $85*



Smart new styling and luxurious comfort are combined in the beautiful new "Del Morro" sofa and matching chair. New "Lux-I-Foam"® back cushions for soft-as-a-cloud comfort. In beautiful spun nylon two-toned frieze. Sofa and chair, both for only $269.50*

®Registered U.S. Patent Office



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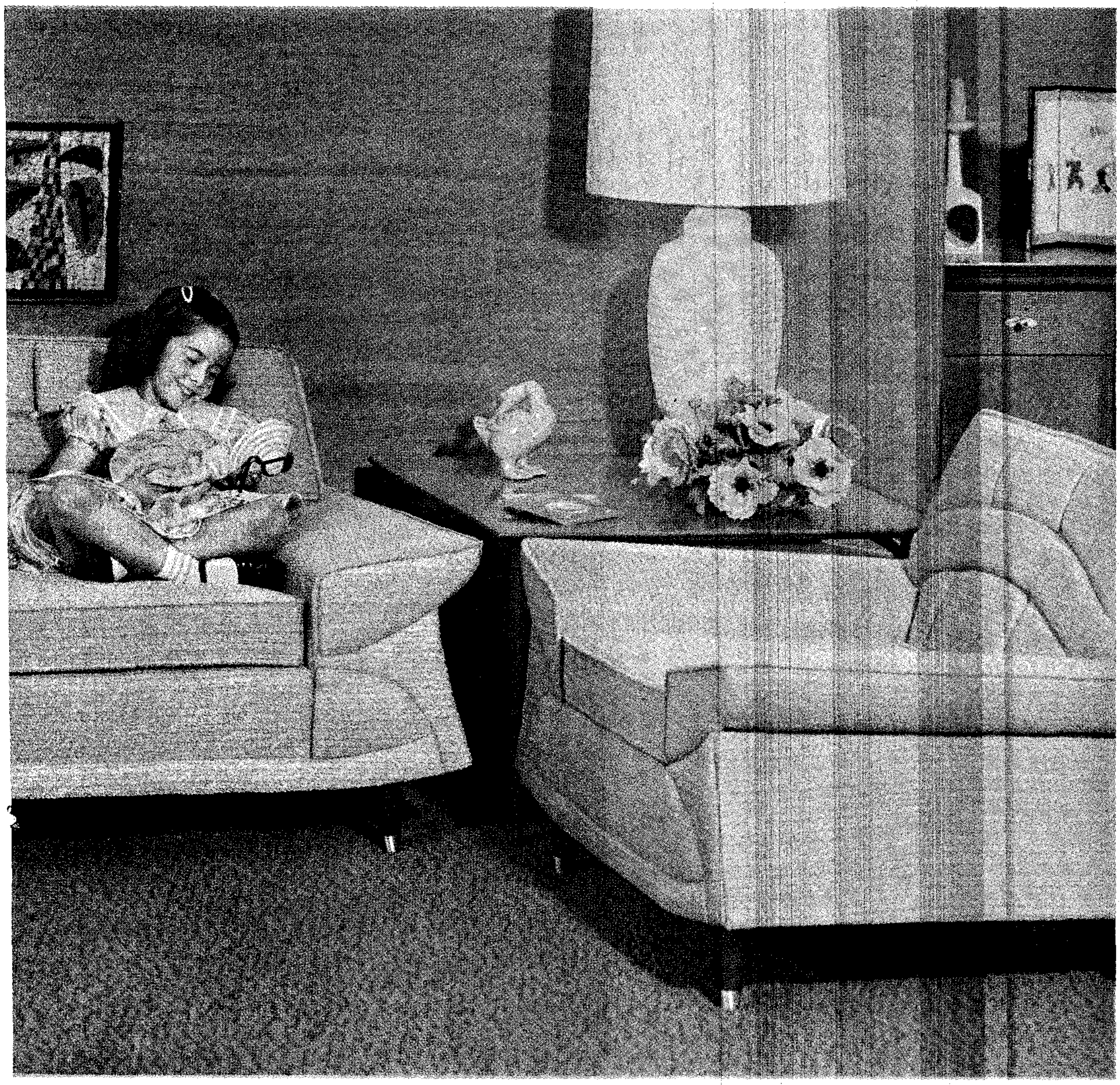
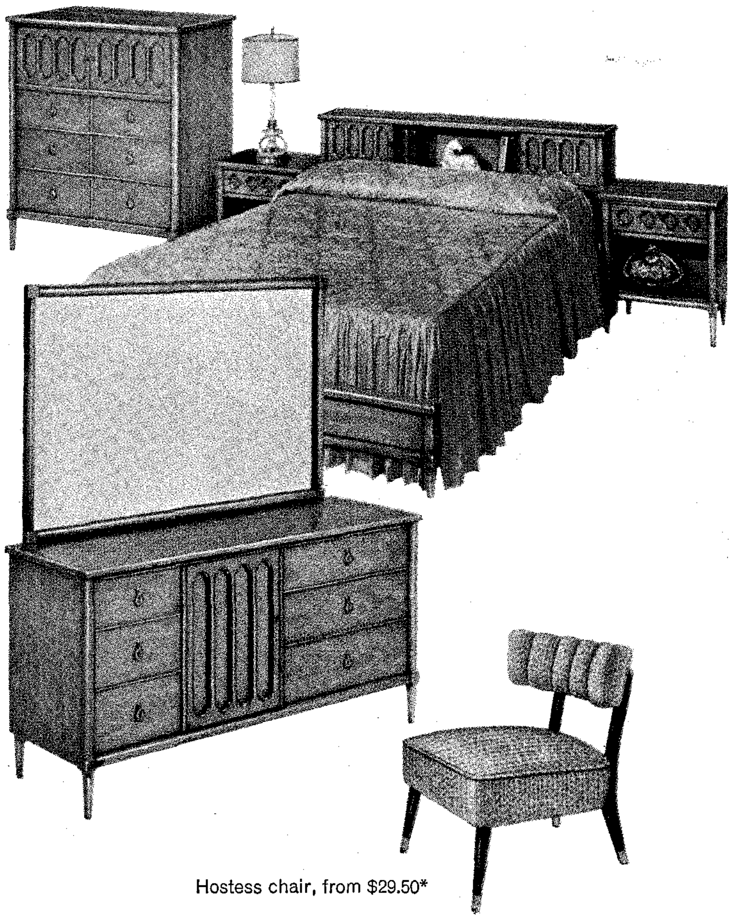
Our 17 famous furniture factories joined their huge buying power to purchase fabrics and other raw materials—at extremely favorable prices—to produce these "Red Tag Values" that challenge all comparison. Now—Kroehler Dealers pass the savings on to you with unbeatable low prices on this exciting new-style furniture. Buy now on easy terms!

Relaxer® Chair, from $79.50.* Also available with electric massage unit.



*Prices vary according to fabric selected. Foam rubber cushions available at moderately higher prices.



Hostess chair, from $29.50*

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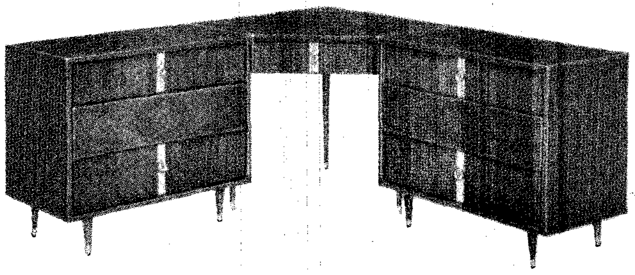
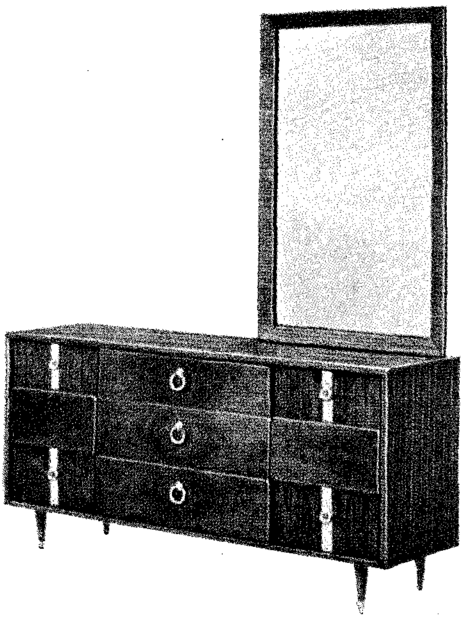
Swivel-Rocker, from $79.50*





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# Editorials

## Let's be Reasonable on Benefits for Our Veterans

By
ROBERT L. JOHNSON, JR.

In his budget message to Congress, President Eisenhower made the eminently sensible proposal that benefits to veterans and their families "for disability or deaths not . . . related to military service" should be modified—in a manner which, over the next several years, could save the country billions of dollars. These benefits, in the form of pensions—as distinguished from "compensation" paid in the case of service-connected death or disability—now cost the taxpayers some $1,100,000,000 a year.

Under the present law, it is estimated that by 1985 the number of these pensioners will have increased from the present 1,300,000 to 3,600,000 and that the cost of their pensions will then amount to about $3,600,000,000. During the same period, compensation payments will decline, due to the attrition of time, from the $2,000,000,000 which will go this year to 2,500,000 service-disabled veterans and their dependents or survivors.

To qualify for a pension, a veteran *must establish that he is unemployable*, that he is disabled to some degree—not necessarily as a result of his military service—and that he is in financial need. None of these misfortunes afflict veterans only. The point is not whether the old and needy should receive help, but whether they should do so simply because they are veterans. Nevertheless, the President's recommendations for a tightening of the requirements for veterans' pensions are expected to meet widespread opposition—from a vote-conscious Congress and from veterans' organizations.

As one unorganized veteran, however, I would like to suggest to the lawmakers that opposition to Mr. Eisenhower's proposal may not be as politically astute as they have been led to believe. It seems to me that such opposition implies an insult to all veterans, which I, for one, am unwilling to take quietly. I deny that veterans are weaker-spined than other men. They are not naturally greedy or selfish; they usually have to be persuaded that the country owes them a living. Unfortunately, "professional" veterans do persuade some of them.

*But there are at least as many other* veterans whose hands do not itch for the public till. Some of these do accept benefits because the benefits are offered them; but even then I suspect that their consciences are not quite easy about it. I think most veterans, if left to their own consciences, would feel much as I do: that the widows and orphans of men who died in service or as a result of their service should certainly receive Government support—to whatever extent they are unable to support themselves. So should men disabled by injuries related to their service. But the rest of us are citizens—and taxpayers—first, and veterans second. Whatever the nation owes us cannot and should not be paid in money.

Mr. Johnson, who is an associate editor of The Saturday Evening Post, served in the U.S. Navy for four years during World War II.

## How Many are Saved by Too Rapid Rides in Ambulances?

There is something intensely dramatic in the sound of an ambulance siren, and most of us experience a sense of apprehension when we see one of these vehicles speeding through traffic on its urgent errand of mercy. Cars pull to the side or stop to enable the ambulance to get the sick or injured to a hospital as quickly as possible.

But is all this speed and noise necessary, or even desirable? Does it really save patients' lives in significant numbers of emergency cases?

Many doctors, hospital administrators and traffic-safety authorities have come to the conclusion that here is a city tradition that ought to be abandoned.

"The speeding ambulance injures and kills more people than it saves. There is rarely an instance in which a few minutes more or less would make any difference to the patient," Dr. Preston A. Wade said in Traffic Safety, published by The National Safety Council. Doctor Wade is chairman of the Committee on Trauma, American College of Surgeons, and professor of clinical surgery, Cornell University Medical College.

Even the use of sirens has been questioned as being disturbing to patients riding in ambulances or ill in the hospital where the ambulance pulls up in the driveway. On this point, studies at Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, showed increased accident rates when sirens were removed and ambulances did not obey normal traffic regulations. But without sirens and obeying the same traffic rules as other vehicles, the Brooklyn accident rate went sharply down to one per 2380 calls.

For the patient a study by Drs. George J. Curry and Sydney N. Lyttle, at Flint, Michigan, indicates that speed is not essential. The two Flint surgeons studied case histories of 2500 patients delivered to hospitals in ambulances. They found only one case in which a moderate delay in transportation could have resulted in death.

"In fact," Doctors Curry and Lyttle report in Traffic Safety for August, 1958, "in only forty-five cases was the time interval between that of the accident and the arrival at the hospital considered to be significant as far as the patient's course was concerned. Expeditious handling of these victims was desirable, but the speeding ambulance was considered unnecessary. In nine of these accident cases a wild, weaving, siren-screeching ride to the hospital might have produced death or permanent invalidism."

They concluded that ambulances should observe local speed laws, should retain use of sirens and should have the right of way in traffic.

A fast ride to the hospital might be necessary in a very few cases. This may be determined by the driver or, preferably, a medical attendant or doctor at the accident scene. But in city traffic it hardly seems necessary for ambulances to go as fast as they often do.

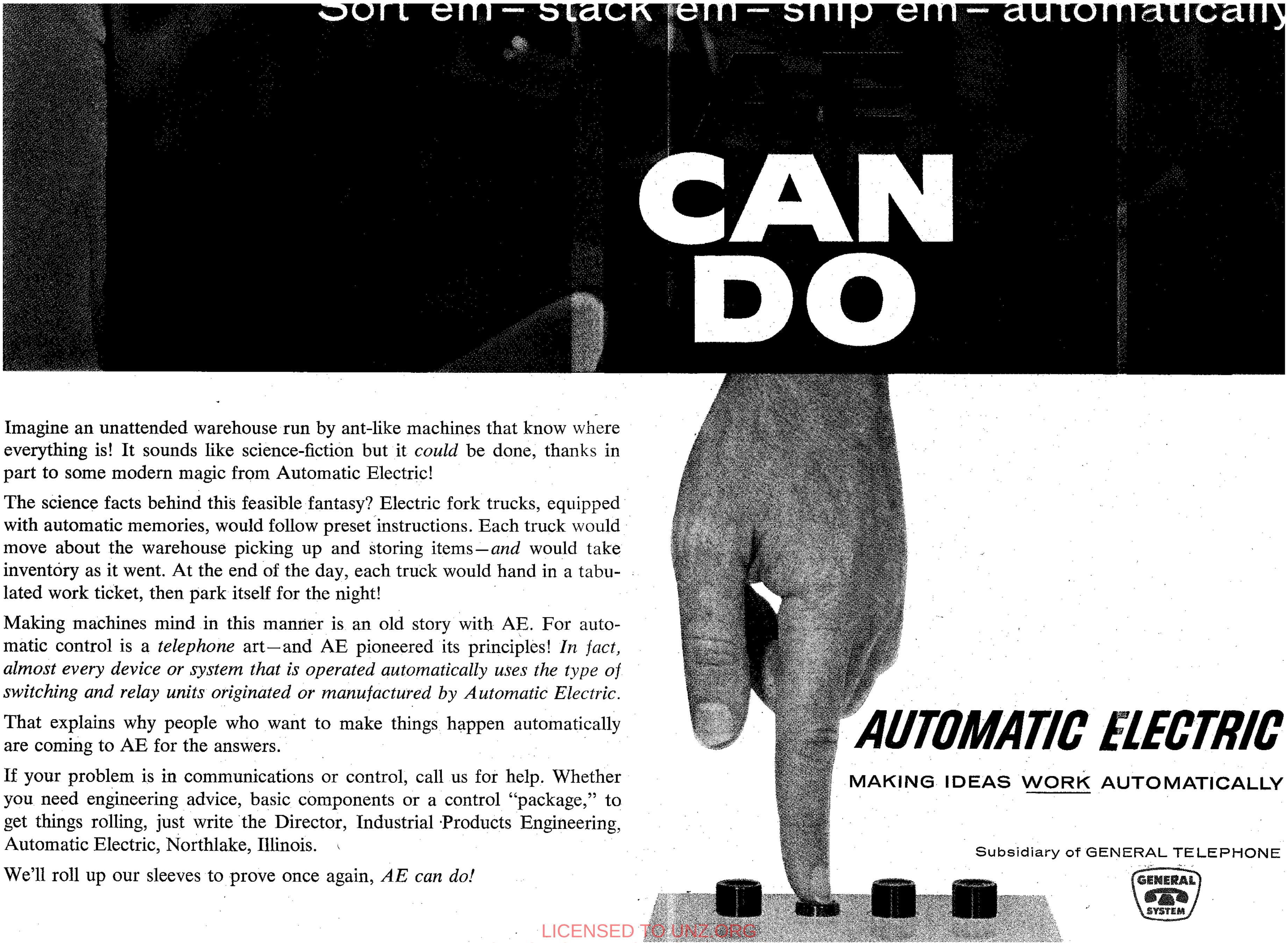
## The Kremlin Seeks More and Better American Pipelines

The propaganda possibilities in the 1958 election in the United States were not lost on dictator Khrushchev. He declared at once that the result proved that the American people had repudiated the foreign policies of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles. Seeking to follow up this supposed advantage, Khrushchev immediately granted a protracted interview to Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, enabling that statesman to stay on the front pages for at least a week.

Apparently Khrushchev had cased the election in advance. Before the plebiscite, he had given audiences to an assorted group of American liberal politicians and journalists. He gave Walter Lippmann material for a series of columns on the sins of John Foster Dulles, and he inspired several days of coy musing by Adlai Stevenson. He told Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, according to an address she made at Brandeis University at Boston, that the Russian timetable "calls for the destruction of Western Europe and Britain in a day and the destruction of the United States on the second day."

But it isn't only the Democrats in Congress who are targets for the Kremlin's propaganda pitch. The finger is also on many Republicans and representatives of American big business, who will have to purge *themselves of the effects of their recent participation in an orgy of cor*diality to Mikoyan. Mikoyan is an old hand at hornswoggling Americans. According to testimony by Victor Kravchenko before the Un-American Activities Committee, he directed the wartime effort to steal our industrial and military secrets. He engineered the blood bath in Hungary and the betrayal of Premier Nagy and Gen. Pal Maleter after they had been given assurance of safety.

Too many of our leaders of industry and finance acted as if they assumed that Mikoyan was just another industrialist who had managed to lick the labor problem. Mikoyan's report that he found America favorable to "peaceful coexistence" should embarrass some soft-headed business leaders. Fortunately the general public seems to have been less gullible. If the United States gets through the next few months without losing another shirt, it will be because the Common Man can still see a hole through a ladder, no matter what the Best People say.



Imagine an unattended warehouse run by ant-like machines that know where everything is! It sounds like science-fiction but it *could* be done, thanks in part to some modern magic from Automatic Electric!

The science facts behind this feasible fantasy? Electric fork trucks, equipped with automatic memories, would follow preset instructions. Each truck would move about the warehouse picking up and storing items—*and* would take inventory as it went. At the end of the day, each truck would hand in a tabulated work ticket, then park itself for the night!

Making machines mind in this manner is an old story with AE. For automatic control is a *telephone* art—and AE pioneered its principles! *In fact, almost every device or system that is operated automatically uses the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.*

That explains why people who want to make things happen automatically are coming to AE for the answers.

If your problem is in communications or control, call us for help. Whether you need engineering advice, basic components or a control "package," to get things rolling, just write the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

We'll roll up our sleeves to prove once again, *AE can do!*

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MAKING IDEAS WORK AUTOMATICALLY

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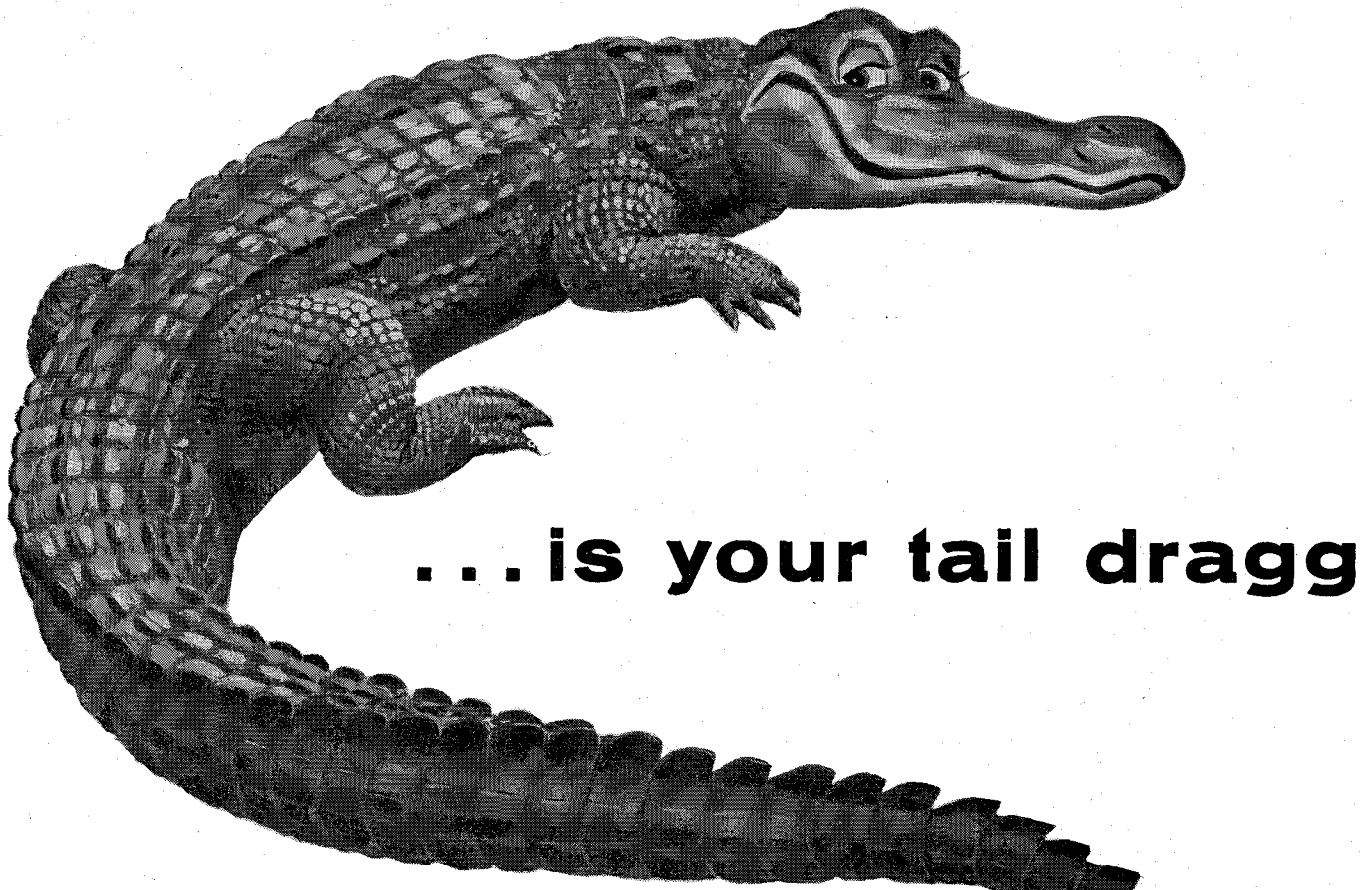
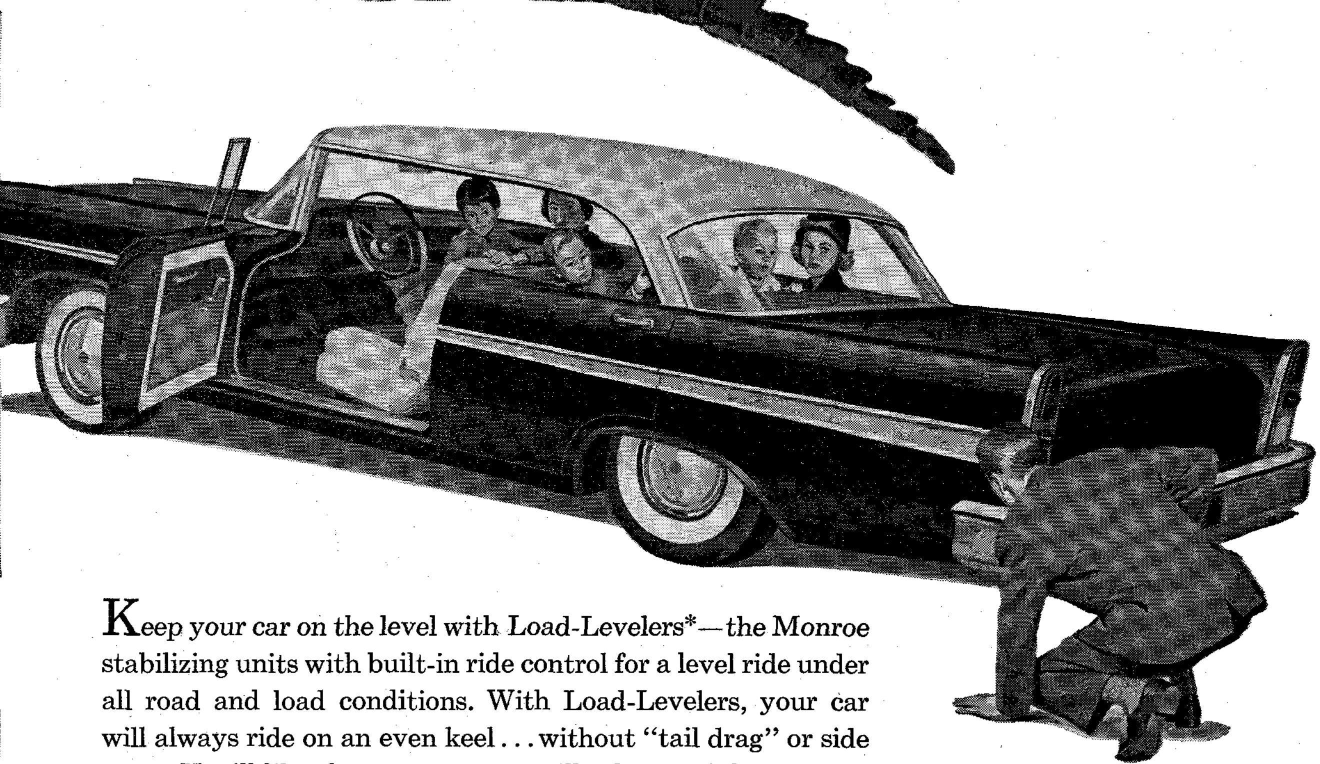
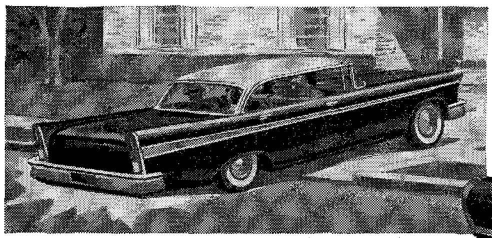
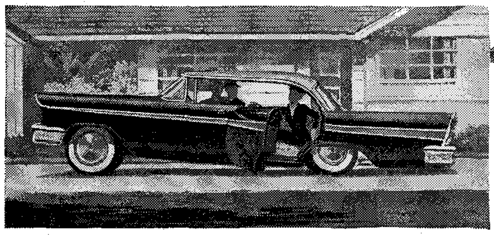




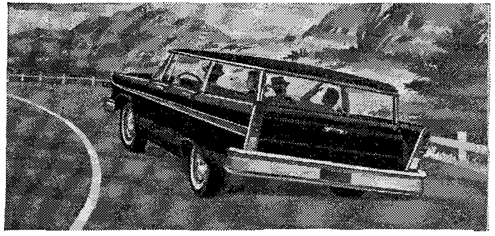
# . . . is your tail dragging?



**BUMPING ON DRIVEWAYS**
Monroe Load-Levelers prevent this by increasing road clearance of even heavily loaded cars.



**UNCOMFORTABLE RIDING**
Without Monroe Load-Levelers, rear passengers are awkwardly seated and ride uncomfortably, find it difficult to get out of car.



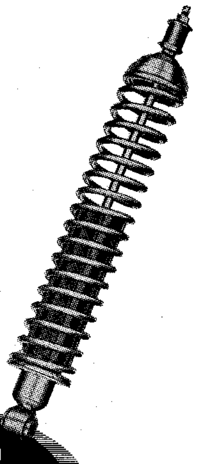
**SWAYING ON CURVES**
Without Monroe Load-Levelers, loaded car sways and swings as it rounds curves; passengers are thrown from side to side. Stability is impaired. Tires wear faster.

**LIGHTS OFF ROAD**
Without Monroe Load-Levelers, car sags under weight of heavy load, lights are angled into eyes of oncoming motorists, visibility is reduced.

Keep your car on the level with Load-Levelers*—the Monroe stabilizing units with built-in ride control for a level ride under all road and load conditions. With Load-Levelers, your car will always ride on an even keel . . . without "tail drag" or side sway. You'll like the way your car will take rough bumps and steep driveways without "bottoming" on its axles. You'll appreciate the extra stability on tight curves. And you'll like the improved steering and longer tire life you'll get with Load-Levelers.

**Have Load-Levelers installed today in less than 30 minutes at your car dealer's, repair shop or service station. You'll be amazed at the really big difference they make!**

**only $39^{90} a set**



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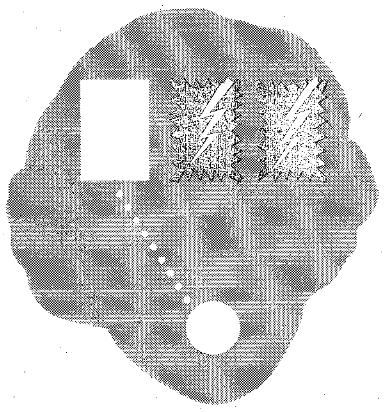
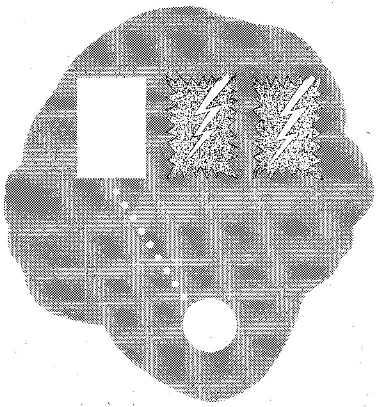
# WHAT DO DOCTORS DO TO RELIEVE TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

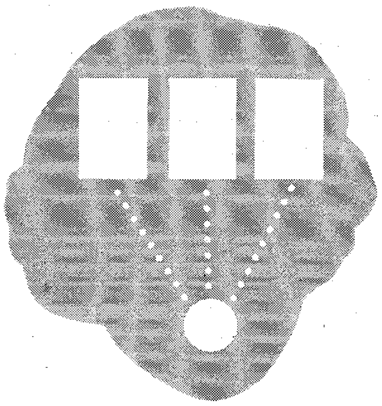
**3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain.**
**BETTER THAN ASPIRIN EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED.**



**ASPIRIN has only one pain reliever...**



**Add BUFFERING and you still have only one pain reliever**



**But ANACIN is a combination of ingredients.**
**1. Relieves pain. 2. Calms nerves. 3. Fights depression.**
**Leaves you relaxed!**

Anacin gives a better TOTAL effect — more complete pain-relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here's the simple reason. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) calms jittery nerves, leaves you relaxed. (3) fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe*, do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today.

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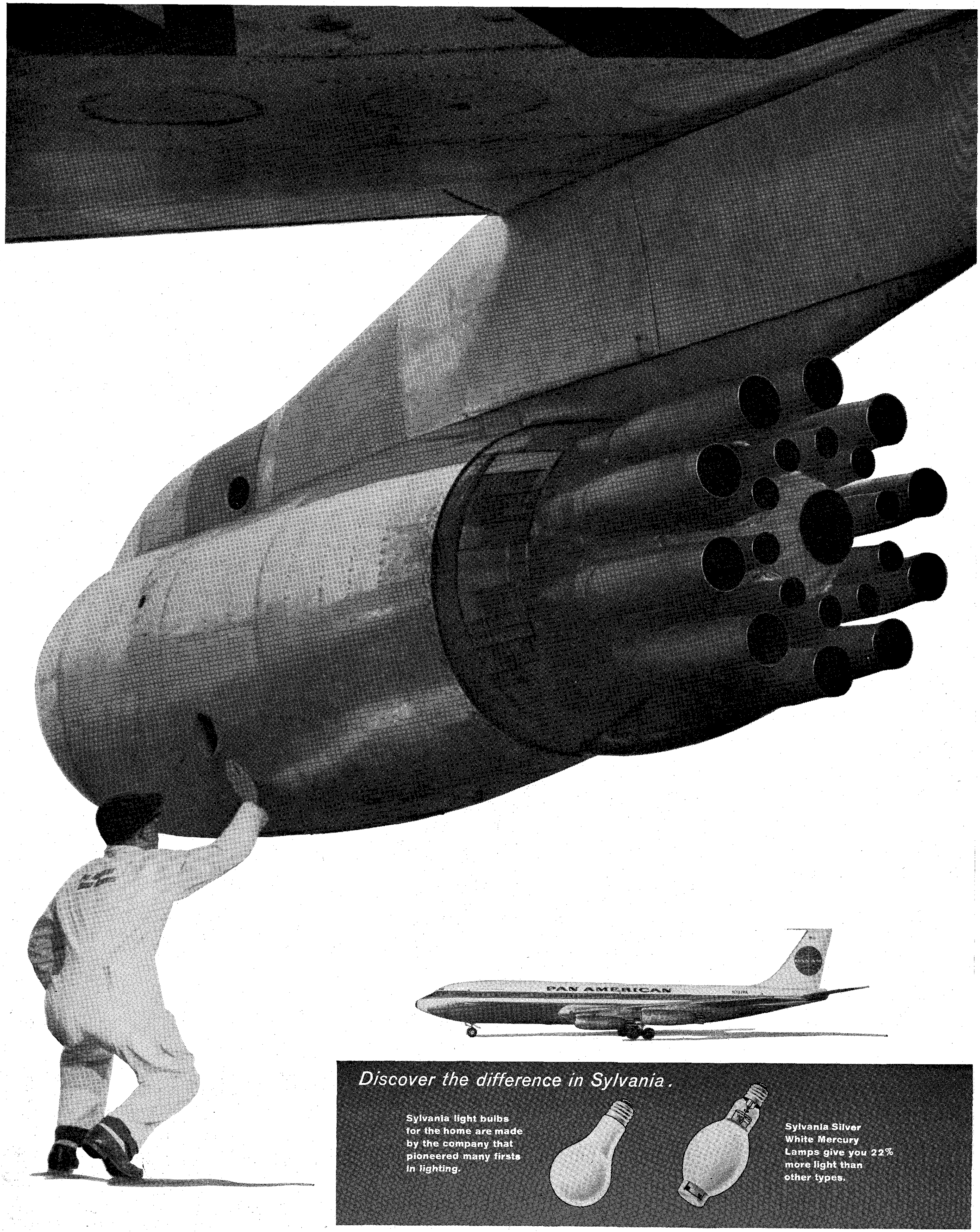

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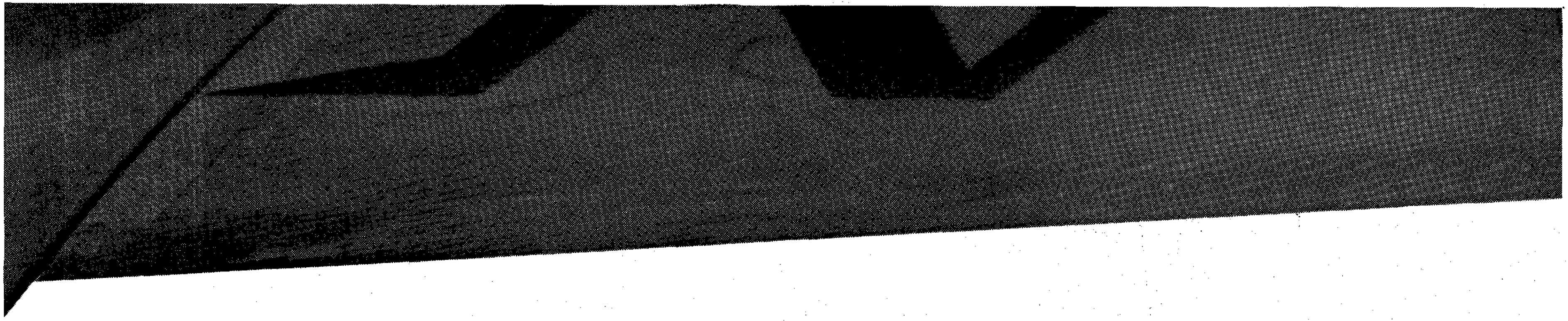
**Sylvania light bulbs for the home are made by the company that pioneered many firsts in lighting.**

**Sylvania Silver White Mercury Lamps give you 22% more light than other types.**



*On the world's most experienced airline*

"Pan American's new Jet Clippers* have everything designed for passenger comfort—including fluorescent cabin lighting by Sylvania"

—Willis G. Lipscomb, Vice President, Traffic and Sales,
Pan American World Airways

Now in transatlantic service for Pan American World Airways, the 707 Jet Clippers* set a new high in aircraft design. Cabin lighting includes Sylvania Fluorescent Lamps—the last word in lighting engineering.

Sylvania Fluorescents now have the highest light output ever achieved by any conventional fluorescent lamp—an extraordinary new development of the Sylvania Laboratories. They produce far more light from the same wattage . . . they burn brighter throughout useful lamp life . . . they offer more light at lower cost than all other brands. Consistently ahead in fluorescent lamp improvements, Sylvania has grown at a rate far greater than that of the entire lighting industry.

You'll discover the same kind of superiority in Sylvania mercury lamps for streets, highways, airports and in Sylvania incandescent light bulbs for home and industry.

To learn how Sylvania gives you more light at lower cost, write for free booklet, "How to make lighting a better tool for profits."

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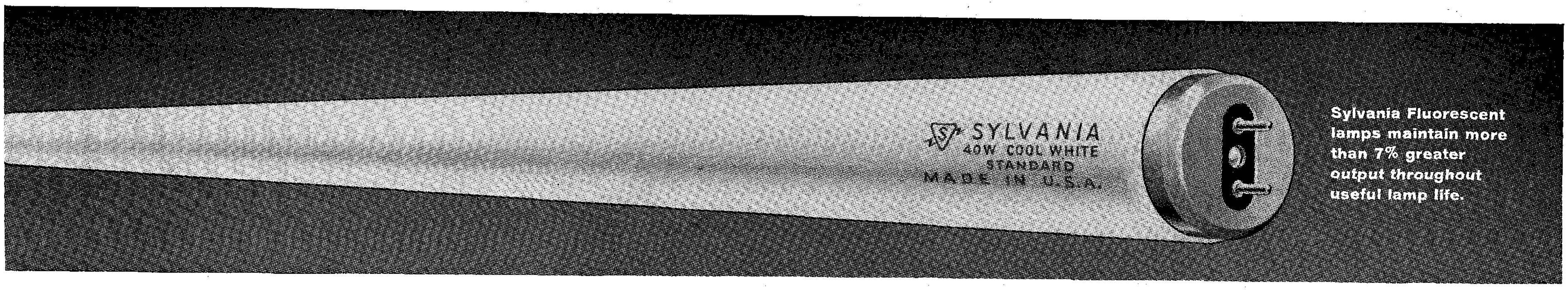

Sylvania Fluorescent lamps maintain more than 7% greater output throughout useful lamp life.

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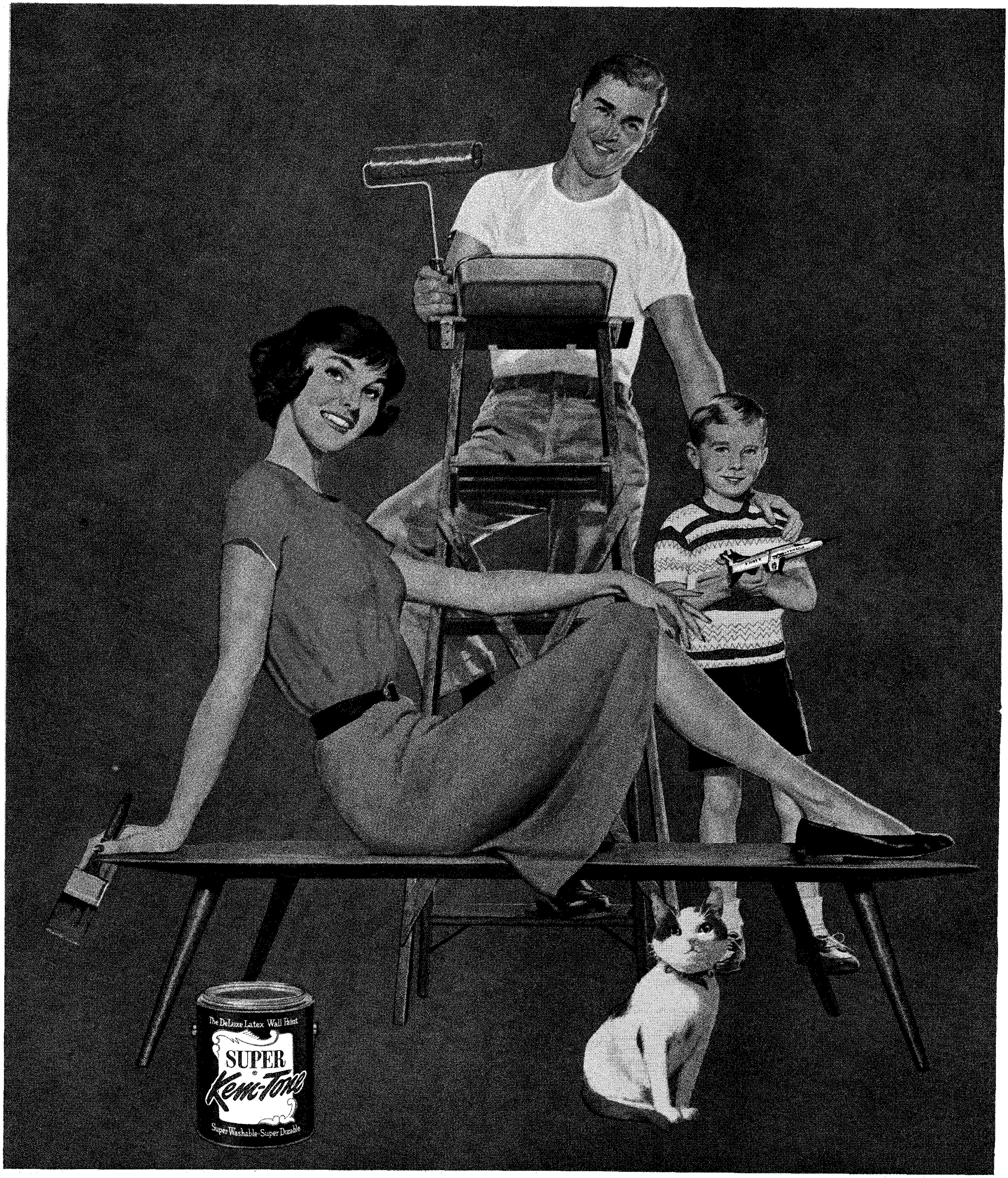
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SUPER
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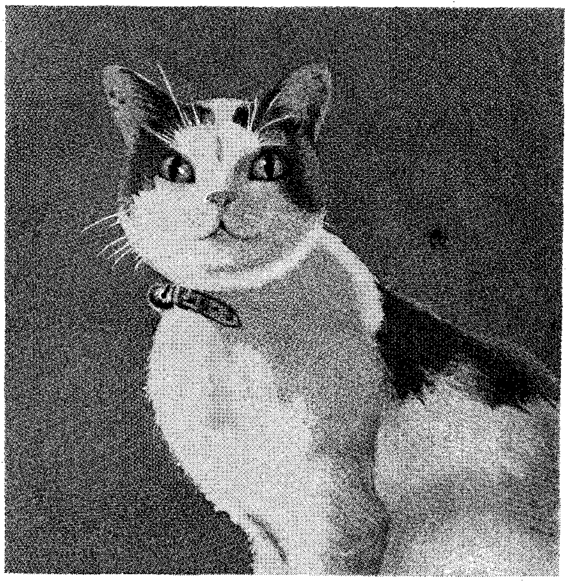
I'm a gal on a balanced budget. So you can imagine how happy I was to hear *this* good news. With *Super Kem-Tone*, you can paint the walls of an average room for less than $10!

This is Michael, our son. The neighbors call him the Secret Weapon, because he can destroy *anything*. But not my *Super Kem-Tone* walls! They're pet-proof, child-proof—truly super-*durable*.

This is Bill, my husband. *Not* a do-it-yourselfer. (He prefers the TV and easy chair.) He was amazed at how easy it was to use *Super Kem-Tone*. Spatters, rollers—even kids wash clean with *water*.



This is Midas, our cat. Even *he* approves of *Super Kem-Tone*. You see, it's a *latex*-based paint, which means it's completely nontoxic. Can't harm pets or children. And there's no "painty" odor!

It was so simple to get the exact color combinations I wanted from the *Super Kem-Tone* Color Harmony Guide. You can borrow it free any time from your dealer—it makes you a color expert immediately.

I'm telling all my friends about *Super Kem-Tone*. And, about Kem-Glo®, too—the famous alkyd enamel which is color matched to *Super Kem-Tone*. Kem-Glo looks and washes like baked enamel.

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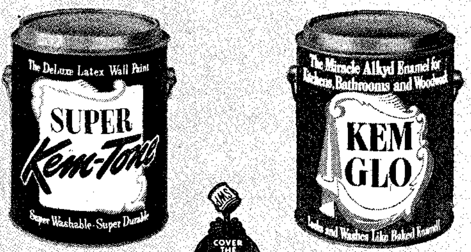
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Super Washable · Super Durable
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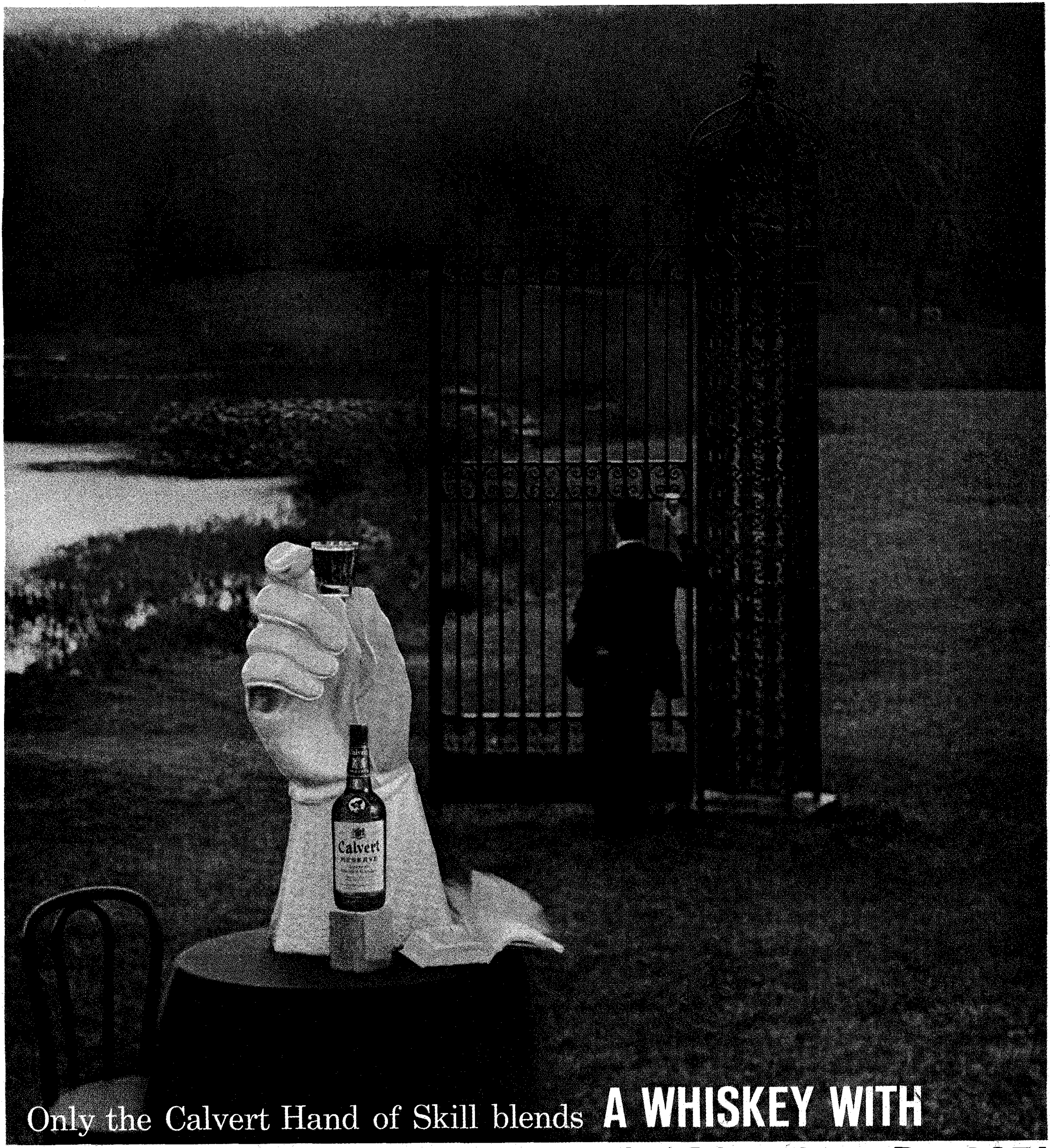

# Only the Calvert Hand of Skill blends A WHISKEY WITH SO MUCH POWER TO PLEASE!

Pouring a drink marks the moment of changeover from the everyday world to one a little warmer. A world in which you're glad to be alive. To make the most of this moment, you want a whiskey with more power to please. Calvert Reserve! Calvert is *blended* to give you the full strength you want, the easy-going taste you've always hoped for. Taste Calvert Reserve. No other whiskey has so *much* power to please.

**Calvert Reserve**
clear heads agree it's better

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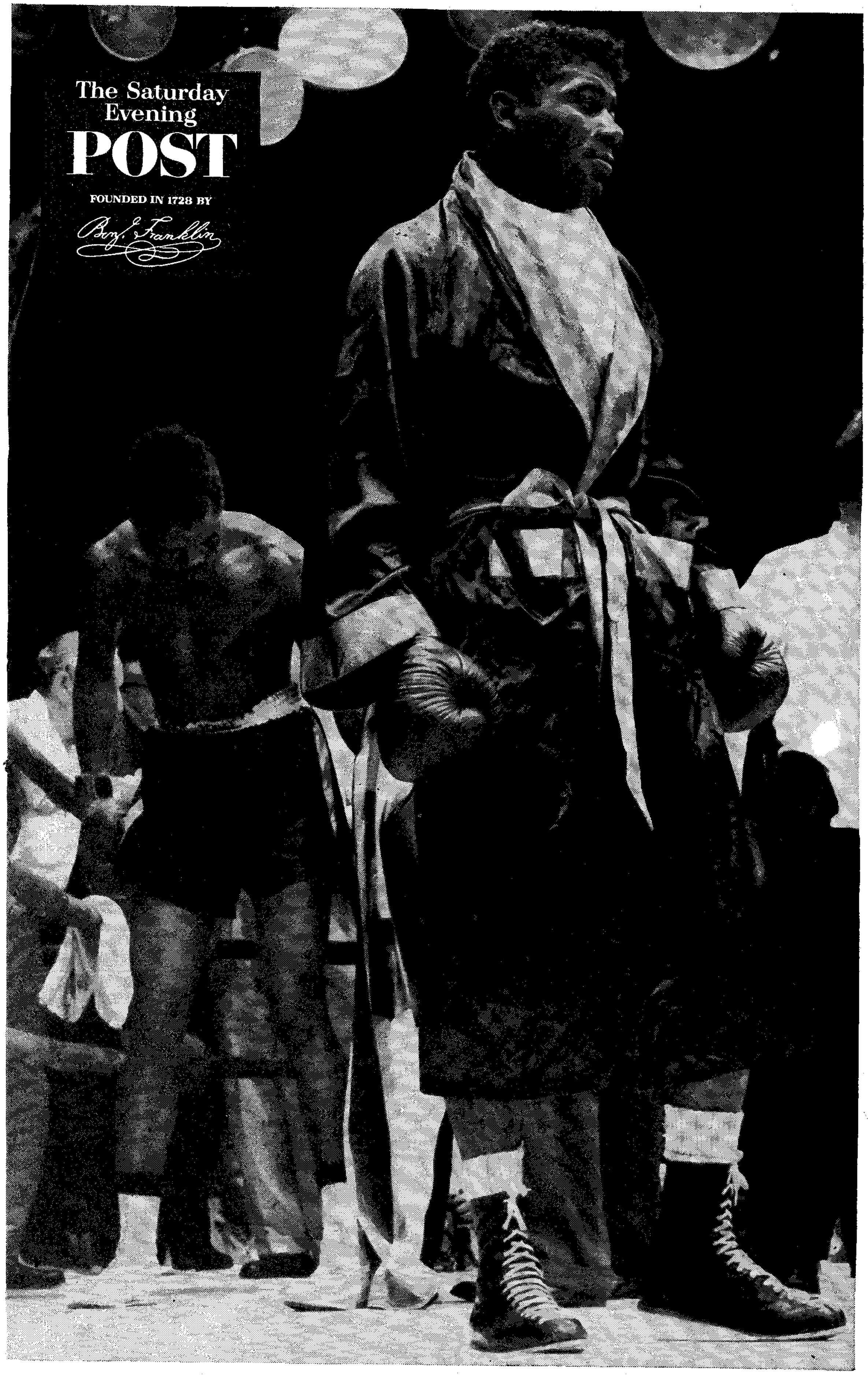
# A Visit With the Champion

Floyd Patterson is one of the least-known heavyweight titleholders in history. Here, in an interview with a famous boxing reporter, he reveals his worries about his future, his fears in the ring and answers the accusations against him.



The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The champ after stopping Hurricane Jackson on a T.K.O. in 1957. "Jackson can't even find a job now," Patterson reflects. "I hope something good happens for him."

*By W. C. HEINZ*

The Gramercy Gym is on the south side of New York's East 14th Street, the entrance almost hidden between a store that deals in men's wear and a candy-and-tobacco stand. Two flights of worn wooden stairs, that groan and give underfoot, lead up between mustard-colored walls that are dusty with soot and stained with grime. Low in the door leading into the gym there is a jagged hole, covered by heavy wire mesh.

It is the belief of Cus D'Amato, who opened this establishment twenty years ago, that this approach serves a commendable purpose. By its grimness it weeds out the fainthearted who, though they think they might like to be prize fighters, would have small chance in so rugged a business.

Floyd Patterson and I were sitting on a pair of wooden folding chairs by a corner of the ring. He had on beautifully tailored dark brown slacks and, over a white T shirt, he wore a sand-colored, medium-weight wool sweater which he left unbuttoned at the top.

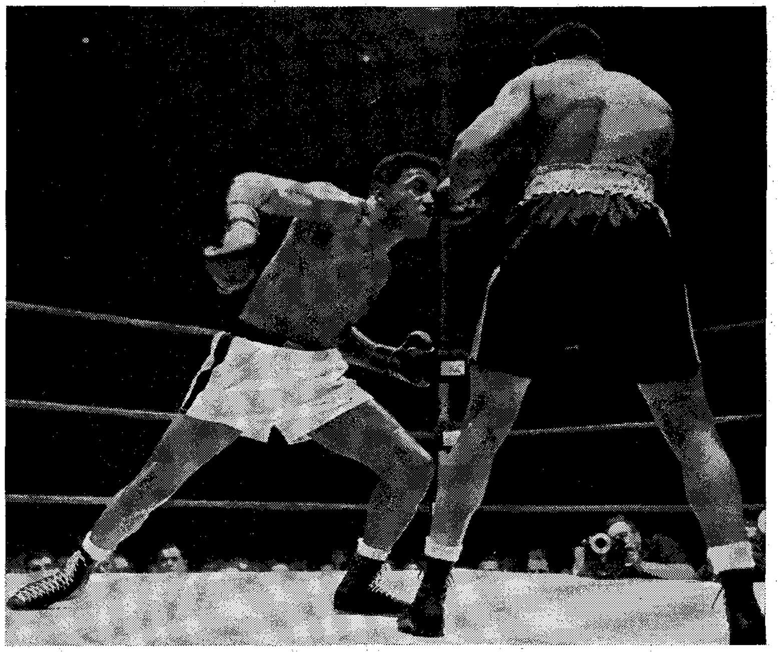
"Do you remember the first day you came to this gym?" I asked.

"I can remember," he said, nodding, "but it was quite some time back."

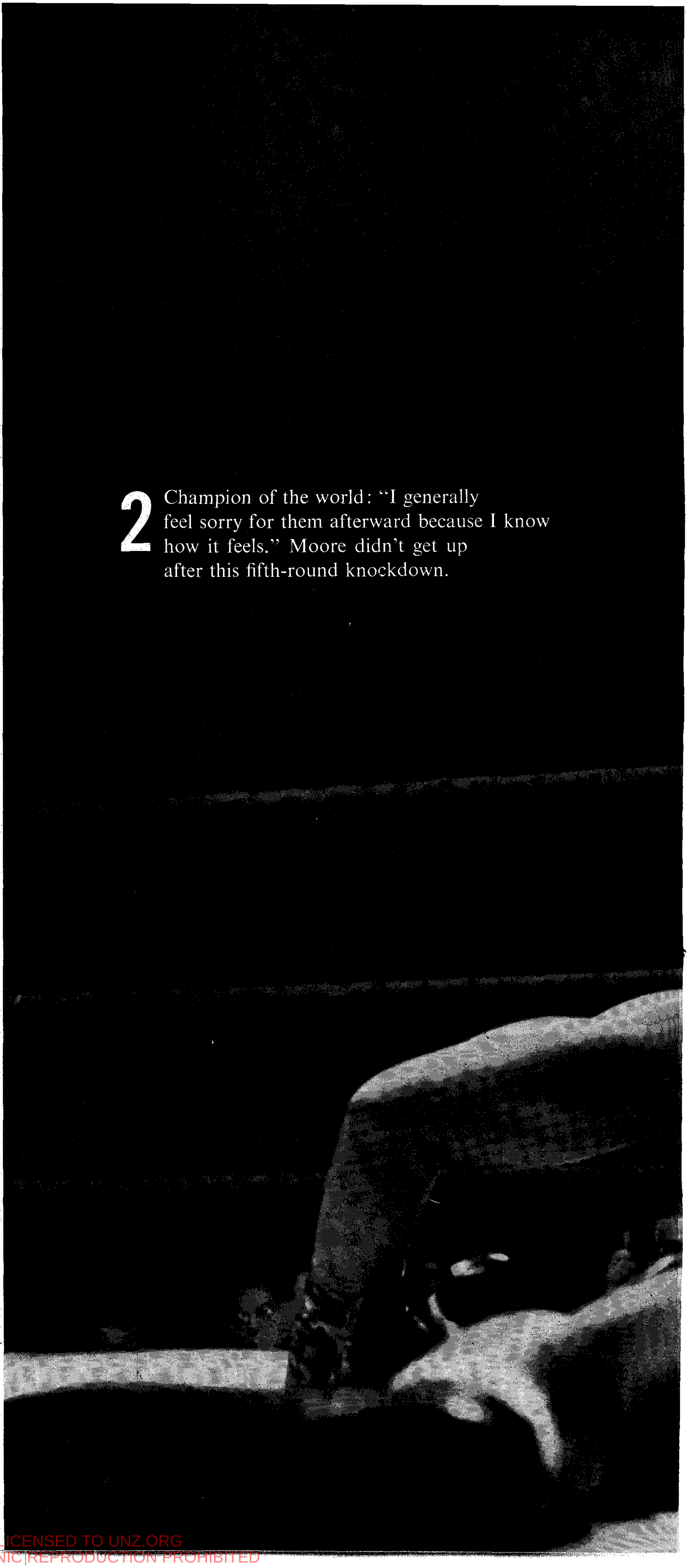
"It was ten years ago," I said, "so you were fourteen at the time."

"My brothers—Billy and Frank—were training here then," he said, "and I came with them."

Here, in Gramercy Gym, where Patterson (left) started his career, author Heinz tape-recorded their conversation.



1 Beginning of the end: Patterson gets set to throw a punch that floored Archie Moore in their 1956 fight for the world heavyweight title.



2 Champion of the world: "I generally feel sorry for them afterward because I know how it feels." Moore didn't get up after this fifth-round knockdown.

Floyd Patterson has eight brothers and two sisters. He is a product of the crowded Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn and of the Wiltwyck School, at Esopus, New York, and P.S. 614, in Manhattan, both of which deal with maladjusted children. He enunciates clearly, but speaks so softly that I had to lean toward him to hear what he was saying.

"Were you scared?" I asked.

"I was frightened," he said. "The gymnasium was filled with guys. I mean there was hardly enough space to walk around, there were so many guys up here—heavyweights, light-heavyweights—most of them pretty big fellas. When I first walked in, all three heavy bags were being punched. Guys were boxing, jumping ropes, hitting the speed bag, shadow-boxing. It did frighten me a little."

Since then Floyd Patterson has become the heavyweight champion of the world. He won the title—the youngest ever to do so—on November 30, 1956, when he knocked out Archie Moore in five rounds. In defense of his crown he has stopped Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson in ten rounds, Pete Rademacher in six and Roy Harris in twelve.

"So how does a fighter conquer fear of fighting?" I asked. "You once told me that, in the amateurs, you were scared when you had to fight a heavyweight named Julius Griffin. Now you're able to sleep in your dressing room before a fight."

"I was only a middleweight then," he said, "and he was weighing about one hundred ninety-five pounds and had tremendous muscles. I was so scared that, when that man came next to me, I never threw punches in all my life as fast as I did then. I jumped up in the air, and before I hit the floor I hit him seven or eight times. He went out like a light."

"Have you ever been scared going into a fight since then?"

"Not like I was that night. A certain amount of nervousness rises over me, because you wonder whether you're going to win or lose. If you think of losing,

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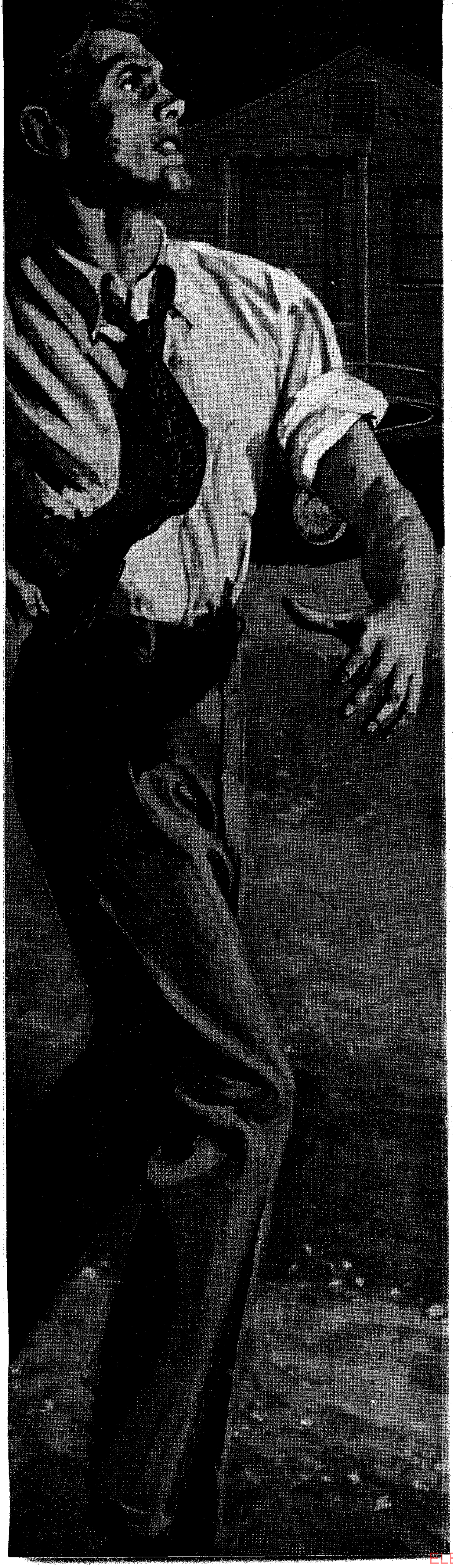


"What's going on here?"
O'Keefe said.

# Motel Weekend

### By THOMAS WALSH

## What was the mysterious secret of this "respectable" motor court?

It was seven-thirty that Friday evening, exactly on time, when Detective O'Keefe flew into Miami airport—Detective Thomas Jefferson O'Keefe, the night law student. There waiting for him, as arranged earlier in the day by Inspector Malachi Nolan, was an inexpensive hired sedan much like that of any ordinary traveling salesman; and so Thomas Jefferson—wrinkled-looking seersucker suit; young, oddly wistful eyes; thin, serious features; horn-rimmed reading glasses—closed Prosser on Torts, returned it to his seedy old suitcase with Wigmore on Evidence, and in five minutes or so was heading back north via the ocean boulevard. When he found himself at twenty minutes past eight in the southern environs of Fort Willis, Florida, he proceeded straight ahead past block after block of handsome and luxuriously appointed modernistic hotels, and then turned off in quieter and less fancy country—two-fifty-a-night country—at one of the smaller and more modest beachside establishments. It was the right spot, however, for Thomas Jefferson. The sign told him it was. TROPICAL SANDS, the sign read; FREE CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST, MRS. H. A. POTTER, PROP.

There was just the highway in front, then a dozen neat-looking but rather small cabins, and then the beach. But the parking area was marked off freshly and trimly in white paint; scattered about were homemade but quite colorful and attractive window boxes; and the young lady behind the registry desk appeared crisply businesslike and respectable in a simple white dress, a narrow black belt, and an attractive but not very expensive shell necklace.

"Sounds pretty good to me," Detective O'Keefe assured her, after being informed efficiently as to the free breakfasts, the rates in effect and the available cabins; and, of course, while taking for himself a covert but pretty sharp-eyed professional scrutiny. Very white teeth, that scrutiny informed him; arms rounded and golden looking; complexion healthily tanned; and manner as open and unaffected as that of Henrietta McClintock was aloof, queenly, reserved and elegantly untouchable. "Now I might be around till the beginning of next week sometime, because I'm down here to open up some new territory for Johnson and Jones, the candy people. You ever try one of our Little Esmeralda nut bars? I'll give you a box. And if they aren't ——"

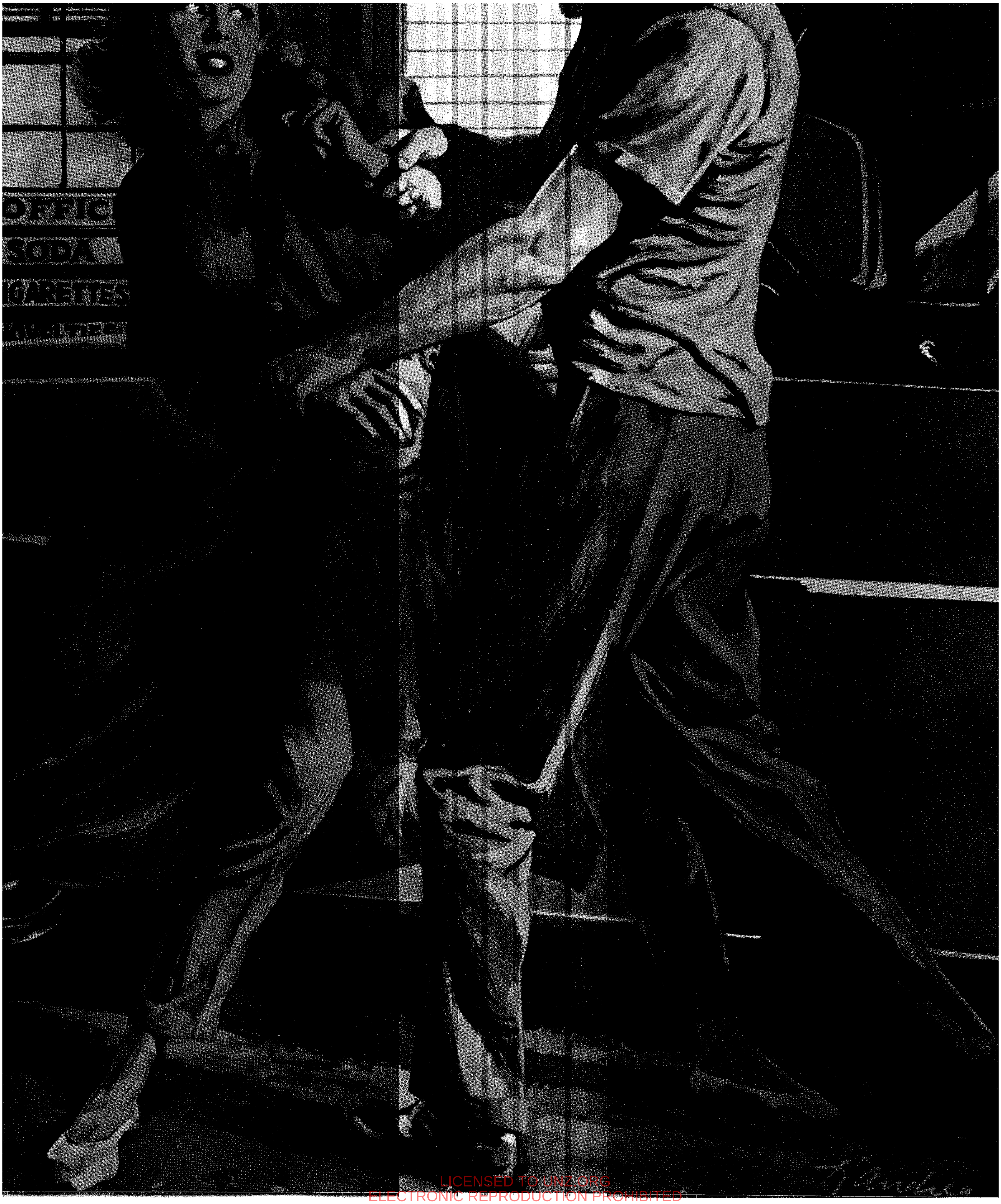
But he was interrupted at that moment. An inner door was banged open on them, and revealed the two youngest, and hence least questionable, of the four Potter girls—the fifteen-year-old twins, obviously, Sheila and Mary Alice. One of them, arms folded, was chewing the fingernails of her right hand in a sullen and hating manner. The other, apparently more articulate, stalked out jabbering at them, as though unable to contain herself any longer, even with a stranger like Detective O'Keefe present.

"Well, I don't care," that one said, passionately kicking a hassock at the young lady in the white dress, and then kicking again. "We're still going, Miss Peggy Potter, because we promised we would—so there! And why can't we? I simply defy you to give me one reasonable explanation, that's all—just one. Why can't we?"

Peggy Potter, Detective O'Keefe warned himself. Fine. Now it was settled beyond doubt that the young lady in the white dress was the second oldest in this family, the one in charge here, and the next in line to her sister up North, Mrs. John A. Kinsolving, the well-known photographer's model of two years ago, but now the beautiful and bereaved widow. And this Peggy was about as pretty as sister Kinsolving—or even, in a healthy and apparently unspoiled outdoors way, a bit prettier.

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea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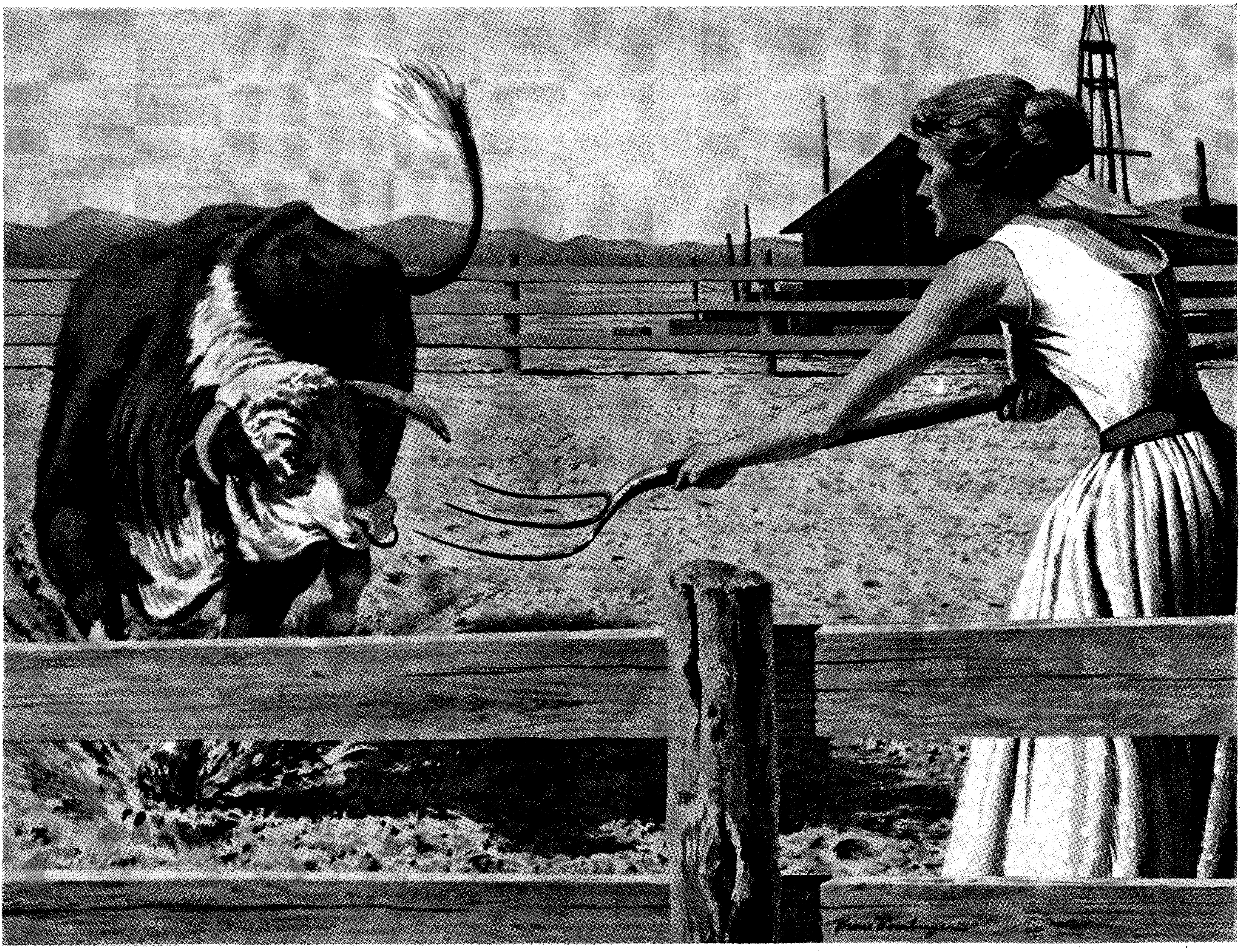

This time the bull was charging Lydia Murdock, standing before him thin and small, a pitchfork in her hands.

# Desert Bride

She had failed the challenge of a ruthless new life. Now she had a last chance to prove herself.

By PRENTISS COMBS

One of the Sawyer boys started it off by creeping up beneath the bedroom window and firing both barrels of a twelve-gauge shotgun. Lige Murdock was well-deep in tired sleep and he came out of bed snorting and trying to find the rifle he kept beside the bed. Lydia Murdock was not asleep. She had been lying fretful in the heat, listening to the hysterical wailing of the coyotes out in the washes. With the sudden thunder of the gun beneath the window, all the uneasy fear she felt for the land formed into a scream that was squeezed off in her throat. But when the noise of the bullwhackers and pounded washtubs began, it came clearly to Lige what it was. He went back to the bedstand, scratched a match and lighted the lamp.

"It's a shivaree," he said, and he could not keep the pleasure from his voice, and yet it was like him, too, to taste whatever sour there was in anything. "Be up all night, now, and worn out tomorrow."

Lydia swallowed at the brass lump of fear in her mouth.

"A what?" she whispered.

"A shivaree," Lige repeated. "It's kind of a welcome to you. You better get up."

She swung her white feet over the bed side and started clumsying for her clothes.

"You got to go like you are," Lige said, shrugging into his galluses. But she only looked at him blankly.

"Only for long enough to greet them," he went on when she didn't move. "It's the way here," Lige added in an edged voice and drove out into the open space between them that she was an outsider.

So, Lige Murdock's new wife went out in an agony of shame to greet her new neighbors, dressed only in her nightgown, because it was the way there.

Tribus Afton, the mail carrier, stood in the corner and watched. Tribus was a quiet giant of a man and it was his way to stand silently and watch, not joining. He regretted his reserve then, for he had been the only one who could have warned Lydia Murdock that a new bride was expected to appear before the community in her nightgown and then to go into the kitchen and show her skill at the cook range. He

(Continued on Page 90)

# OUR PLANS FOR OUTER SPACE

By T. KEITH GLENNAN, Administrator, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, as told to Robert Cahn

The head of our new space agency describes our program to launch a manned satellite—Project Mercury—and, this summer, put a 110-foot sphere into orbit.

Ever since the Russians sent their Mechta—"dream"—space vehicle past the moon and into orbit around the sun early last month, I have been hearing the same questions from almost everyone I meet in my job as Administrator of the new National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA).

"Why are the Russians ahead of us?" I am asked. "What are we doing in our space program? When will we send a man to the moon?"

These are questions which must be answered. But there are no pat replies. We are now in the midst of organizing the plans by which we hope to overcome the obstacles in the path of our conquest of outer space. In this article I will attempt to explain the goals of our national space program and answer as many of the questions as I can.

One thing I want to make clear. Our concern about the Soviet challenge—and it is a very real concern—does not mean we should mold our program after theirs. The only way to get ahead in this business, in my opinion, is to plan and then carry out a sound, long-range program of scientific exploration and technological development to meet our own goals. To get into a race with Russia and operate our space program solely because we think they are going to do this or do that, and then try to beat them at it, would guarantee their always being in command of the situation. We're in a race all right, but we must run it the way we want and toward goals we set for ourselves.

Any assessment of the Russian space achievements must take into consideration that their launching rockets

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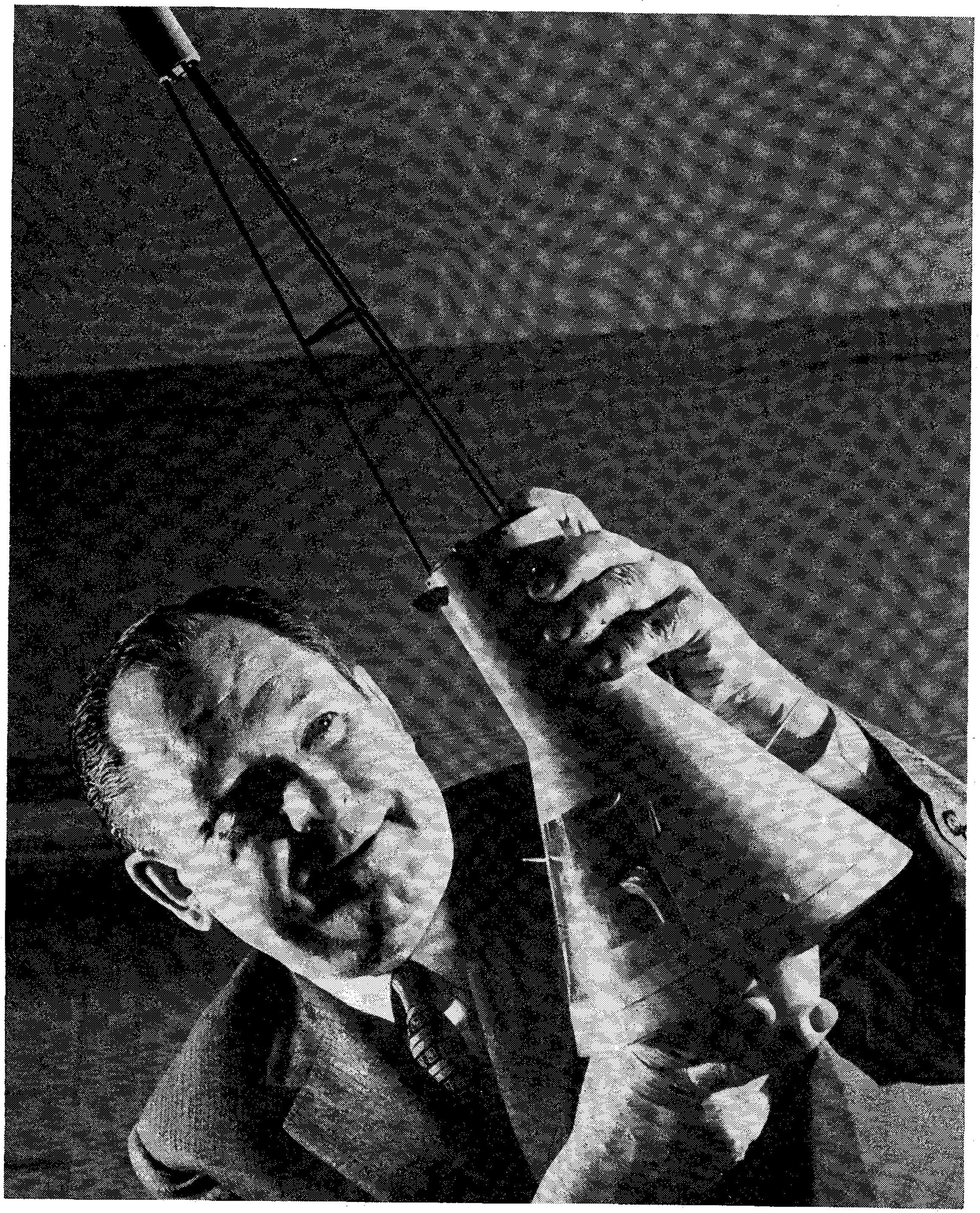
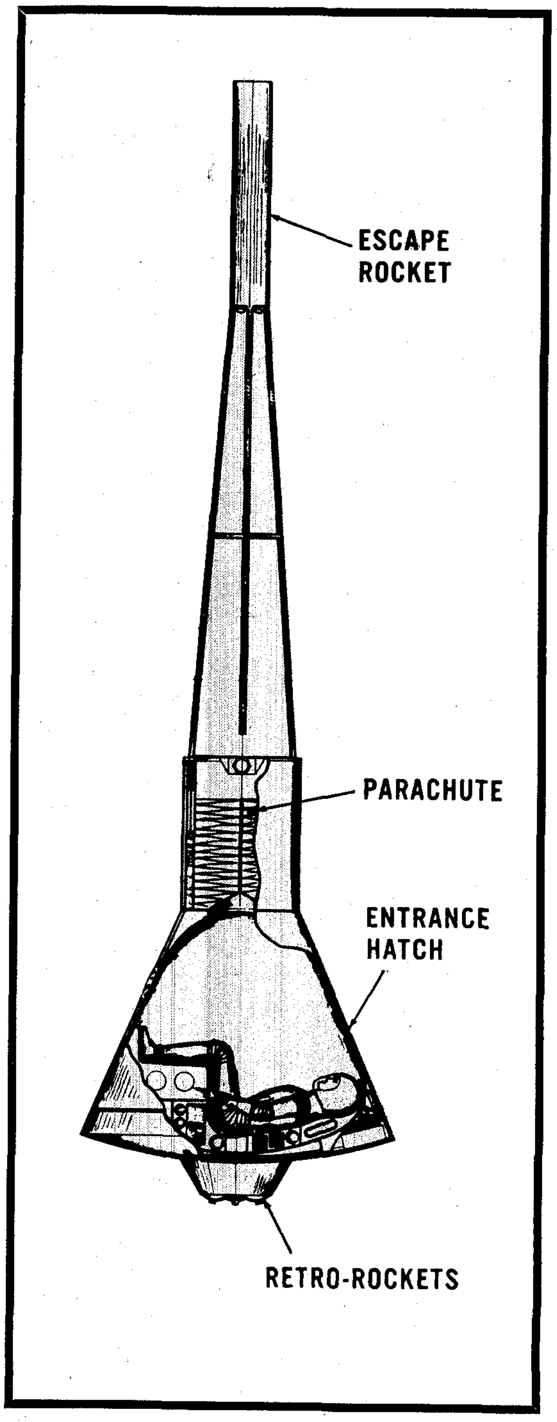
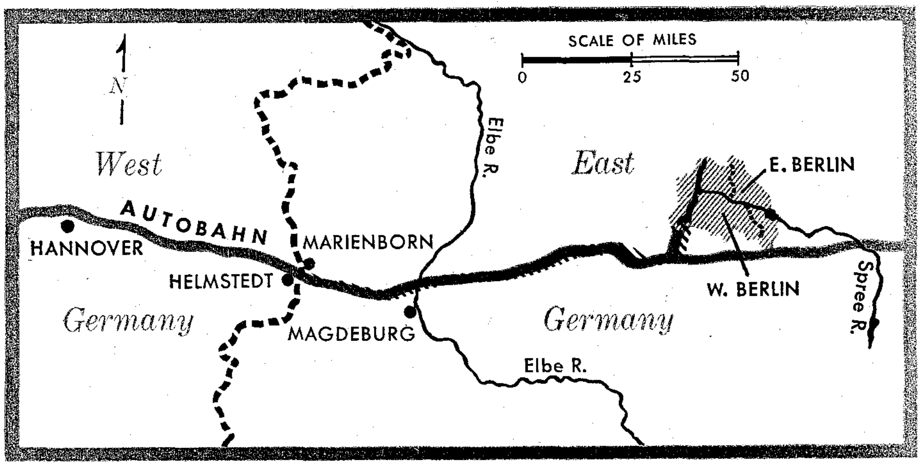


Dr. T. Keith Glennan with a model of the manned satellite for Project Mercury. Preliminary test capsules will be ready within a year, reports the NASA. Candidates are now being trained for the epic space flight.



This diagram shows the pilot's position in the capsule at launching. The structure will be mounted on a rocket capable of boosting it into orbit at 18,000 miles per hour.


SCALE OF MILES
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AUTOBAHN
HANNOVER
MARIENBORN
HELMSTEDT
Elbe R.
W. BERLIN
Spree R.
Germany
MAGDEBURG
Germany
Elbe R.

Berlin's lifeline to the West is this indicated 110-mile stretch of highway across East Germany; "a monotonous path through an unfriendly and lonely country," says the author.

Left: Travelers leaving West Berlin prepare for inspection at an Allied check point. Farther on they face the rigid scrutiny of East German police.

# The Squeeze is on Berlin

Once more this vulnerable free-world outpost behind the Iron Curtain is being eyed hungrily by the Russian bear. Here is an eyewitness report from a gay, defiant city surrounded by danger.

By Toni Howard

Above: In East Berlin a cyclist waits anxiously while a member of the Communist *Volkspolizei* examines his papers. Such spot checks are a constant hazard in the East zone.

After a practice exercise U. S. tanks and armored personnel carriers return to their garrison through West Berlin streets. Free Germans regard our token force as a major deterrent to the Russians.

BERLIN.

It is three o'clock on a cold, clear winter afternoon, and we are driving down the Hannover-Berlin *autobahn* toward the city of Berlin. This far north, night falls very early in winter. Already, at three, a red-gold sun is rolling close to the horizon, shadows are lengthening across the brown fields, and we are a little worried about crossing the Russian-occupied zone of Germany after dark.

That feeling of apprehension stirs memories of a long time ago, when I used to drive this highway once or twice a month, and it sets me to questioning myself. Why am I not taking the easy way into Berlin, flying in via Air France from Frankfurt? Why am I stubbornly going back over the old, well-traveled land route whose every twist and turn I know by heart? I tell myself that it is because Berlin can be comprehended only against the somber background of its Communist hinterland. And this is true. But the subjective reason is truer. Like a sleepwalker, groping unconsciously along a familiar corridor, I am instinctively returning to Berlin the way I first came to it at the end of the war, over this same highway through Russian-occupied territory. Then I drove alone, in an open Army jeep. Now, with two other journalists, I travel in a bit more style, in a German Mercedes.

Behind us, still touched by the sun, the beautifully tended four-lane highways of West Germany, with their gleaming white service stations, cloverleaf overpasses and inviting roadside inns, fall away to the west. Behind us, the last western town, the Allied check-point town of Helmstedt, disappears in its smoky valley. In front of us, 110 miles to the east, waits Berlin. But now we brake to a stop and pull over to the side of the road. For immediately in front of us, barring the highway, lies the potential implement of the Soviets' recent threats to a free Berlin—two peppermint-striped poles, guarded by uniformed members of the East German *Volkspolizei*, or People's Police.

The name of this border-control point is Marienborn or, as the Germans call it, Marienborn-on-the-Iron-Curtain. An insignificant little village, it, too, is as familiar as a somnambulist's dream.

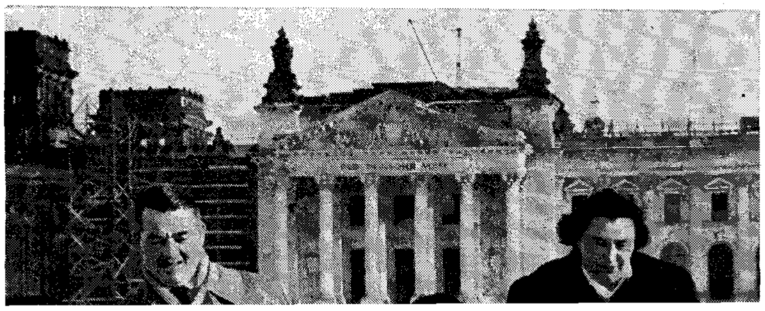
Overhead, the flag of postwar Germany and the red hammer (Continued on Page 75)

PARIS
ROXY HOTEL

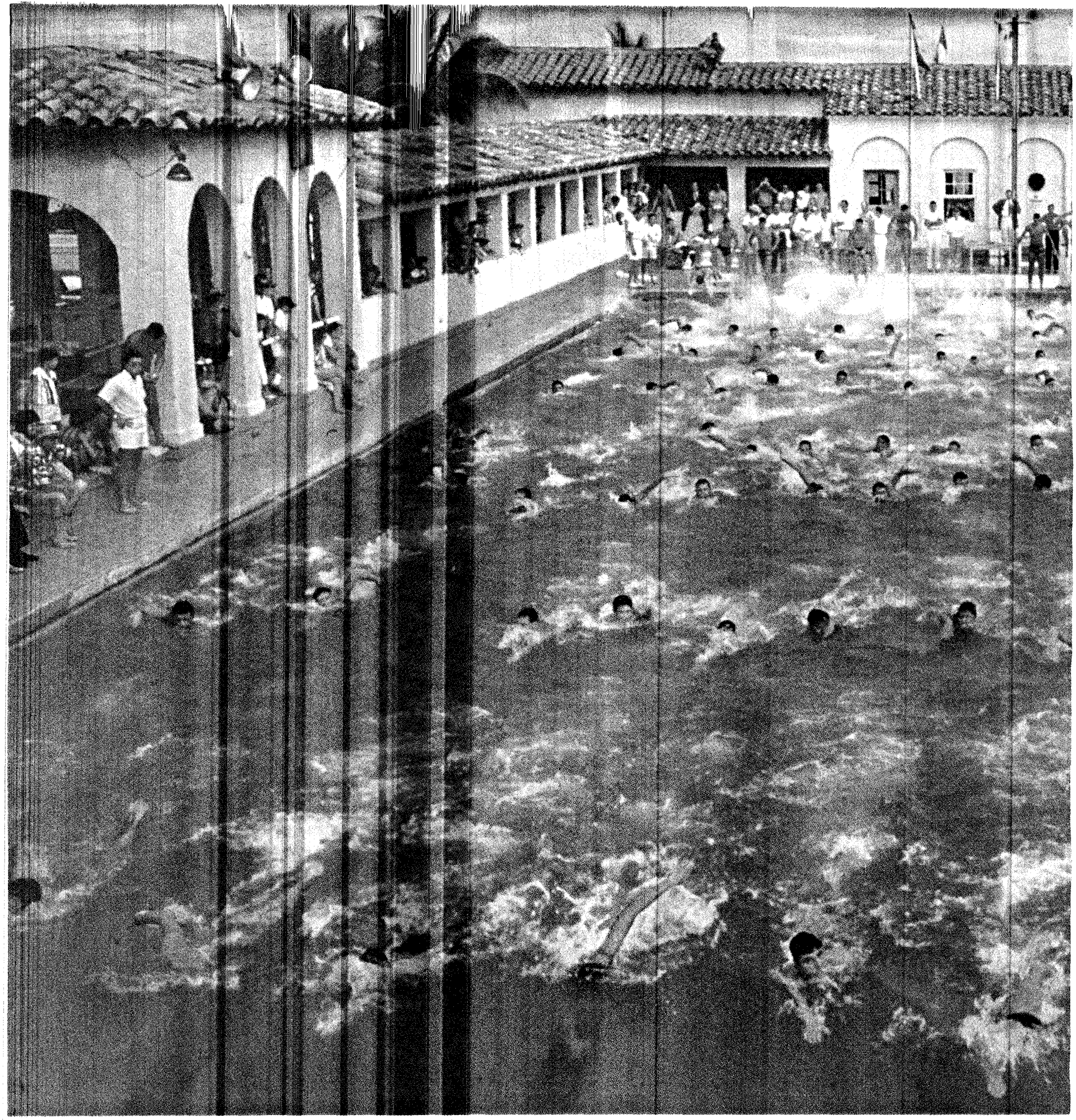
West Berlin: Above is the *Kurfürstendamm*, the Broadway of the free zone and a symbol of amazing recovery.

East Berlin: The barren field below, once the site of Hitler's offices, typifies this sector's desolation.

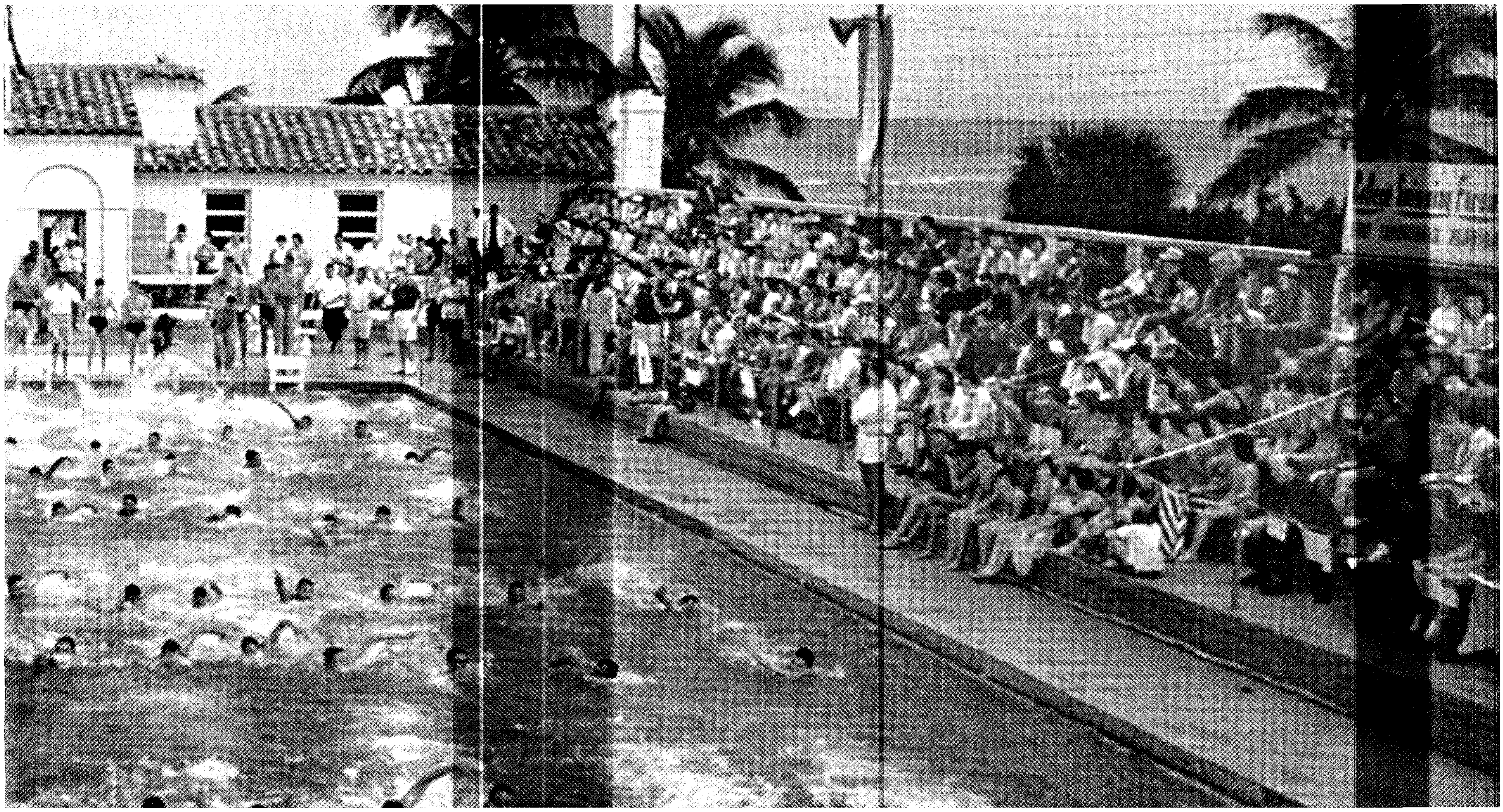
The Walter Lucke family as they look today. Like most West Berliners, they have prospered since the author first knew them in the grim times after V-E Day.

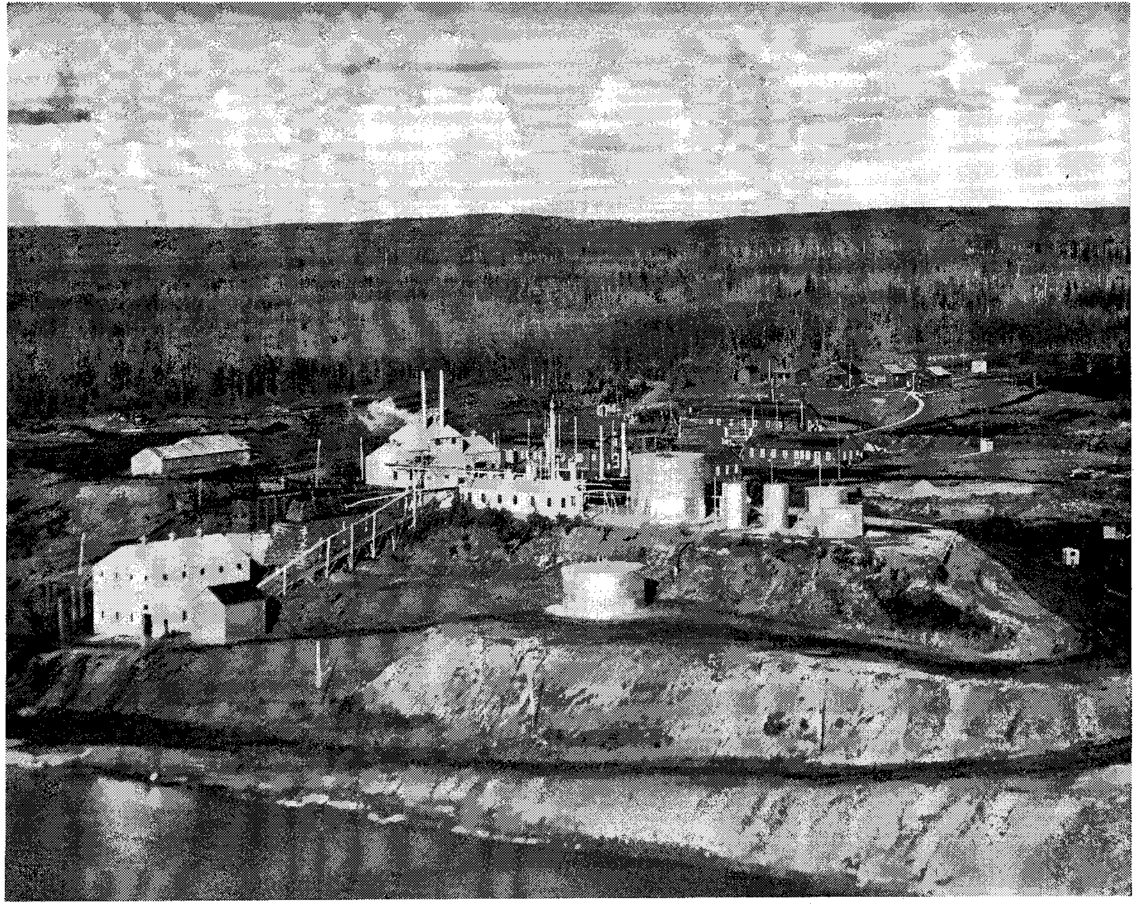


Despite the city's uncertain future, West Berlin enjoys a lavish and spirited night life. The dancers below are guests at a benefit ball given last month.

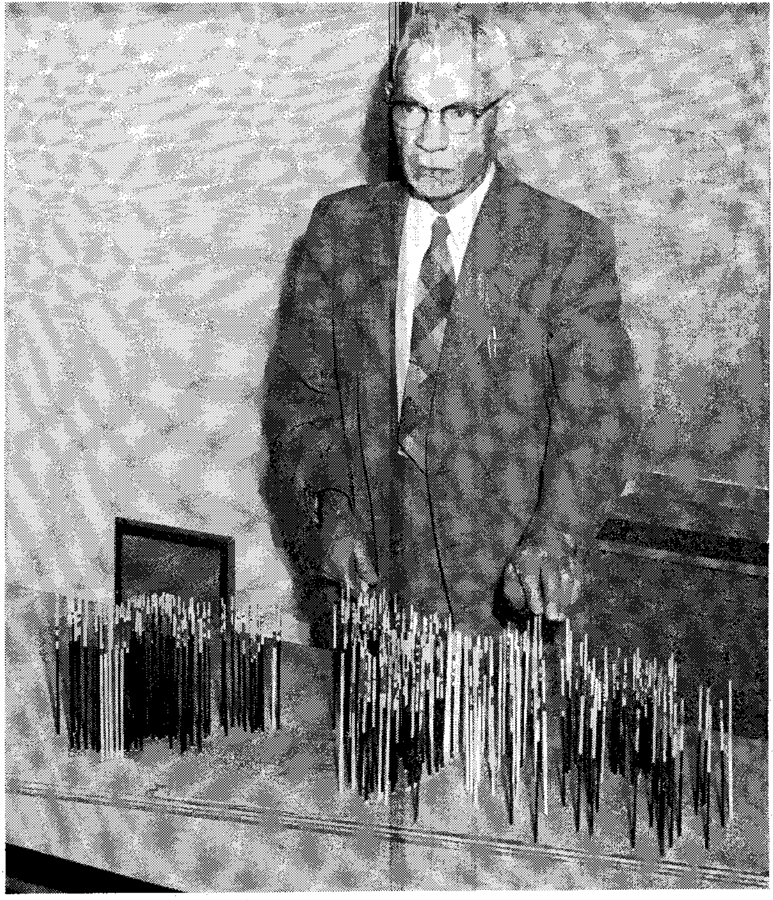


# Splashy Spectacle





This is the Bitumount pilot plant where oil was first extracted from the "tar" sands. But still unsolved is how to gain access to the vast underground deposits in quantity.



Dr. K. A. Clark, pioneer "tar" sand researcher. The black areas on the pegs above represent oil strata in boreholes along the Athabaska River.

# Treasure of the Athabaska

## Locked in sandy Canadian soil is a fabulous oil deposit that could surpass the "black gold" output of the Middle East—if the scientists can solve one crucial problem.

By Robert Ormond Case

Paralleling the Athabaska River in Northern Alberta, Canada, for 100 miles or more and with its boundaries not yet fully ascertained, lies a marvel of nature—unique on this planet because of its sheer dimensions—known to oil geologists the world over as the Alberta or Athabaska "tar" sands.

The convenient if erroneous label of "tar" was first applied to the region by puzzled fur traders who noticed a black sticky substance oozing at intervals from the high riverbank as they poled their bateaux northward almost a century ago above the wilderness trading post of Fort McMurray.

It soon developed that the "tar" was actually a heavy, viscous oil. Hundreds of subsequent test drillings demonstrated that what the unlettered fur traders had glimpsed was the edge of a single

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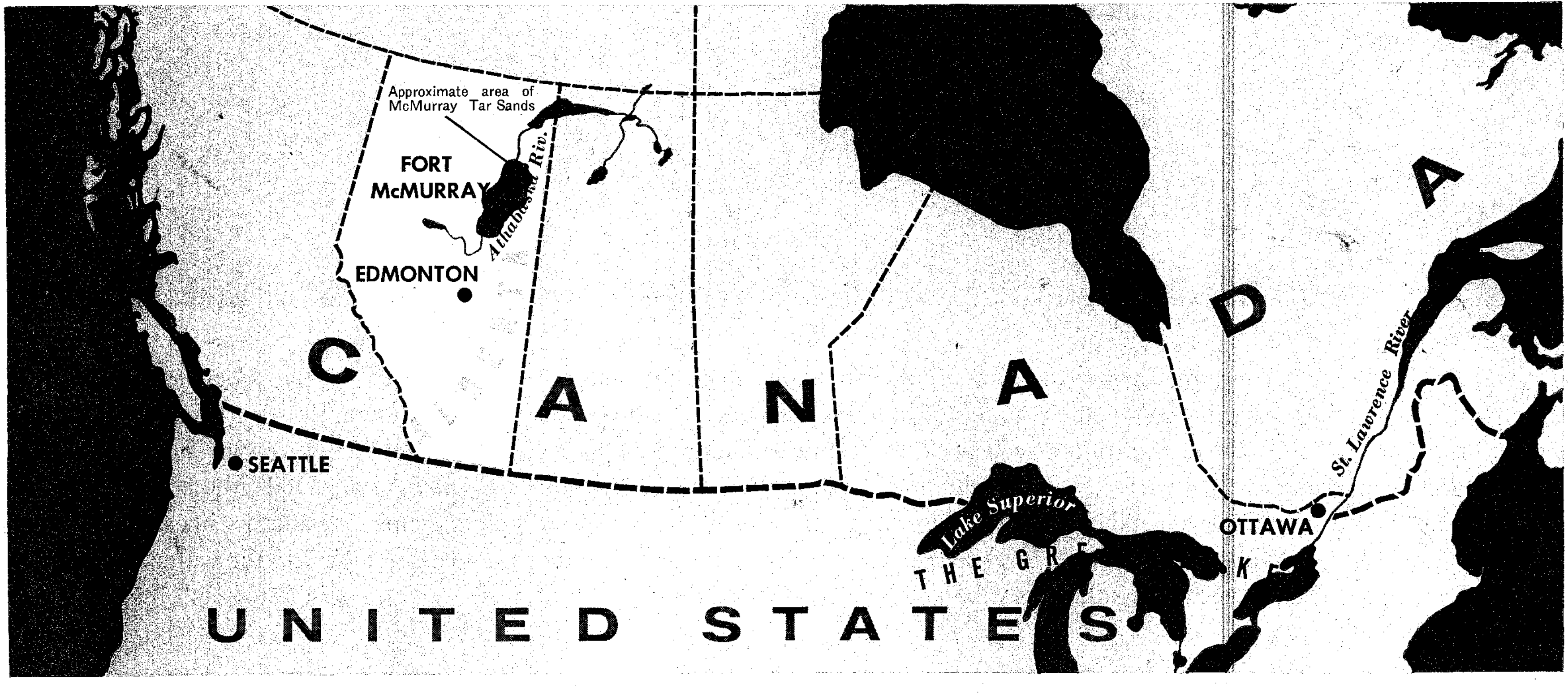
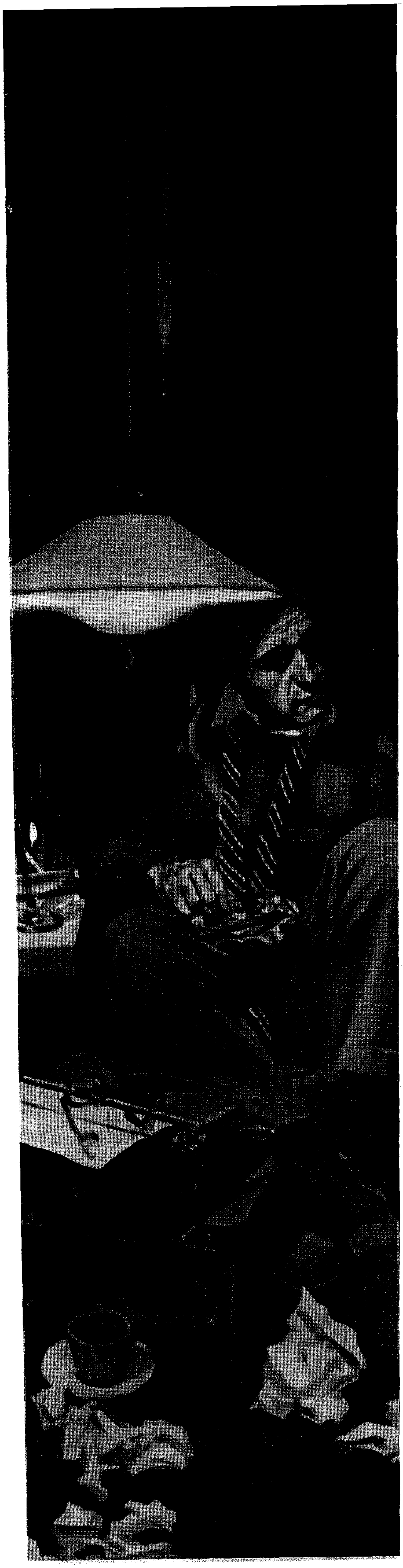
The map below shows the location of Alberta's immense oil-sand reservoir. It has been estimated that 300 billion barrels of potentially recoverable crude oil are entrapped here.





She was his lady of mystery. Soon he found he could no longer resist

# The Friday Girl

By MARY C. McCALL, Jr.

She sat very straight, her gloved hands gripping her bag. The bag bothered him. The cuffs of her shoddy wool coat were worn thin; her gloves were brown cotton; her shoes were cheaply made and ugly, though they were shined and their sensible heels were not run over. The bag was new, handsome, and the quality of its leather ruled out a bargain sale. If he hired her, there would be many times when she would be alone in the apartment.

"Maybe you'd best check my references, sir, before you decide. My Friday young lady said she'd tell anyone who called about my work and my character and all like that. I've been doing for her for three years."

He hoped she hadn't read his mind, because he was ashamed of what had been in it.

"No," he said. "That's O.K. The man I just fired had references that made him sound like a cross between Jeeves and Galahad. He robbed me blind. The main thing is, I want the place clean—and I want you to keep it clean, without any prodding from me. See what needs to be done, and do it. On your own. D'ya understand what I mean—uh—Agnes, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Agnes. Well, you'll find me all right on that score. Like Miss Thomas—the one I been with three years ——"

"Your Friday young lady?"

She relaxed a little. Her brown eyes came to life and her thin lips curved in a smile.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Would you believe it, in all that time, I have yet to see her."

"Huh?" he said. "Hit me again."

"Pardon?"

"You've worked for her three years and you've never seen her?"

"Well, when I come for the interview, like I'm doing now, it was her mother talked to me. She'd come on clear from Idaho to help her get settled. When I'm there, Miss Thomas is always at her office or away on her holidays. I have the key. I leave a bill on the dresser for how many hours it is, and the next Friday she leaves me the

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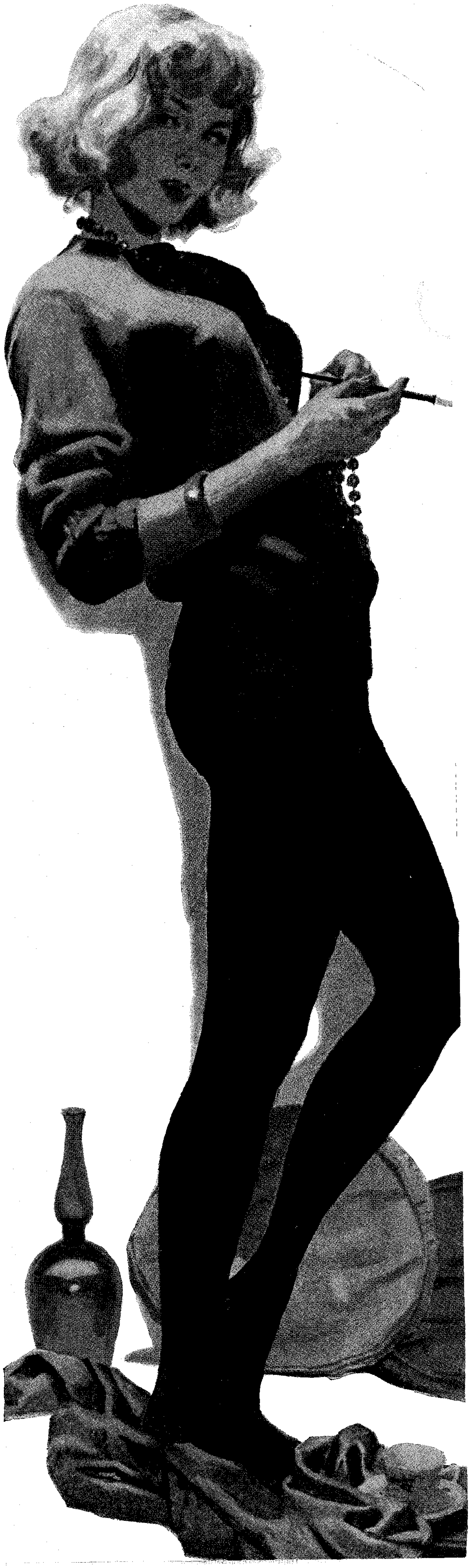
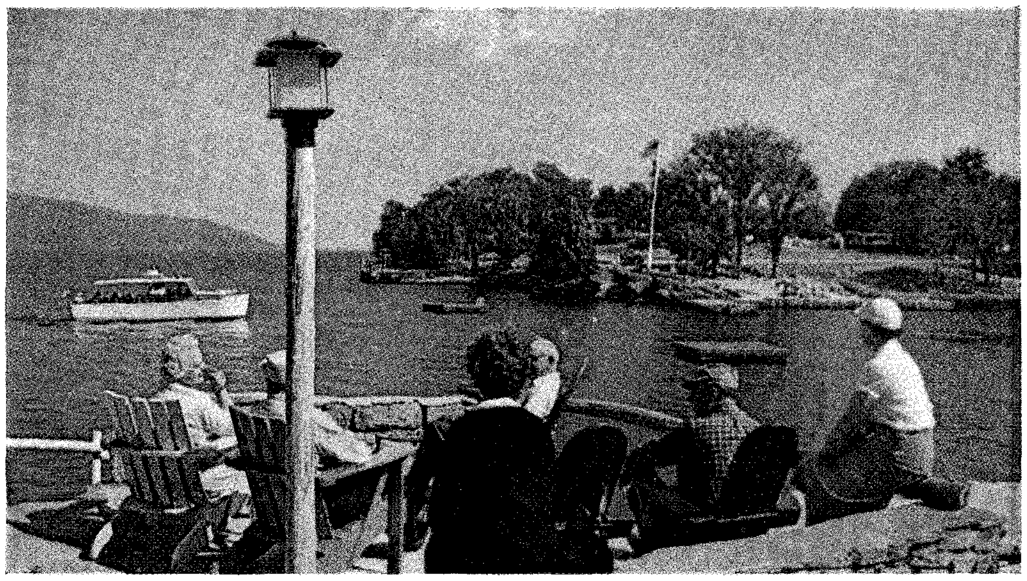


Near Vergennes, Vermont, vacationers sun-bathe on an unusual "beach"—a huge granite rock.



Above: The water front at Vermont's Basin Harbor Club, one of the traditional summer-hotel resorts.

Above: Ice fishing on the South Bay. With a device called a "tip-up," these winter anglers bring in a perch.

Below: The Champlain Bridge, at the lake's lower end, joins Crown Point, N.Y., and Chimney Point, Vt.

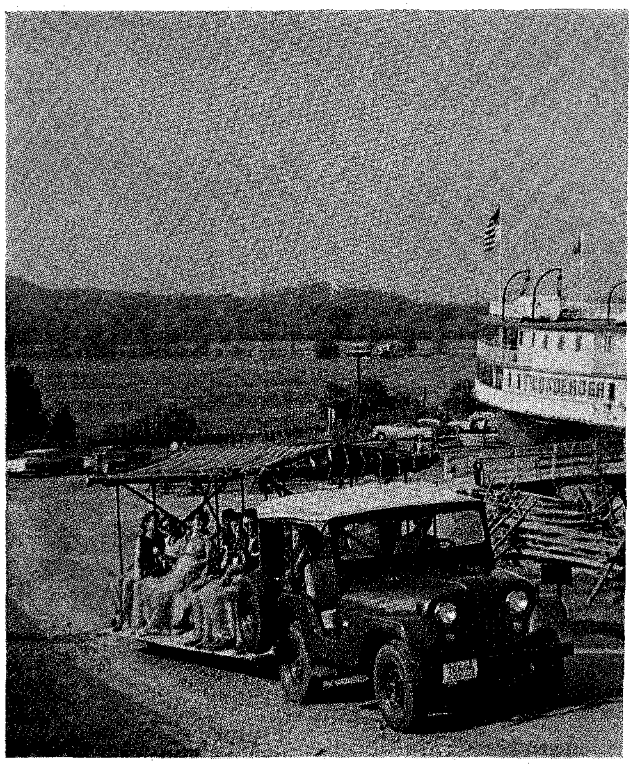
# Why I Love Lake Champlain

By Murray Hoyt

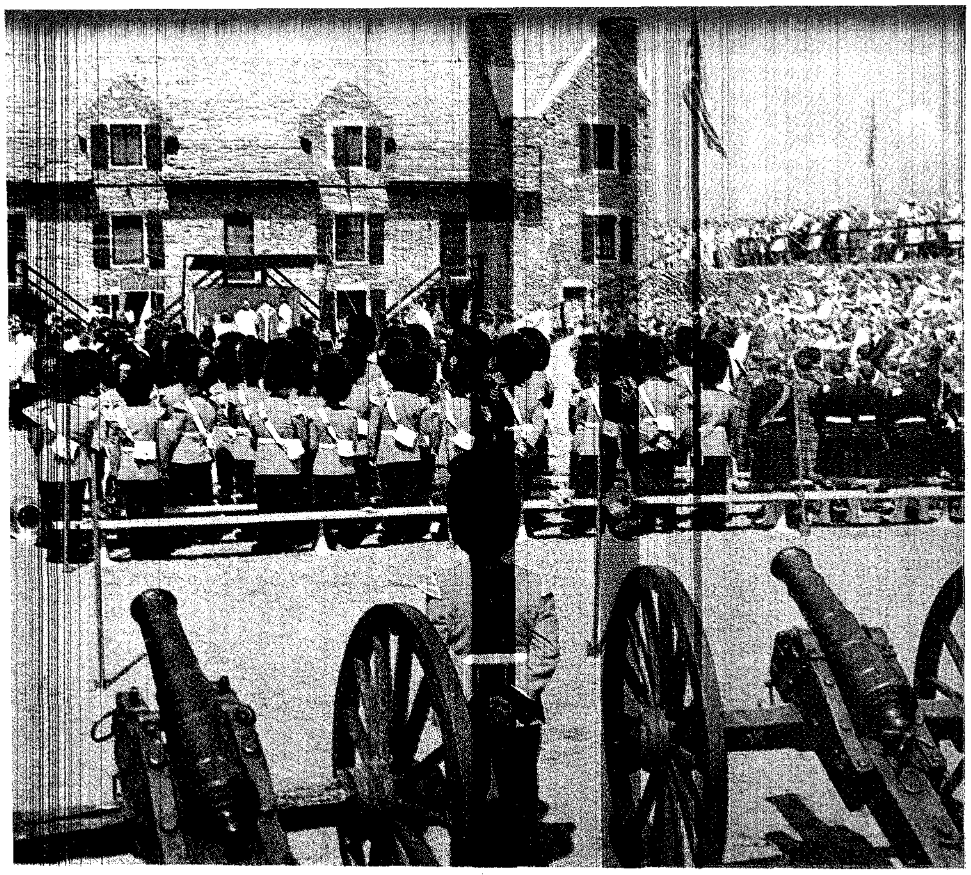
A long-time inhabitant explains the special charms of this historic northeastern lake, where the events out of her dramatic past will be re-enacted this year.

Samuel de Champlain, along with sixty Indians and two Frenchmen, discovered Lake Champlain in 1609. I didn't discover it until 1907. Furthermore, I was a little short on Indians and Frenchmen. I was about two and a half years old and had to depend on my parents for transportation. And they arrived at the lake by railroad instead of by birch-bark canoe.

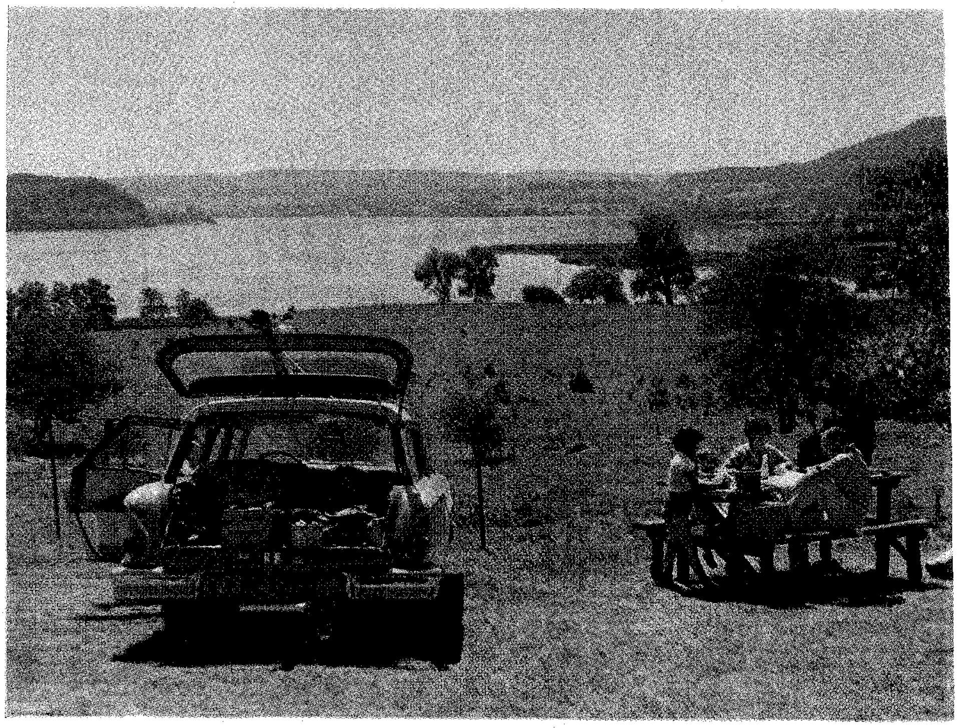
But I loved the lake from the first day I saw it, and I will bet any man a ten-pound Lake Champlain northern pike against a scrawny little grass pickerel from some inferior lake that I've had more enjoyment from Lake Champlain than Old Sam ever had. And that takes into consideration the legend that Samuel always retained a soft spot in his heart for the lake and revisits it every fifty years. The story



Above, at the Shelburne Museum in Vermont, is the *S.S. Ticonderoga*. After plying Lake Champlain for 47 years, the vessel was hauled two miles overland to this berth.



An outdoor Mass at Ft. Ticonderoga, N.Y., honors a pre-Revolutionary battle here.



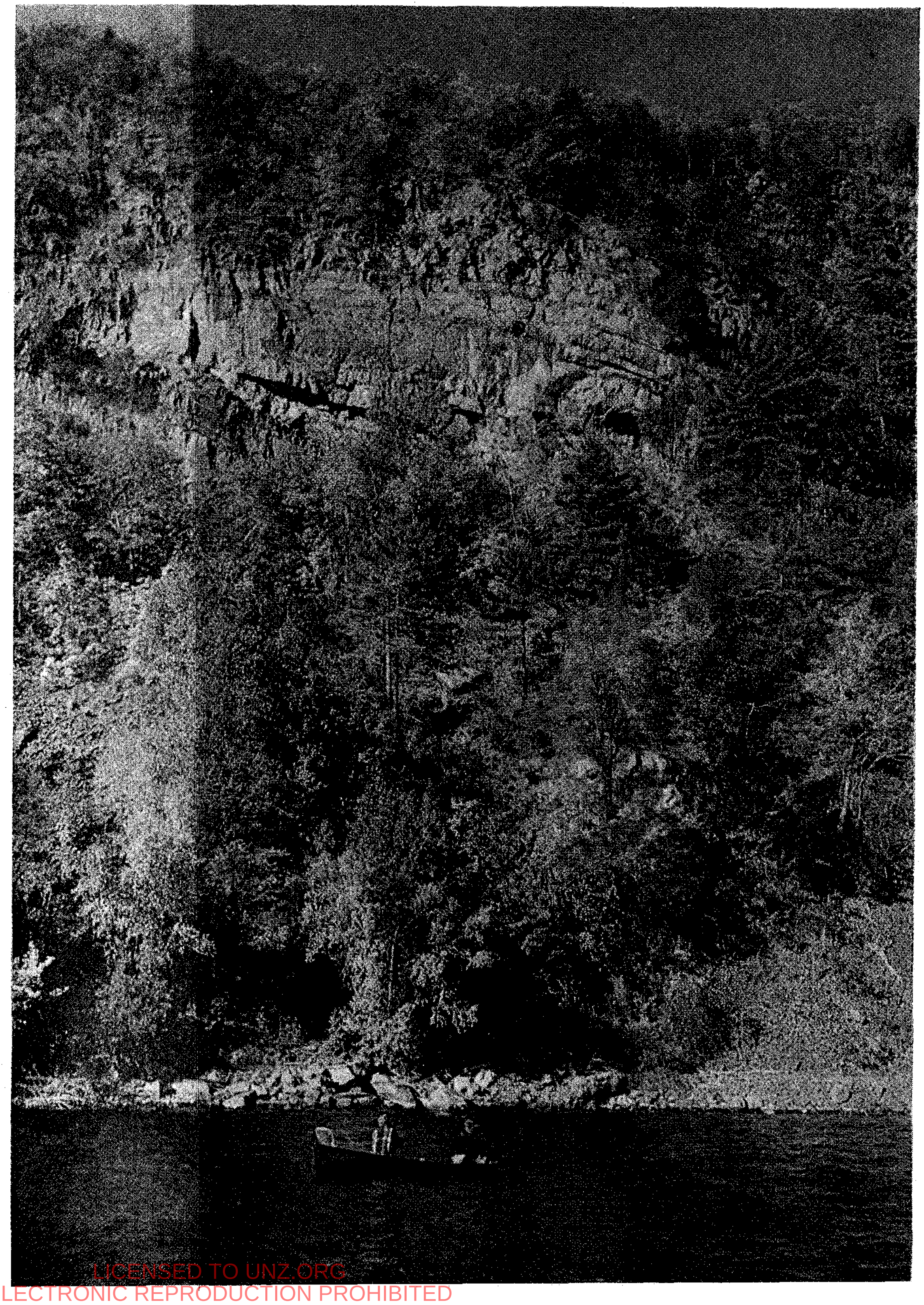
A Michigan family takes advantage of New York hospitality—a lakeside picnic area.

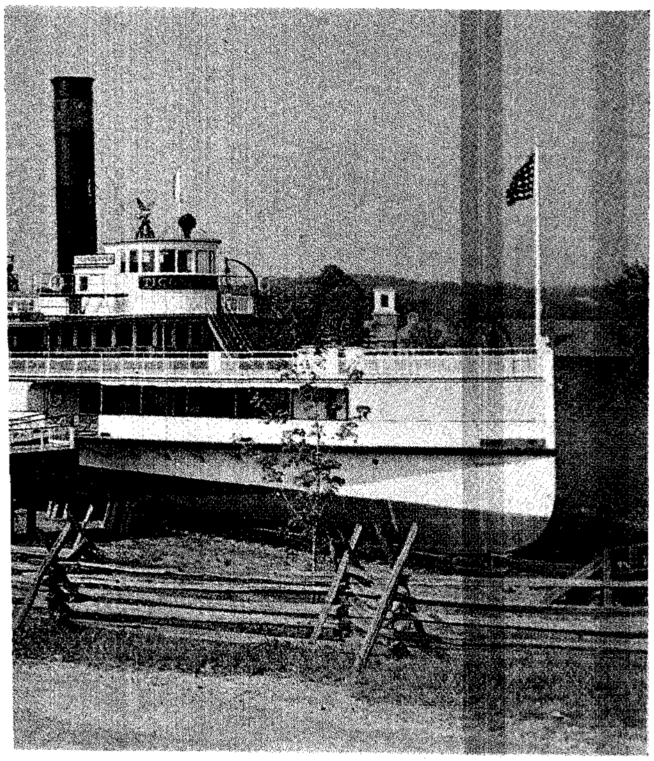
is that he cruises his lake from end to end to see what time has done to it.

Those three hundred and fifty years since 1609 have been interesting ones. Any period and lake area which see Indians fight Indians, France fight Britain, the Colonies try for independence, the Confederate States of America raid a northern Vermont city, Ireland with thousands of men invade Canada, and a two-hundred-and-twenty-foot paddle steamboat travel two miles inland without water, need make no apologies in the interest department, believe me.

So this year when the states of Vermont and New York, and the province of Quebec celebrate the three-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Champlain's discovery of the lake it will be quite an event. (Continued on Page 82)

Split Rock Mountain, in northern New York, rises almost straight up from water 200 feet deep.





Photographs by George Burns

# The SECRET of the TIN BOX

By PAUL HORGAN

"Don't dig up the chest until nothing else can help you." Those were his father's words. Now the time had come.

Now, let's see. Since I am not ever going to write it all down, I'd better put some sort of order into my thoughts. This will help me to be sure that what I want to do is right.

First, then, I must admit that I want to make a violent break with all that is expected of me. Certain people close to me would necessarily find it hard to believe what they may hear of me, Archer Wilmington, Jr. Next, I must follow from long ago to today how I came to be where I am. And third, I will keep it clearly in mind who it is I am speaking to in my thoughts. It is you, father, and I think that somewhere you know this and you hear me. Just as I was meant to find the treasure, so are you meant to hear me now.

Well, then, think of the big change that came into my whole life this spring. It was one of those times when you suddenly know what you have to do for the rest of your days.

What this was for me I don't think I have to tell you, for if you are hearing me as I try to give a shape to my desire, you must know what that desire is. It need never be mentioned, and to tell you the truth, I feel safer and stronger with it somehow if I hardly mention it to myself. I just feel best when I am thinking of how to meet its demands as well as it deserves.

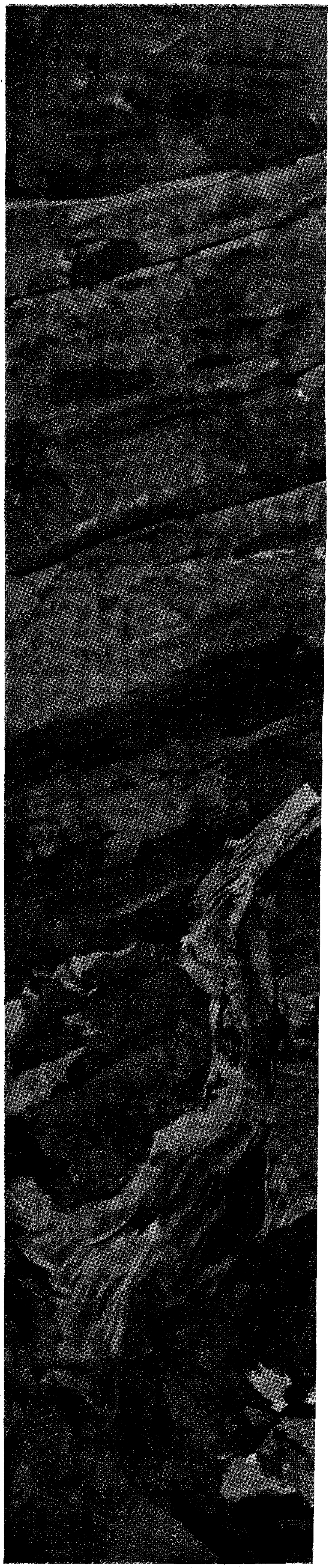
When you wonder if you can ever leave that which you love, it seems suddenly nearer and dearer to you than ever before. I mean Kingston University, and how I felt about it when springtime and my hope came along about the same time. I always regarded the yearly classes that came and went as if I were an old-timer; which I was, for when I was a little boy, you always let me come and walk home with you from the campus after you were through teaching for the day. The university, in my childhood eyes, was there to last forever, and so were you, and so was the scholarship that I was bound to win, which would take me straight to my degree in science. After that would come the great career in the course of which I would change the world with my discoveries about the nature of life.

When I began to think of leaving all this, I knew I had to go to see the dean about it. He managed to be two things—an old friend of the family, who could remember more than I could about us; and an officer of Kingston University, who has rules he is proud of.

He listened to me in silence. When I stopped talking, he selected a pipe from the collection he keeps in a desk drawer. He scraped it out and filled it; then lighted it, examined his burning match, softly blew the match out, laid it exactly in the middle of his ash tray, and then said: "Archer, I could have, of course, an objective, even an abstract respect for your purpose. Knowing you ever since you were a small boy, I could hardly feel otherwise. But I wonder if ——"

And he began to develop one of those monologues for which he is famous. His intention, in fact his duty, was to bring me to my senses. He never used any expression so vulgar or unsympathetic. But in his arguments he spared me nothing. How—he gleamed at me over his pipe and his voice was grainy and righteous—how could I think of throwing away my scholarship? Did I recognize privileges but not obligations? Was there anything in my intention which my father might perhaps have held other views about? Did Grace, my mother—that gallant and pretty woman—did she have any inkling of my intention? And how about that other, that larger, that seemingly impersonal but keenly watchful mother, Kingston University herself: would

(Continued on Page 86)

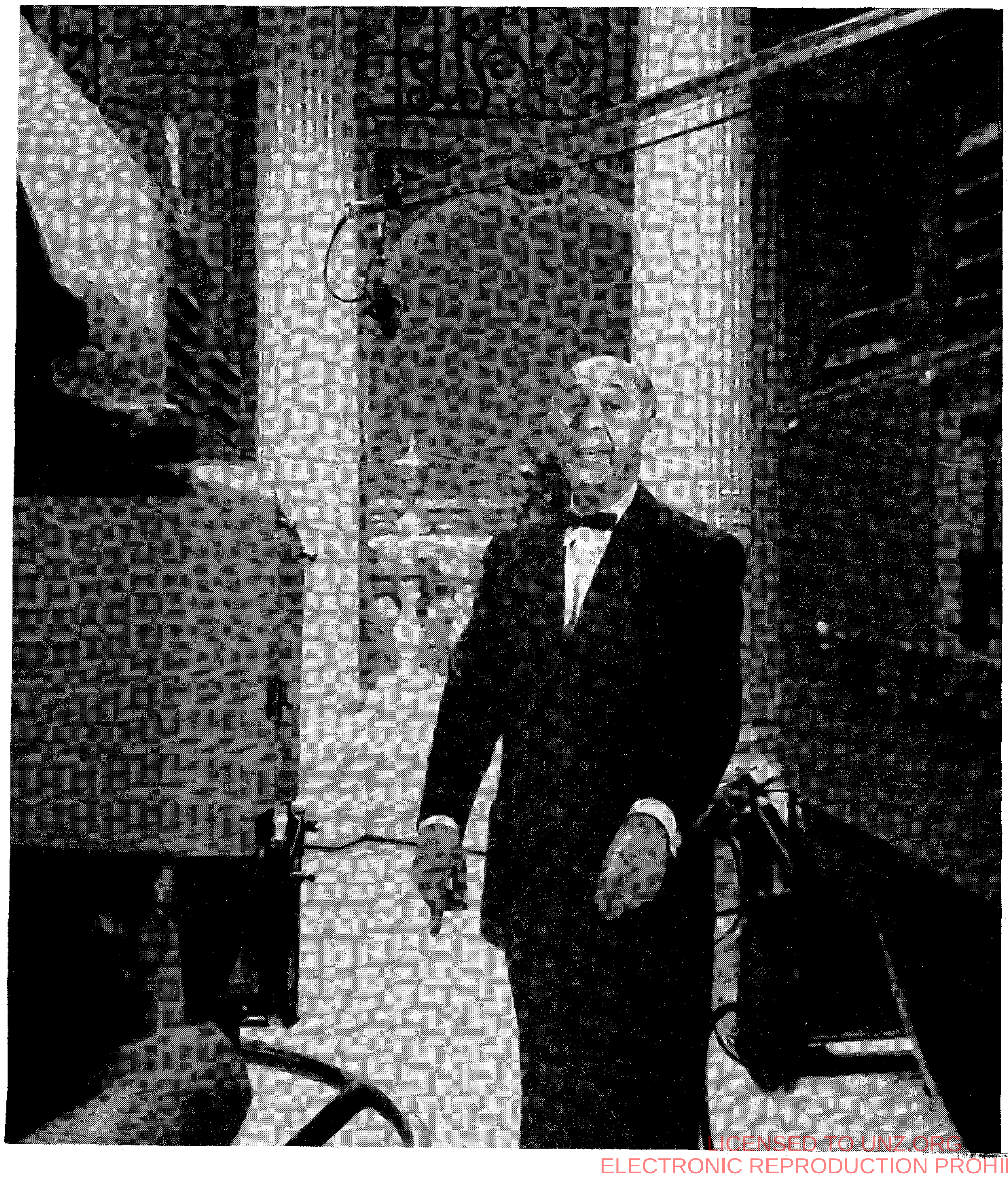


Illustrated by Ken Riley

1923: This is Arthur doing the French tango with actress Hope Hampton, star of silent films.

Hope and Arthur tango again 36 years later, with less dash but more dignity.

Below: Arthur gives a TV dance lesson. On camera he is unpredictable and apt to ignore the script.



## My Husband, Arthur Murray

By KATHRYN MURRAY,
as told to
Betty Hannah Hoffman

# Arthur's First Million Dollars

Kathryn tells how Arthur struggled through the depression, established branch dance studios all over the nation—and why she herself once attempted suicide.

Part Three

Kathryn at the age of two. She says she was a sickly child and was "hard to love."

Fifty years later: TV star Kathryn tries on another baby dress, a costume for her show.

Looking back today, I can scarcely understand the feelings that led me, almost thirty years ago, to seek an end to my life. I've done so much growing up since then that the girl I once was—so foolish and immature—seems like a stranger.

I went through a period of utter despair, which I concealed from everyone, including Arthur. Newspapers called my suicide attempt an accident and dismissed it in a couple of paragraphs. Even our neighbors and close friends didn't guess the truth, for wasn't I the giddiest young thing and the life of every party?

I was; yet I thought my life was unbearable. My outlook then seems so ridiculous now, from a mature point of view, that I could cry over that silly young flapper, Katie Murray.

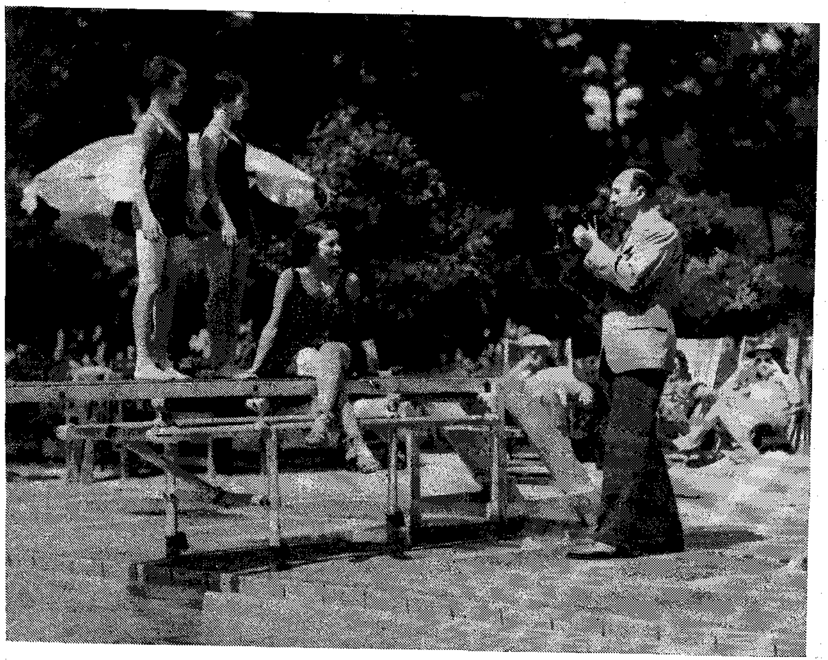
I have always loved gay, noisy parties and fun-loving people. At the same time I have a strong sense of duty. Back in 1930, these conflicting drives—to be a good, dutiful wife and to enjoy myself—kept my feelings in turmoil. My days in a small Mount Vernon apartment with two small children seemed endless and dull, especially since a full-time helper left me with little to do. Yet my conscience told me I was neglecting the children if I left them even for an afternoon.

Arthur and I were asked to lots of parties. I wanted to attend them all, but during the week Arthur seldom came home before midnight, and on weekends he wanted peace and seclusion. So I would attend the parties alone, feeling guilty, or I would stay home and feel abused.

Since Arthur always wanted to talk over the day's doings when he got home, I would keep myself awake with a novel until I heard his key in the lock at midnight. Then, when I wanted him to tell me how much he adored me, he spoke of new sales gimmicks and daily grosses. What a familiar story it is! Husband with young family, trying to insure their future, devotes most of his time and energies to business; young wife, with too much leisure and a headful of romantic notions, sits home and broods and feels unneeded.

I felt, foolishly, that I had no real share in Arthur's life; as for the twins, they had each other. What was I contributing? Nothing. Who needed me? Nobody. The notion that I was a kind of useless

(Continued on Page 68)



The Murray family at the Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda during the 'Thirties. Standing on the board are the twins, Jane and Phyllis.

1932: On a Bermuda beach, Arthur (right) leads a line of dance pupils; Kathryn brings up the rear. During the depression, one fashionable island resort lured twenty Murray instructors.

Then Miranda whirled in a blaze of red silks, and a glissando rippled from Mike's fingers on the guitar.

# Riviera Prelude

### The curious adventure of three sailors and a girl on the shores of the blue Mediterranean.

By VIVIAN CONNELL

Mike Maloney had a surprise for his friends Val, Igor and Romulo. The four of them, young officers on the United States Navy's Sixth Fleet flagship, had written a musical called Mediterranean Blue, which they hoped would someday reach Broadway. All were eager to see at least one scene set up on stage. In the little French Riviera resort town near their anchorage, Mike found an old boathouse. Here, with the help of the admiral's lovely wife, Bianca, and his glamorous daughter, Miranda, he arranged an impromptu production of a scene from the musical.

Show business, it appeared, was taking over this particular stretch of the Riviera. For, at the same time, up at Princess Matty Mandelieu's estate, the Marquis de Bière was preparing a benefit performance of a ballet.

CONCLUSION

They crossed the bay under the silver pearl of Venus and the silver rind of the moon and when the coxswain cut the engine and let the launch run in, Val exclaimed, "But this is the admiral's villa!"

Mike did not say a word and stepped ashore first. The launch backed away and the four of them stood on the slip. It was a beautiful night, and a nightingale sang in the garden, and the roses smelled sharp in the salt dew from the sea. The boathouse stood open and they followed Mike to the doorway. He paused for a moment and then he spoke softly to somebody unseen.

"Michel! *Lumière!*" There was a staccato of clicks and a long gasp from Val.

"I thought we might run through that Venetian scene," said Mike, as all Venice came alive on the translucent silks and the San Marco glittered on the ivory screen.

"Boy!"

Mike spoke to Val. "Behind that screen is a piano. Go and play the Venetian lyric. I want to hear how it sounds here."

Val went behind the screen, and the others moved softly into the boathouse. Then Val, out of sight, began to play the liquid notes that set the mood for the song.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, it seemed, the lovely mezzo-soprano poured:

*I wear the moon as my tiara*
*On the lagoon by the piazza . . .*

They listened motionless and even when the last note had died away nobody moved. At last, Val came out from behind the screen, looked about, then raised his hands in a helpless way. Mike broke the stunned silence.

"Romulo, take off your coat, please."

Silently, the slim Philippine boy obeyed. Mike walked over, picked up a Castilian jacket, slipped it on Romulo. Then Mike called: "Four and five, cut!"

There were two clicks and the lights went off the silk corner curtain from behind which the voice had come. Mike pulled back the curtain, and exposed another one.

"Six and seven, lights!"

Two lights, red and white, flashed on a Spanish scene. Mike took up his guitar, said softly, "Now, Romulo, I want the dialogue dance."

"But ——"

"Face that curtain, please, and let it go!"

Mike brought him on the guitar, until Romulo took it solo on his castanets, and then only on his shoes. The impatient tap of waiting, waiting, waiting, began to beat in everybody's blood. It must have exploded in Miranda, as she burst through the curtain with a leap and clatter of castanets and then stopped with an angry scowl before Romulo. There was a fraction of a pause before she tapped her foot. She tapped until Romulo had either to scream in tension or answer the tap. Then she whirled in a blaze of red silks, and a glissando rippled from Mike's

(Continued on Page 93)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

# Post Scripts

## What Suspense!

(On TV, That Is)

"O.K., D. A., I'll tell you who the big boss is—the guy who controls all the rackets in town—the guy who bumped off Fingers Henderson—the guy who ——"

"There may be a body in there, so open the trap door a little more, Fenley—a little more, Fenley—a little more, Fenley—and a little more, Fen——"

"GH-968 calling FB-408-G. . . . GH-968 calling FB-408-G. . . . Come in, FB-408-G. . . . Can you hear me, FB-408-G? . . . I repeat, can you hear me, FB ——"

"I'm going to count to three, and if, at the end of that time, you haven't turned over the secret plans, I'm going to shoot. . . . One . . . two ——"

"I'm getting a very faint signal, captain. . . . Now it's getting stronger! . . . Now it's starting to die out! . . . I've lost it, captain! . . . There! There it is again! . . . Now it's starting to die again! . . . Now it's getting stronger ——"

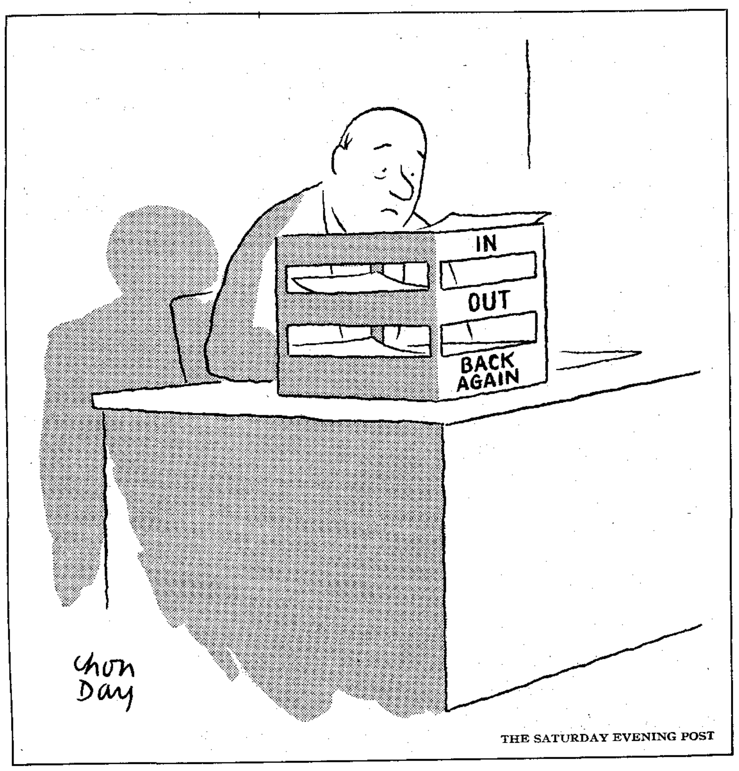
"The name of the roadhouse at which Cleverly was murdered was —— I'm getting weaker, inspector. The name of the roadhouse was —— I think I'm going to black out, inspector. It was—it was—it was ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

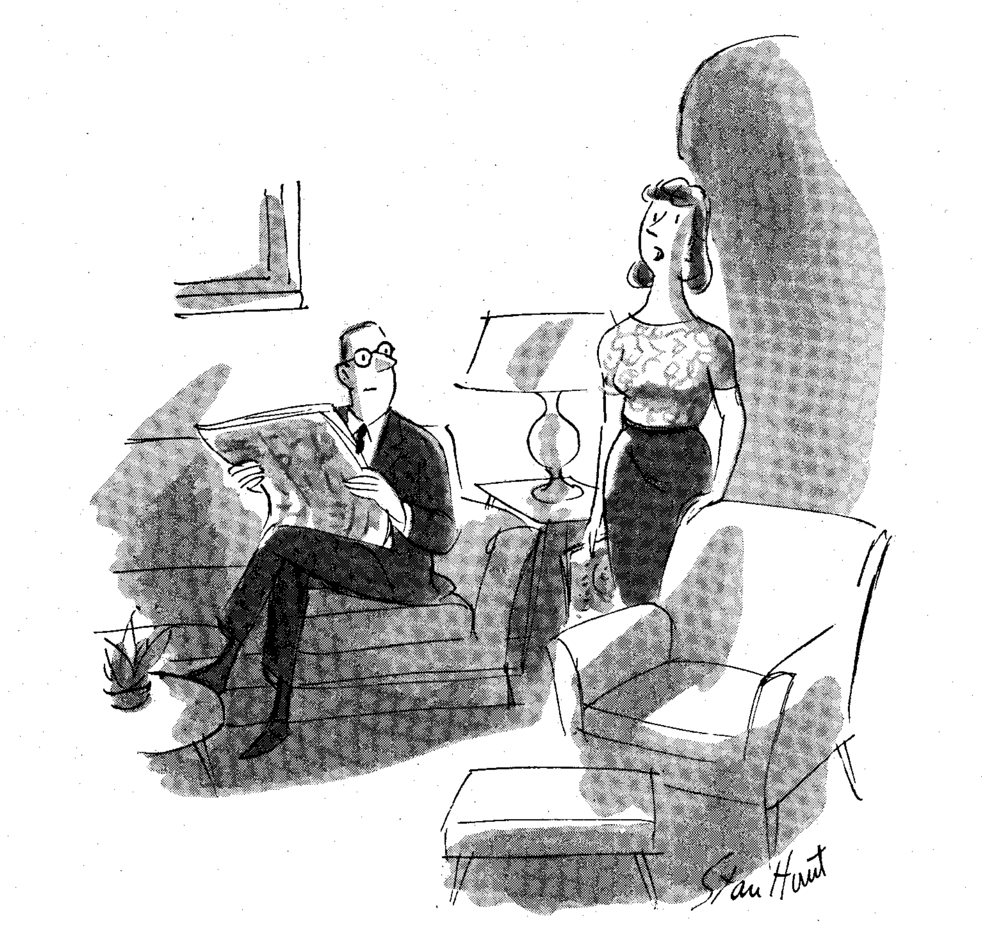
## Morning's at Seven—Darn It!

I've always believed that success is achieved
If you ardently, firmly pursue it;
But the trouble with getting up in this world
Is you have to get up to do it!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I feel like a character in a long, boring play."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Say That Again—and Slowly

(Giving telephone-answering service for a high-school daughter.)

"What I said, dad, was, if Ralph telephones, please tell him I'll meet him at Becker's Sweet Shop, not Milton's, we used to go there, dad, but now all the kids go to Becker's because the booths are cushioned or something, about seven-thirty, but if Steve calls, tell him you don't know where I've gone, because I'm mad at him, and now I'm dating Ralph, unless you think that that will sound like a fib to him, and then you tell him I've gone to visit Aunt Annie for the weekend. However, if Jack should call, then you tell Ralph the same thing I told you to tell Steve, because I think I like Jack better than Ralph, but not as much as Steve, and then, dad, tell Jack what I told you to tell Ralph, and when Penny calls, you tell her to meet me at the library, around seven, and for her to give Sue a buzz, and tell her we'll drop by on the way to Becker's, unless, of course, Marie should call up first, and then you tell Marie that I'm at the library, and tell Penny that ——"

WOODARD TUTTLE

## Past Intense

If Fame should tap me for one of her stars,
I'd certainly be in a sorry plight.
For my life's not the stuff of the lush memoirs
That famous people so glibly write.

I've never been wrecked on a desert island.
I've never necked with the King of Thailand,
Nor danced with Noel, nor lived in a lighthouse,
Nor been on the guest list at the White House,
Nor shot a tiger, nor stolen an anvil.
My nearest approach to Tommy Manville
Was buying his roofing. In short, alas,
I'm a biographical dud, first-class.

So if Fame should name me for one of her cast,
I'd just have to scrap a scruple or two
And make up a mad improbable past,
The same as Fame's other darlings do.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

## Unbelievable Interviews

"Tell me, sir: As commissioner of the Big Thirteen Conference, how do you feel that the Big Thirteen compares with the various other conferences throughout the country?"

"Not too favorably. I mean, I've always felt that the Big Thirteen is the weakest conference in the country, so ——"

"Is there a possibility, Mr. Witherspoon, that, because you've apparently lost the election by a margin of 56,809 to 56,812, you'll ask for a recount of the votes?"

"No, because it'd cost too much. I don't see any point in spending a lot of the taxpayers' money on the remote possibility that ——"

"Is it true, Governor Bickerstaff, that you've made arrangements to have your office redecorated because you feel it's something the people of the state owe to themselves?"

"I don't know anything about what the people of the state owe to themselves, but if they think I'm going to try to keep working in this dump, they're ——"

"I'd like to ask you this, sir: Why, exactly, do you and all the other members of the Mountain Climbers' Club climb all these real high peaks?"

"I don't know. I guess, when you stop to analyze it, it is sort of silly."

"Professor Bennington, as dean of the music school here at State University, what is your reaction to our modern-day popular music?"

"It's cool, man—real cool! And when I say it's cool, I mean it's crazy! I mean, man, it's ——"

CHARLES MATTESON

## Preponderant Ingredient

When social eminence is discussed,
I'm heard to mutter low:
Today what it takes to be Upper Crust
Is mainly dough!

PENNY PENNINGTON

# Now landlubbers can eat like old salts

## Campbell's freezing brings you a savory oyster stew that would cost you $1 or more in a fine Boston restaurant

*Fresh, fragrant oyster stew*—a seacoast specialty from colonial times, now frozen by Campbell's so anyone can enjoy it anywhere.

People who live near the sea will tell you that freshness makes the difference in oyster stew. To hear some of them tell it, decent oyster stew can seldom, if ever, be found more than a few miles inland.

But now, thanks to Campbell's freezing, you can enjoy oyster stew as fresh as ever was served in Boston, no matter where you live. And it's made in a way that wins grudging approval from the best New England chefs.

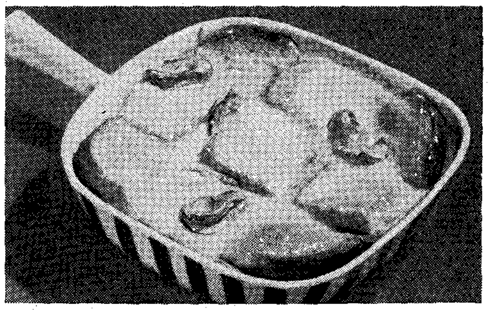
### Plump, Pampered Oysters

Campbell's uses young tender oysters—fresh from their beds in cool coastal waters. The oysters are simmered with all their good juices until the edges begin to ruffle. Then they're plunged into a rich broth of scalded milk, cream, butter and special seasonings, where all ingredients intermingle perfectly.

Then, without a moment's delay, the stew is rushed to the freezer to lock in all the good flavors.

### Fancy Eating—Plain Price

If you ordered it off the menu at a fine Boston Oyster House, you'd pay a pretty penny for a stew like this. Now you can have as much as you like from your grocer's freezer for only about 20¢ a bowl. Your whole family will enjoy Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew. Why not pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer?



**Oyster Fondue.** Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. Beat together 2 eggs, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. paprika; stir in Oyster Stew. Quarter 4 slices toast. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers toast, soup, 1 cup shredded cheese. Bake 30 min. at 350° F. Serves 4.

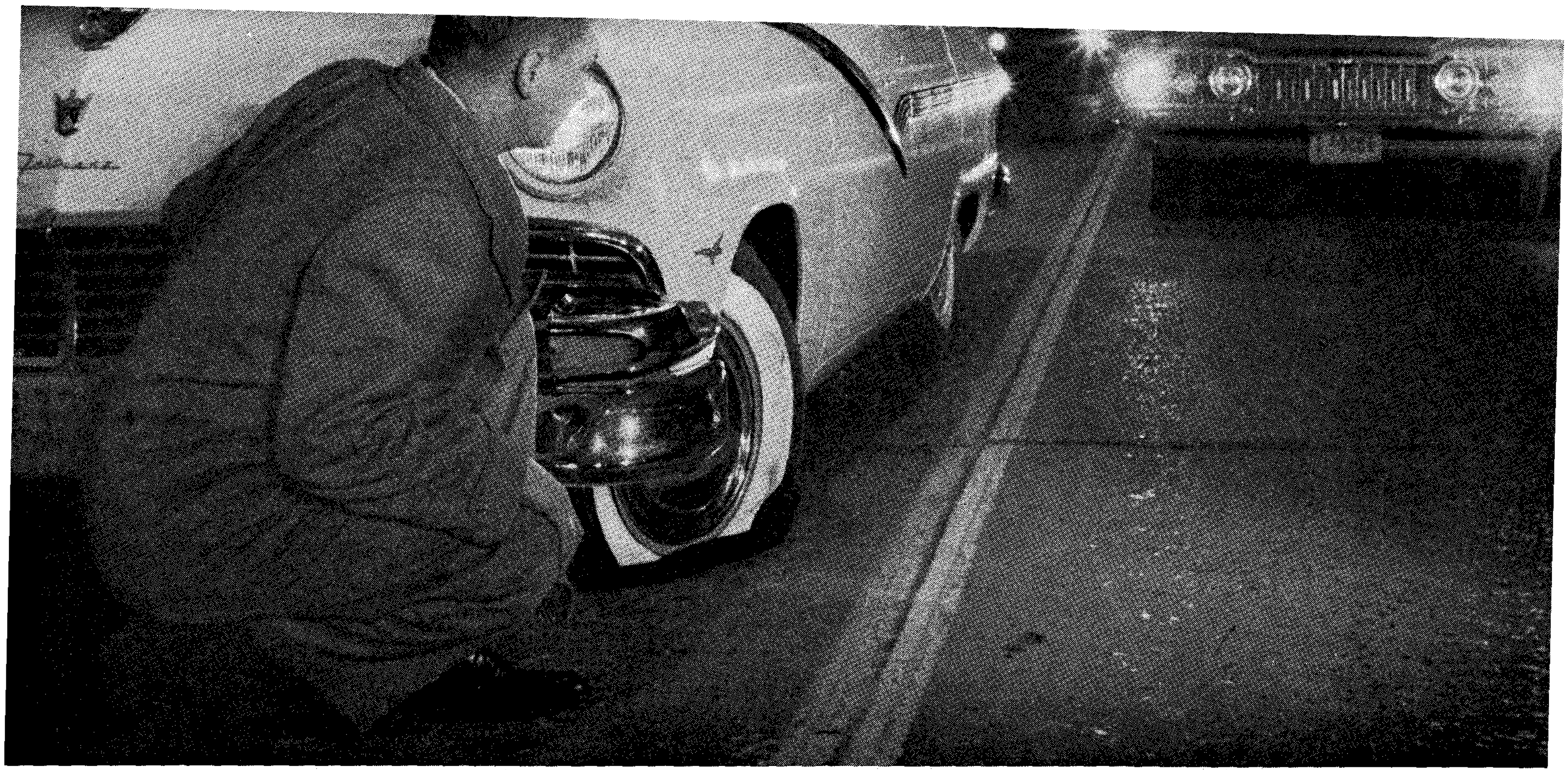
**Scalloped Oysters and Corn.** Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers 1½ cups slightly crumbled saltines, 1 cup drained whole kernel corn, Oyster Stew. Dot top with butter. Bake 20 min. at 400° F. Serves 3 to 4.

FROZEN
Campbell's
CONDENSED
OYSTER STEW SOUP
FROZEN

**Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp • Green Pea with Ham • Clam Chowder (New England Style)**

# OYSTER STEW

## FROZEN by Campbell's



**EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION:** Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

**THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON**

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.
Enjoy the "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

# The Cardiff Giant Affair

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

## For the second time since Madam Janeway came to town, a murderer struck.

Syracuse society was enchanted by the rich and beautiful Madam Cissie Janeway. And Orrin Applegate, a young lawyer, perhaps owed his professional career to this charming newcomer. By warning Orrin not to take a case for the notorious Gideon Weeks, Madam saved him from a disgraceful scandal. But, despite Madam's help, Orrin mistrusted her and her sinister butler, Oscar. Orrin and his friend, Lossie, had watched Oscar practice knife throwing. And the young lawyer was struck by the amazing physical resemblance between Madam and Gideon Weeks.

On Madam's insistence, Orrin forced Weeks to remove his medicine show from Syracuse—but not until after the disreputable troupe revealed some startling information. They said that the show was almost ruined when a knife thrower and his beautiful partner disappeared with all the profits. Then they identified the murdered man Orrin had found in his barn. The victim was the "Duke," another performer.

### V

It was midmorning of a crisp November day when Madam Janeway, accompanied by Lossie Fox, rapped on the door of my law office and came in to sit down in one of my two chairs. Two lovelier women never graced a room. Madam's beauty was that of dignity and graciousness and maturity; Lossie's loveliness was what, or so I have heard, the French people describe as *beauté du diable*. Which, I am told, does not mean what it seems to signify.

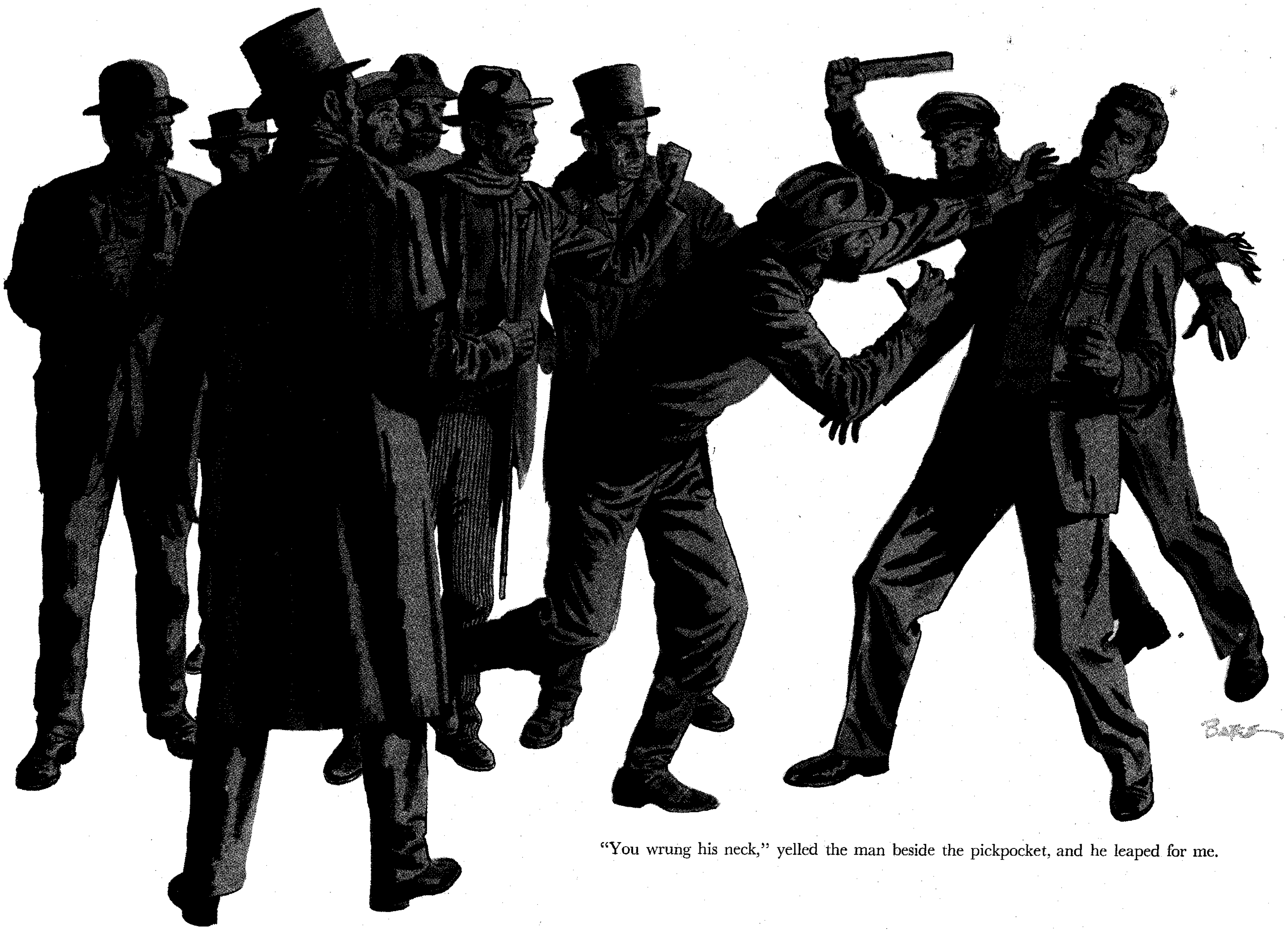
"Orrin," Madam said, resting her slender gloved hand on the arm of her chair, "this is not exactly law business that I have come about, yet I would be gratified if, as my representative, you would handle the details." She smiled almost shyly. "I'm a poor manager, sir."

"How may I serve you?" I asked, and Lossie wrinkled her nose in derision of my formality.

"There is much distress in this city," Madam said. "People are cold and hungry."

"There is," I answered, "distress all over the nation."

(Continued on Page 62)



"You wrung his neck," yelled the man beside the pickpocket, and he leaped for me.

# Motel Weekend

(Continued from Page 22)

Likewise, in a crude, awkwardly adolescent manner, were the two kids.

"I thought I had explained that already," Miss Peggy Potter told them, her voice wobbling a little, while Detective O'Keefe stood watchfully but unobtrusively to one side with his sample valise, his new order book and the free gift box of Little Esmeralda nut bars. "You're not going because I happen to know a little something about these moonlight beach parties, and the boys you're going with; and because if mother was here she'd have you over her knee in two seconds, big as you are, if you even dared suggest it to her. Now you get back in that room, both of you, and before I ——"

Her voice wobbled again. Her eyes filled pathetically. Feeling the strain, Detective O'Keefe decided. Well, of course. She was quite old enough to understand the nature of her sister's unfortunate predicament up North, if the kids couldn't. So ——

She came around from behind the registry desk. "All right," she said, making an obvious but not too successful effort to regain control over herself. "Follow me, Mr. O'Keefe. This way, please."

He followed her, having just been afforded a somewhat illuminating introduction to the Potter upbringing, the discipline in effect here, the taboos and restrictions; and an hour or so afterward, from the anonymous privacy of a downtown drugstore, he was dutifully reporting as much to Inspector Nolan up home by long-distance telephone.

"Just happened to walk in on them," Detective O'Keefe said. "And the way I saw it—well, you sure you're right about these people? This Peggy seemed O.K. to me, inspector. She was using her head, I thought."

"And apparently twisting yours," Malachi Nolan grunted at him. "Now you know we have the mother up here, protecting and defending her darling oldest from us; and that's the chance we have, all on the q.t., to find out just what kind of a place they're running down there. So keep your wits, Thomas. I don't doubt that they're pretty and fetching hussies; it's why I picked you. You see the point, of course. Who else could I trust with them?"

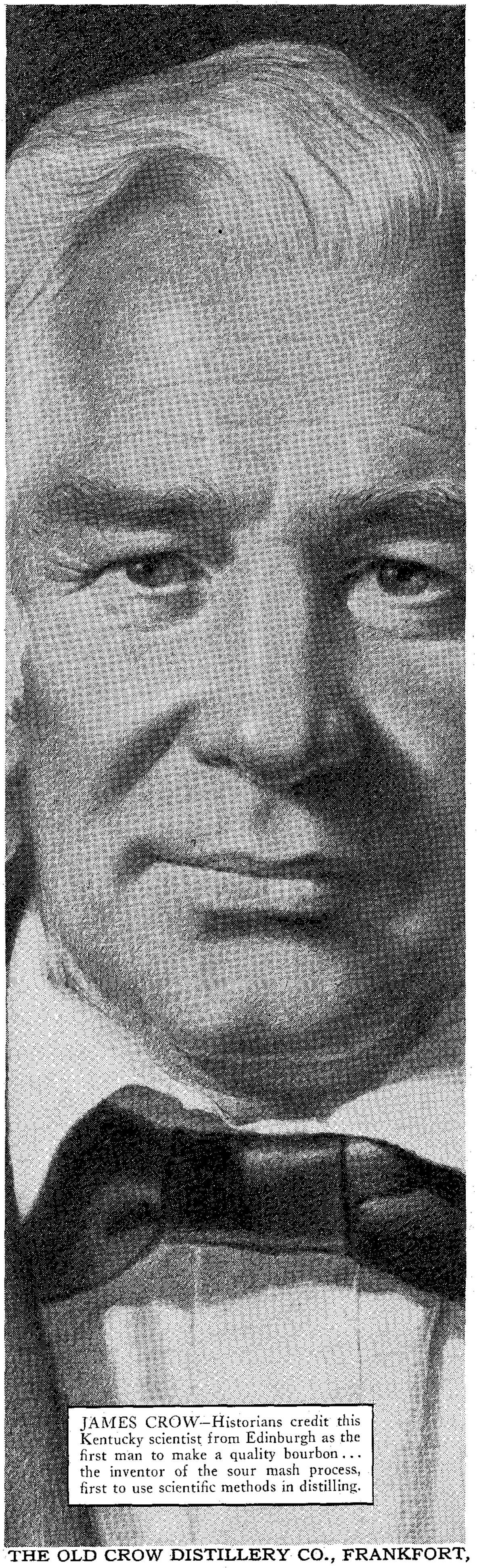
"Oh," Detective O'Keefe said, recalling that bitterly mortifying scene last Sunday night with Policewoman McClintock, in her own living room. "*I think* I know what you mean, inspector. Somebody told me. I'm not cut out for the great lover, am I? I make people laugh, sometimes. Why, I ought to feel complimented if a decent and respectable girl even looks at me."

"Ah, not at all, not at all," Malachi comforted him, but much too impatient and offhanded about it. "Talk sense, Thomas. I want you to understand that what we have here is pretty much of a problem for us, because maybe the oldest Potter girl, this Mrs. Kinsolving, killed her husband up here a couple of days ago, and maybe she didn't. We don't know yet—which is why we're only questioning her. All we do know is that the two of them hadn't been getting on together, or even living together, for the past month; and yet we haven't been able to prove that she visited the husband last Monday night, or was anywhere near the house in Riverdale when he was thrown down those cellar stairs, and had his pockets turned out, and his place ransacked.

"So the way it appears, Thomas—or was made to appear—is that some prowler got in there and assaulted him. But if there's something else behind it—well, how about the wife, laddie? She certainly met up with a good bit of hard cash in this Johnny Kinsolving last winter, when he was down there at his father's place; and then she married him practically overnight—which is always a pretty suspicious thing, to my notion. And now we find out that she has three sisters and a too-sweet-to-be-true old lady, who are all making a living for themselves by renting out rooms for the night, and to all comers. Well, I might be just a bit old-fashioned about such things. Maybe I am. But what I expect you to turn up for me, and quick, is the character of this family, their reputation in the community, and their general background. One warning, however—don't trust to your own personal impressions of them. Why? Because I suppose they all have the same delicate and appealing ways as Mrs. Kinsolving; the elegant slim figure; and the—the Jezebel cunning, maybe. Now tell me the truth, Thomas; just own up and admit the thing. Did you get any idea at all that this Peggy you just mentioned was deliberately setting herself out to beguile and bewitch you?"

Something happened at that moment in Detective O'Keefe, the night law student. A sudden and uncontrollable venom took over in him.

"Well, I can tell you this much," he announced evenly. "I'm considered a good, high-minded boy even at twenty-six, inspector; everybody knows that. But when I walked in there tonight, and this Peggy looked up at me from the desk, just looked, mind you, I didn't feel ex-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actly high-minded, for some reason. She's a real knockout, inspector. She ——"

"Eh?" Nolan cut in, his voice rising excitedly. "What are you talking about? Why, they tell me that everything has been all settled for three years between you and Policewoman McClintock. It's well known. You never look at another girl. You never had one. You're steady, devoted, hard-working, level-headed and ambitious. Now is that the fact, Thomas, or isn't it?"

But Detective O'Keefe couldn't say; not any more. Why? He wasn't too sure about that, either. He hadn't been sure of anything very much since last Sunday night, when a kind of crazy midsummer madness came over him, and he caught Policewoman McClintock by surprise, and nuzzled her gently and tenderly under the right ear in the fringes of the new hairdo. "Say, listen!" Policewoman McClintock had burst out. "Just watch yourself! You can see what you've done to my new blouse, can't you—and this thirty-five-dollar hairdo? I like the nerve!"

Detective O'Keefe grinned painfully. And after three years, he told himself.

"Now don't play any of your games with the old man," Malachi coaxed him. "I'd say it was only your first glimpse of that big Florida moon, Thomas. So watch out for it. You took your law books along, didn't you?"

"Of course," Detective O'Keefe said, grimly and bitterly. "You knew that. You were even counting on it."

"Now, now," Nolan said, again soothing him. "Remember this, laddie: you have the old man depending on you. So don't let him down, Thomas. You couldn't, could you?"

Obviously not, Detective O'Keefe told himself. He hung up slowly. Unthinkable! He couldn't let Henrietta McClintock down, either. That also had been pointed out to him. Three years ago certain promises had been exacted from Thomas Jefferson—first, his law degree; then a savings account of at least $5000 in hard cash; and then, but only in good time, a sensible and mature marriage. She knew how to control herself, anyway, Policewoman McClintock announced—and he'd better! *She* didn't have to blubber and whine lately about just a little warmth, tenderness and affection. Why should *he?* But Detective O'Keefe didn't know the answer to that, either—not unless he wanted something from Policewoman McClintock that Policewoman McClintock didn't want from him, and had never considered, apparently.

He couldn't help thinking about that all the way back to Cabin 7 at Tropical Sands, and all during another of his long, doggedly intense sessions with Prosser on Torts, and Wigmore on Evidence. No avail, however. The only conclusion he came to was that Henrietta McClintock was quite prepared to wait calmly and patiently for him until the year 8112, if conditions required it. But what did that mean? It meant, perhaps, that the true spark wasn't there, not for her, and never had been. It meant —— He slung Prosser across the room, and hit it with Wigmore. He got up restlessly.

Ten minutes past one, Detective O'Keefe noted. Sleepy? He knew better. He opened the porch door, and light splashed, a foreshortened yellow triangle, on the paved driveway. He made one step out into it.

"Mr. O'Keefe!" he heard someone entreating him the next instant, and in stark panic. "Oh, please! Mr. O'Keefe!"

He saw then that there was a big convertible, lights off, parked in front of the business office, and that Peggy Potter and a young man were standing beside it, and kind of wrestling together. He took another step. Everybody but him, Detective O'Keefe thought suddenly and passionately; everybody in the whole world! His fists clenched.

"Now break that up!" he commanded, forgetting himself so far as to employ all his old man-on-the-beat curtness, authority and decision. "And you heard me. What's going on, anyway? What's the trouble?"

It wasn't explained to him; not in words. She tore herself free, and ran toward him; the owner of the convertible followed her; and Detective O'Keefe moved in. A crazy elation had come over him. He felt that now, at long last, someone would pay for what Detective O'Keefe had to endure and accept, live through, never question at all; that perhaps, if the gods had any justice in them, someone might be just stupid enough to walk up to Thomas Jefferson in this mood, threaten physical force, and practically ask for it.

> If you can't tell whether a woman is going or coming, she certainly hasn't been shopping.
>
> KEN KRAFT

And someone did. The other man snarled venomously at him, swung out and swung again. But Thomas Jefferson, who had mastered many arts in his precise and methodical manner, straightened him with a left, broke him in two with one short, murderous right, and then heaved him, heels over teakettle, back of the steering wheel. It took no more than the proper physical fitness, the right emotional attitude and some three and a half seconds.

"Oh, sweet merciful heaven!" the girl whispered. "Stop this. Stop it, I tell you. Mr. O'Keefe!"

The lights came on over in Cabin 2, the door opened, and a stout, middle-aged lady peered out indignantly. The man in the convertible glared over at her, hesitated, nodded savagely but just once at Detective O'Keefe, and shot away from there so rapidly that his back wheels slashed up gravel on them.

Miss Peggy Potter, meantime, backed off toward the business office, and Detective O'Keefe noticed then, for the first time, that she wore nothing at all but white slippers, thin Chinese pajamas and a light robe. The robe was torn.

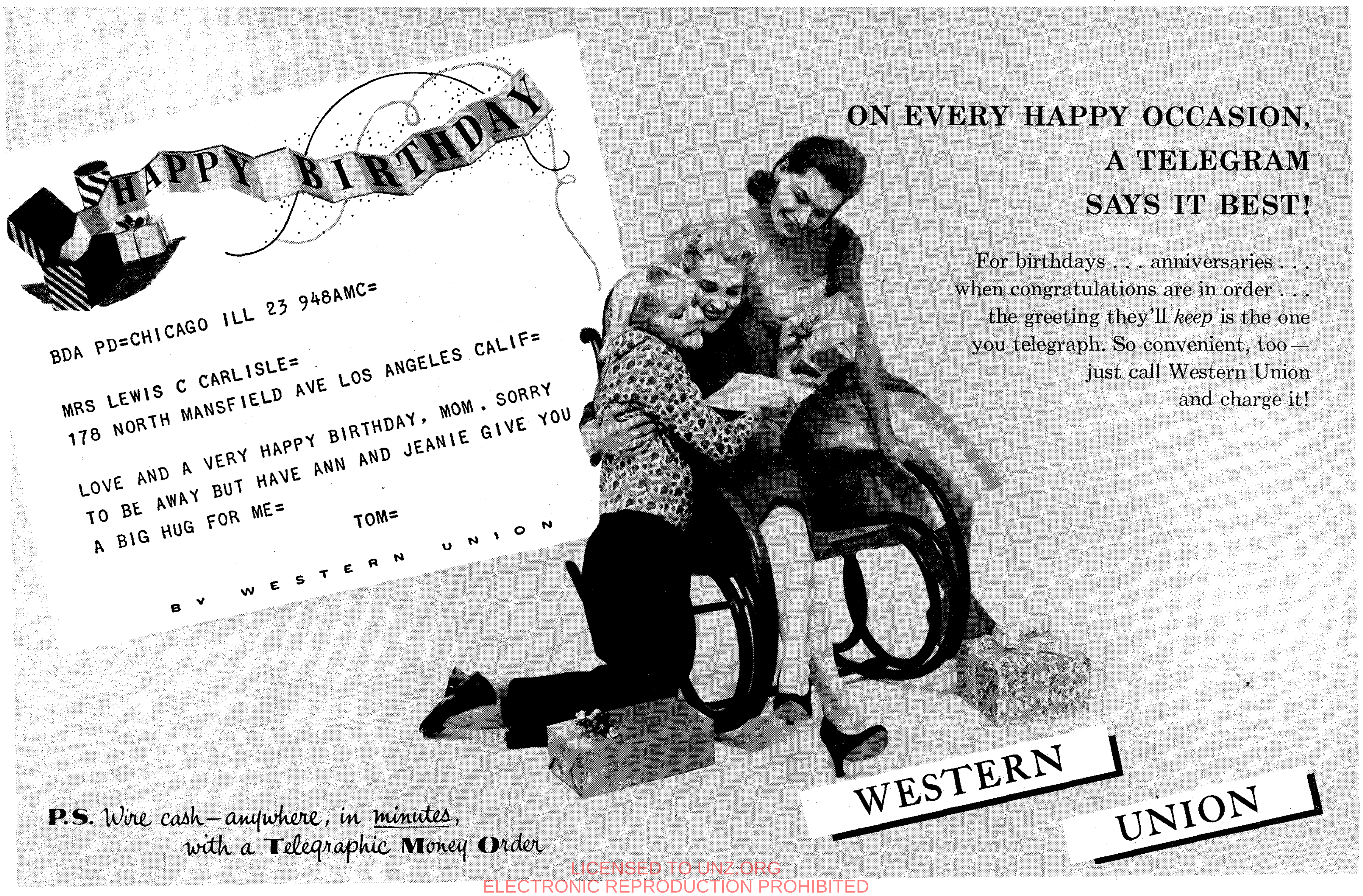
"But what happened?" she demanded, looking in a bewildered way after the convertible. "Why, that was Bud Williams, Mr. O'Keefe. He's always getting into fights with people, but he's always winning them. He's one of those water-front toughs who —— Oh, he's just contemptible. Are you hurt?"

But Detective O'Keefe was hurriedly locating and donning the horn-rimmed reading glasses. He was appalled at himself, and even more appalled at just the thought of what Malachi Nolan would have said in regard to a dead give-away of this nature.

"Why—I don't think so," he said. "It all happened too fast. What was he doing here?"

She adjusted the bathrobe and the light hair. It was all tousled.

"I've laughed at that man," she declared breathlessly. "I've insulted him. I've ordered him never to come back here again. And still —— Oh, I know what you think, Mr. O'Keefe; what you'd have to think, at this hour. But you see—he rang the night bell, and I threw something on, naturally, and came out. I thought it was a late customer. Then he



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wanted me to go for a ride with him. He insisted on it. He must have been crazy."

"Well," Detective O'Keefe said. "If that's it ——"

"And you still think it," she said. "Oh, what can I do? I'm at the end of my rope, Mr. O'Keefe. Mother not here, and Loretta in all that trouble up North, and the kids fighting with me! Then that creature to come out here tonight; and to act as if ——"

She broke down. She attempted to make a headlong rush back to the business office, but she tripped on something, and Thomas Jefferson had to pick her up, and then steady her. The hair brushed him; he felt the warmth of those slim, golden arms under his fingers; and he sensed one instant of accidental but almost overpowering closeness between him and those Chinese pajamas. It wasn't anything he had ever been permitted to sense—to dream about, even—with Policewoman McClintock. It seemed the promise, under that big Florida moon, of a fabulous and enchanting secret in this girl, a secret preserved until just this moment for Detective O'Keefe. The breeze whispered about it; the surf murmured mysteriously; and he got the absurd idea that, any second now, the whole skyful of dim, heavy-looking Florida stars was going to explode crazily away from him, and in all quarters.

"Sometimes you don't even know why you're alive," she faltered desolately, her breath touching him. "Oh, what's the point of it all, Mr. O'Keefe? What's the sense?"

But that was it, Detective O'Keefe thought, again harking back to Henrietta McClintock. What? If all you meant to a girl was $5000 in cash, and a law degree; if she could turn on you like an outraged and indignant Amazon, just because ——

"Oh, you were just splendid," she whispered at him. "Just splendid, Mr. O'Keefe. You handled him like a small boy. But he didn't punch you, did he? He didn't hurt you?"

And she drew away, scrutinizing Detective O'Keefe anxiously, his nose, the side of his jaw, then his eyes. But she stopped there. Perhaps she felt what Detective O'Keefe felt, suddenly and miraculously. Her lips parted. They kept looking at each other. That lasted only about three and a half seconds, also. And yet, even in that brief interim, something ended once and for all in Detective O'Keefe, and something began.

"Miss Potter," he babbled out, finally recovering himself, and dropping his hands. "Listen. Don't go in yet; please don't. I want to talk to you about something. I ——"

She flushed up darkly.

"No," she said. "Not like this. Not when you think—Mr. O'Keefe!"

"Well, I never!" the woman in Cabin 2 said. She slammed the door.

Around them, for another moment, was the thump and surge of those long, lazy Atlantic rollers; but in Detective O'Keefe, and very deep in, was a louder and more persistent commotion. She glanced back at him from the business office, very small and defenseless—very scared, too, obviously—without those high-heeled slippers giving her the crisp and efficient daylight appearance. Then she went in, but Detective O'Keefe remained motionless. He remained motionless for quite a while too. He could feel his heart thumping against him, and he couldn't stop it.

"But I've told you," Detective O'Keefe said, and said angrily—the same drugstore as the night before, the same phone booth, and the same Malachi Nolan talking to him. "Everybody respects them down here. They go to services every Sunday. They cook for church suppers. They ——"

"Now is that right?" Inspector Nolan demanded, but sharply and grimly. "Well, well, well. Then how does it happen that we got hold of a new witness up here, and he tells us that there was a Florida car in the Kinsolving driveway the night of the killing—a red sports car? You find out for me if Mrs. Kinsolving has an old boy friend down there, what kind of a car he owns, and whether or not he could have been anywhere at all near that Riverdale neighborhood last Monday. Church suppers! Well, I'll church-supper you. Keep on defending these people and I'll have you back pounding a beat the minute you step off the plane up here. So pay attention to that now—and get the information I want. Do as you're told!"

Then there wasn't any possible help for it. Detective O'Keefe was forced to check the gas stations that afternoon, and the local car dealers—all quite fruitlessly, however; and when he got back to Tropical Sands, later on, the twins hovered excitedly around him, wanting to hear everything that had happened last night with Bud Williams, and falling all over themselves to fetch Thomas Jefferson ice water, and a pack of cigarettes, and the afternoon newspapers.

"Peggy likes you," Mary Alice confided worshipfully to him. "She likes you a lot, Mr. O'Keefe; and so do we. Are you married?"

Then Peggy Potter herself came over to thank him, and they had that talk of theirs, sitting out on a bench in front, and waiting for customers. It was a good, satisfying talk too. But somehow it was eleven o'clock, with the big Florida moon just coming up, before—the way Detective O'Keefe felt about it—it should have been even five minutes past eight.

And on Sunday there was a cookout dinner of grilled frankforts and baked beans, with Mr. O'Keefe specially invited by way of thanks and appreciation. And there was a yellow dress that time, with a yoked collar, and cuffs, and the shell necklace again, and never could Detective O'Keefe remember anything half so white as that necklace, or anything half so slim and youthful-looking as the throat behind it. It made his heart ache, and after the twins had bustled off somewhere—much furtive giggling and whispering there, behind hands—he opened his conversation with the cunning duplicity of one of Malachi Nolan's brightest and most upcoming young men.

"Know a fellow," he announced casually, while Miss Potter was setting out another cup of coffee for him, and passing the sugar. "Fellow that goes to night law school; cousin of mine. Wants to get married, though; only this girl of his won't even think of it. What she claims is that if they get married right now it would only give him a lot of family responsibilities; set him back. Some girl, eh? What would you think?"

"Well ——" Miss Potter said. Now she seemed to be occupied piling dishes together and scraping them off. She kept her head down. "I suppose the important question is whether or not she's the right girl for him. Is she?"

"Not in my personal opinion," Detective O'Keefe said—or bit off, actually. "Nope. Not any more. Only—well, you know how long they've been going around together? Three years."

"And so he can't break it off," Miss Potter said. She smiled tightly. "I see. Well, if you ask me, I'd say they're welcome to what they get, the two of them. Three years! Why, a girl is able to tell almost the first minute, usually. She just knows."

"Does she?" Detective O'Keefe said. It seemed the correct psychological moment to him; a fine opening. "Right away, you mean? The first time, maybe?"

"I think with the right person," Miss Potter snapped. But something had happened to her, and something not good. What? Detective O'Keefe thought back hurriedly. "If and when she ever meets up with him. That's pretty rare, naturally."

"Miss Potter," Detective O'Keefe said, bracing himself. "Listen. I'd like ——"

"Oh, why don't you just shut up for a minute?" Miss Potter said. Her mouth curled. "You think you're so smart, don't you? Well, you're not—and I'm not quite that easy, Mr. O'Keefe. I don't intend to sit here and listen to what you feel about this other girl, the one you've been going around with for three years, and the one you can't stop talking about. You and your cousin! Mary Alice saw the lawbooks when she was cleaning up your room this morning. She told me. So what are you lying about?"

"Lying about?" Detective O'Keefe said. The idea appalled him; he scrambled up hurriedly. "Wait a second. Oh, Miss Potter—if you knew how I think about you—what I feel! Look. So I went around with her for three years; all right. I was that stupid. But now —— Just listen to me. Didn't you feel something the other night? That's the important question. Didn't you?"

"Oh, of course," Miss Potter said. "I heard heavenly choirs. I ——" But then her voice caught a bit; she had to wink desperately. "You stop this," she said. "Stop it, Mr. O'Keefe; stop it, stop it, stop it! You've got the idea that I'm someone pretty cheap and easy, haven't you? That I invited Bud Williams out here the other night; and that, if you rush me right off my feet, and play your cards carefully ——"

"Maybe you didn't have to invite him," another voice broke in from just behind Detective O'Keefe—a harsh, deadly voice, hating soft. "You didn't invite him tonight either. He's here, though. He's here to take care of Little Miss High Hat personally—and then of a dirty, crummy New York cop who had to snoop around asking at Dawson's Garage about that sports car, and from a cousin of mine. No, don't turn. Just where you are, the two of you. Watch those hands!"

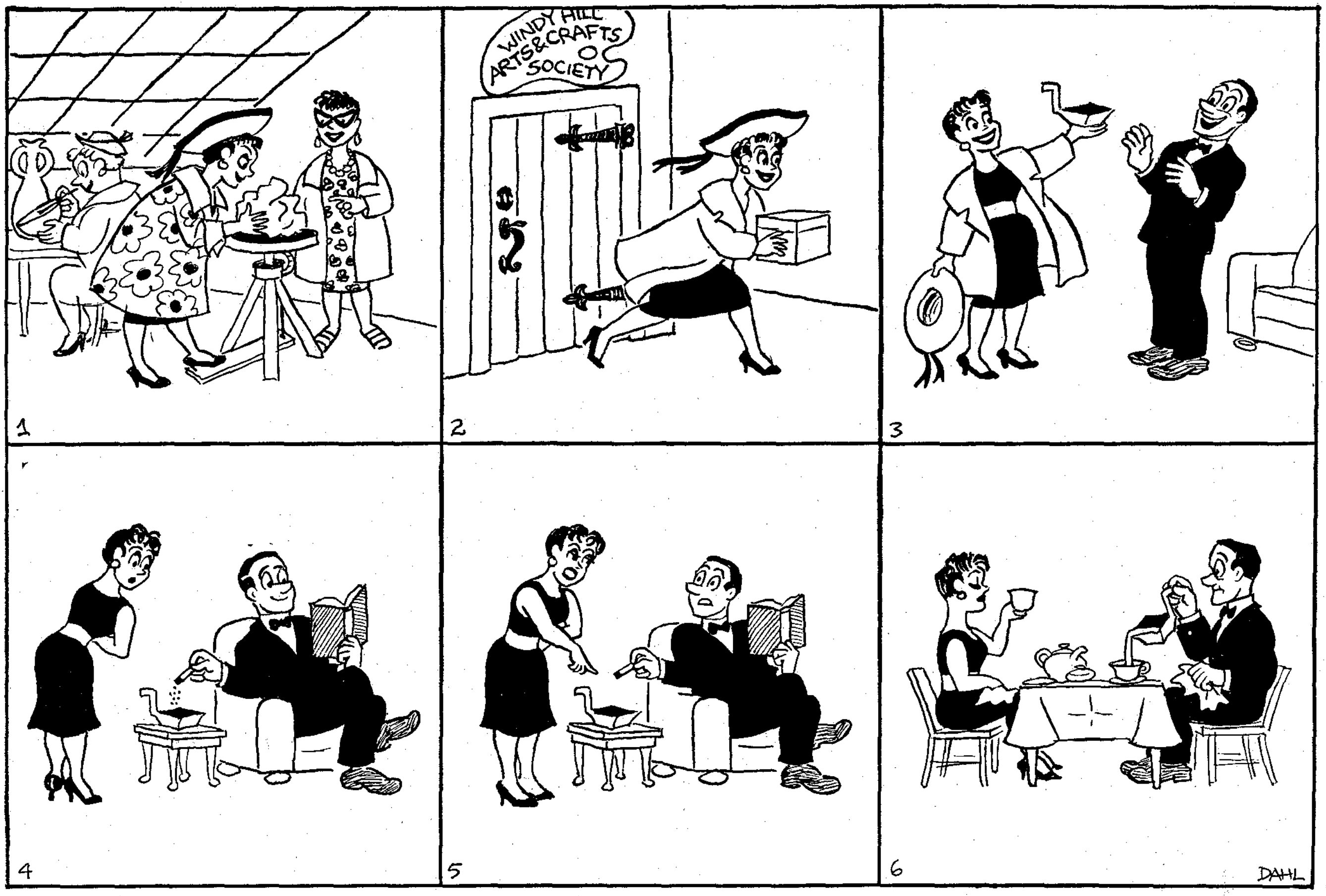
But Detective O'Keefe turned anyway. He saw Bud Williams on the other side of the small charcoal grill, all set there; then he saw Bud Williams fire at him, and fire twice, through the big beach towel wrapped

(Continued on Page 51)

## THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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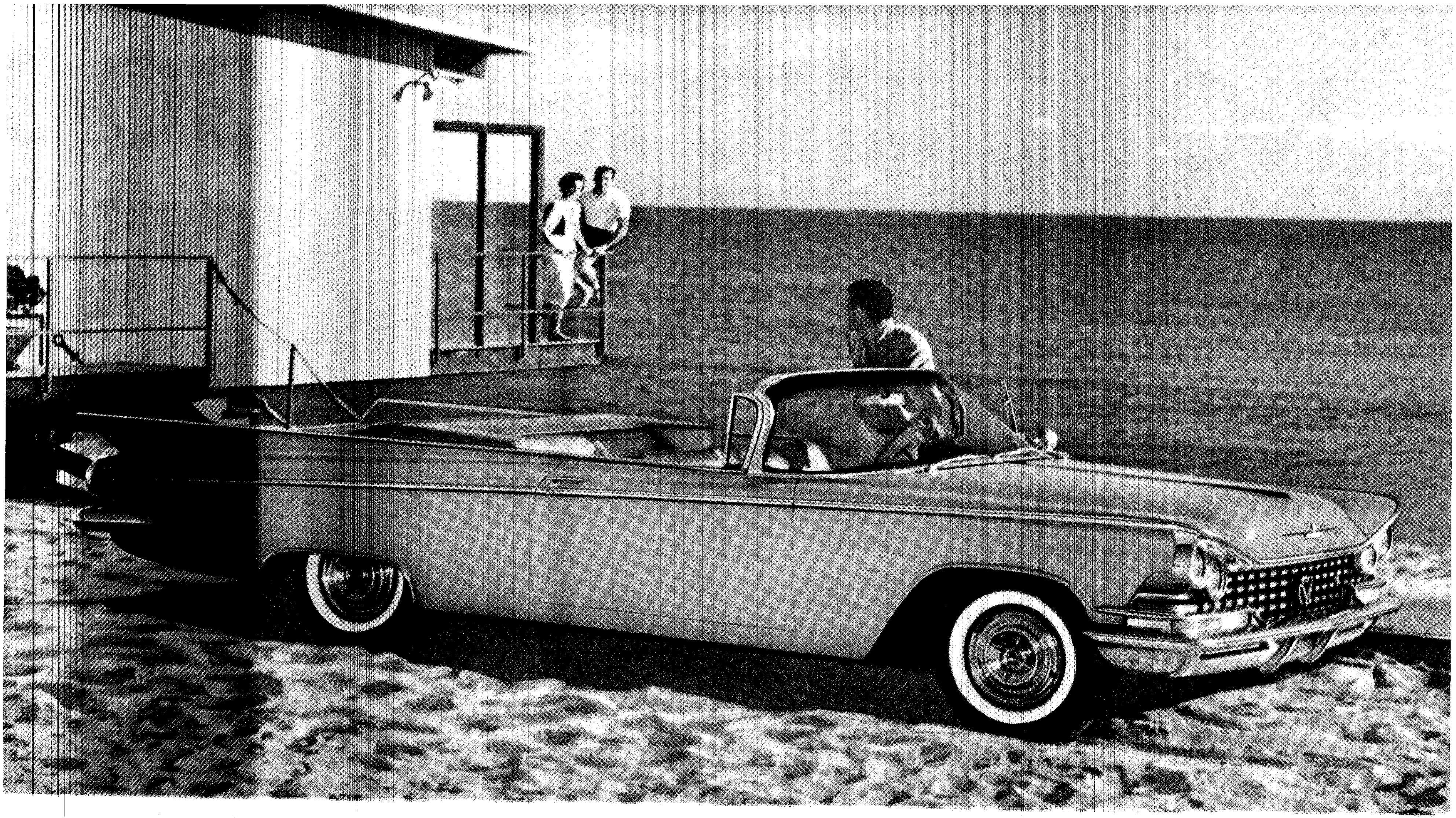

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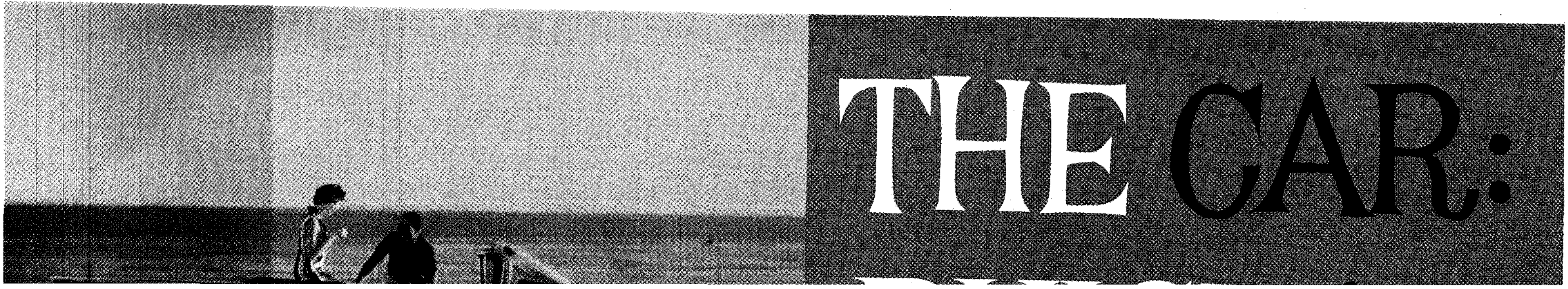

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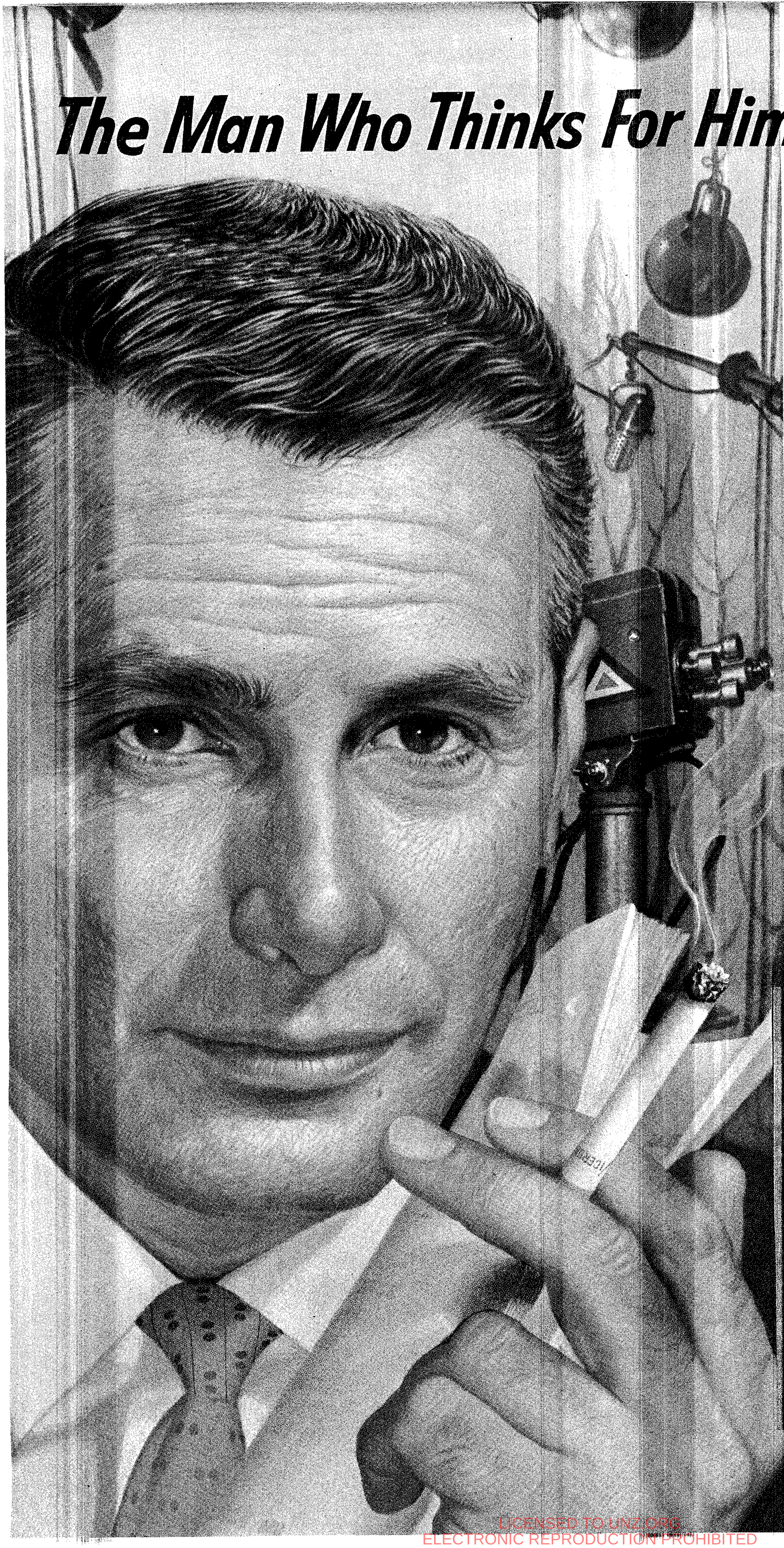

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(*Continued from Page 46*) fold after fold over his right hand. There wasn't much noise, consequently. But still Detective O'Keefe staggered oddly, put out his hands and pitched headlong into red embers. And he lay motionless there, not breathing any more. His eyes had become fixed, rigid-looking and wide open. So had his mouth.

"And you!" Bud Williams said. He moved forward passionately. "I was just a water-front tough, wasn't I? Not in your class—or your big-shot brother-in-law's. Well, I guess I showed him about that. And now you'll see just ——"

It was pretty difficult, with your right shoulder all smashed, and with the remains of a charcoal fire under you, to wait for exactly the right moment of furious inattention, to get out your service revolver with your left hand, and with no noise, and to bring down Mr. Bud Williams with a clean, agonizing shot through the left kneecap. Detective O'Keefe managed it, however. It was necessary. Miss Potter was depending on him. Then he got to his knees, smashed the other man under the right ear with his service revolver—and collapsed forward, not caring about anything else at just that moment, into blackness, emptiness and serene peace.

—— "And here's the way I figure the thing out," Detective O'Keefe explained afterward, perhaps two hours or so afterward, and again over long-distance telephone; but, this time, from the emergency room at the Fort Willis Community Hospital. "The local cops tell me he got a job up on Cape Cod this summer running a yacht for one of those Boston millionaires; and I think we're going to find out that he bought the sports car up there, when he got paid off, and then stopped in New York on the way down, at the Kinsolvings, to show everybody what a big hit he'd made for himself.

"He knew them from Fort Willis, inspector; Miss Potter tells me he used to take this Johnny Kinsolving out on fishing trips last winter. I suppose he figured he was a real close friend of his—and I suppose Johnny Kinsolving brushed him off Monday night, and maybe insulted him. They must have got into a fight, anyway, and Williams conked him, and set up that prowler business.

"Then he probably traded in the sports car on this convertible he's driving now; and who knew about it? Some dealer up in Massachusetts, where we wouldn't have any reason to check; some cousin of his, who worked up on Cape Cod with him, and who gave him the tip that I was looking around for it; and Miss Potter, because he'd sent her a snapshot of him driving the thing. He was always pestering her, and she couldn't discourage him. He was that type. Well, he wanted that snapshot, so he came out to the motel Friday night, to get hold of it, and to shut up Miss Potter; and he came out real late, too—only I walked in on it, and we had a fight, and we woke up an old lady in one of the cabins. But then he comes back tonight to finish the job, and get us into his boat, and dump us over near Cuba somewhere. Oh, he had it figured, inspector; and so would I, if you'd only let me talk to Miss Potter about it. But no. I had to work behind her back. I had to get myself nearly killed because you ——"

"Now, now," Malachi Nolan said, not fazed, apparently. "Who was it that insisted all along the answer had to be right down there in Fort Willis? Just think it out, laddie. You're a little excited. And so is your Policewoman McClintock, for that matter. They had to lay her out on a couch in Charley Molloy's office with the whooping hysterics, because when the first reports came in somebody ran out of here and told her that you'd had the top of your head blown off. Now will you talk to the woman or give a message?"

---

The ideal location for a telephone in the home is out of reach of the youngsters.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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Detective O'Keefe wasn't alone, however. There was someone over him—someone pale, silent, anxiously concerned. The someone adjusted his brand-new white sling gently. Her eyes filled. She touched his hair. He spoke to her, without bothering to put his hand over the telephone mouthpiece.

"I'm still asking you that same question," Detective O'Keefe told her, in a steady and masterful voice, but with his heart thumping; and yet tolerably sure that he ought to be just about to home plate, with the sister all cleared, and Thomas Jefferson himself the indomitable and conquering hero. "The last time too. I'm not fooling. Because it has to happen that way, right off, or it never happens at all—not by the year 8112, even. Now did you feel something the other night? Did you, Miss Potter?"

She looked down; she looked up helplessly; she looked away. Then she nodded in a rosy and shamefaced manner; touched him again; straightened his coat.

"What?" Malachi Nolan said. "I can't hear you."

"That's all right," Detective O'Keefe said. "I wasn't talking to you, and there's no message. But, look out for that thirty-five-dollar hairdo, will you? Promise me. It's really important."

"The what?" Malachi Nolan said. He sputtered a moment. "Oh, now—hold on there. Why, the woman is your responsibility, Thomas. What do you expect either me or Charley Molloy to do about her?"

"No, she isn't," Detective O'Keefe said—and calmly, carefully and precisely. "Not now, inspector. I've done better." Then he reached up, without looking, this time, but oddly sure that they would be there waiting for him, and touched fingers. Fingers touched back. An extraordinary buoyancy and contentment came over him. His hand tightened. "So I guess there's just one possible solution," he said. "From me, anyway. Do nothing about it. Do nothing at all, inspector. Let her whoop."

## The Friday Girl (Continued from Page 31)

money. The most of my regulars are like her, or yourself. Single persons who go to the office. I see what needs doing—and I do it."

"I'm a single person," he said. "But I work here. I'm a writer."

"Well, now!" she said. "A writer!"

He waited. She did not say, "I've often thought I could write if I just took the time to put down on paper some of the ideas that come to me." Nor did she say: "My uncle's life would make a great story. I'll tell it to you, and then you can write it up, and we'll divide whatever you get for it." He liked her.

"So I'm here most of the time. But I'll try not to get in your way."

Now she really smiled, and the look she gave him was merry.

"Oh," he said. "I told you I want the place clean, but it can't be neat. I don't want it neat. Because that means throwing away papers."

"Like the newspapers, sir?"

"Like anything with writing on it. I write on the backs of envelopes in the subway and inside match packs in bars. Here. Show you what I mean." He picked up a piece of cardboard from the floor near the typewriter. "What's this look like?"

"It was in a shirt you got back from the steam laundry."

"Right," he said. "But in the shower last night, I thought of a name for a man in the story I'm working on now. See—here. Clay Venner. You can see where I dripped when I wrote it down. So nothing with writing on it is to be thrown out—no matter how beat-up or how meaningless to you. Understood?"

"Understood," she said.

He told himself it was no use trying to work until Agnes finished. He didn't believe himself. She'd done the bedroom. He could work in there. She was using the floor mop, not the vacuum. The truth was he'd been trying since breakfast to clothe a paragraph that was straight, necessary exposition with something, anything, to make it readable, and he was stuck.

"I'm still thinking about what you told me the other day," he said. "Working for this girl three years and never seeing her."

"Yes," Agnes said. "It is a bit odd, when you come to think of it."

"You must know a lot about her, cleaning up her place, but if you passed her in the street, you wouldn't know her."

"Oh, I'd know her all right," Agnes said. She was pushing the floor mop around the sides of the room as she talked. "She got some photos made about a year back to send to her fiancé. That's when he was stationed in Germany. I asked her could I have one of—well, like samples you pick from."

"Proofs?"

She nodded. "Proofs." She stacked up the ash trays and the silver cigarette box and took them and the floor mop out to the kitchen. She was back quickly with the Venetian-blind brush.

"She give me one of the finished ones. Wrote on it, too. 'To Agnes Kilpatrick, from her friend, Mardi Thomas.'" For just a second, her hands slowed, and she looked at nothing and smiled. Then she moved the brush to the next tier of slats. "Of course, she's changed a bit since then—lost so much weight and cut her hair. I'll have to disturb you now, sir. I'll have to hop on the sill to get at the top."

He got up, took the pad and pencils, and didn't go into the bedroom.

Agnes was stepping out of her shoes.

"How did you figure that out?" he said.

"Oh, it's so I won't mar the paint," she said and stepped agilely up on the sill.

"Her weight," he said, "and the short haircut. More pictures for the fiancé in Germany?"

"No, sir. He's in Panama now. The Panama Canal Zone. Well, the weight.... When she was first out of college —— Watch yourself, sir. There's a terrible accumulation of dust up here."

"What college?" He took a step back.

"Vassar," she said. "Well, she was a bit on the plump side, or thought she was anyhow. Nothing in the 'frig but skimmed milk and pot cheese, and those canned fruits with no sugar in 'em. And she kep' a chart, like, stuck on the bathroom wall above the scales. She got down to a hundred and fifteen, and for five foot six like she is, that's just right. Just—lovely." She sighed. "She's way down now. All the new dresses is size ten."

"All right," he said. "What about the height?"

"The bed," she said. "I change the linen for her on Friday, just like I do for all my regulars the day I'm there, except my couple, and I fix dinners for them. There's a good foot of sheet at the bottom of her bed never gets wrinkled at all. Now, a tall person like yourself, you muss up a bed clear to the end."

She hopped down, stepped into her shoes and started for the kitchen. He followed her, still holding the pad and the pencils, leaning against the door while she washed the ash trays.

"The haircut?"

"The clips and the net and the setting lotion. Her hair's naturally curly, if it had the len'th it needs. But I expect he likes it."

"The fiancé?"

"No," she said. "A—uh—an acquaintance of hers is in the theatrical line." She said the words rapidly, as if she had recognized them as indiscreet after they had passed the point of no return.

"Is she in the theatrical line?"

"No.... There's another kind of silver polish is better value than this, Mr. Dermot."

For the next twelve Mondays, they talked of war and peace, of food and politics, of the changing face of New York and the batting averages in the American League, but of Agnes' Friday young lady, rarely and impersonally. As:

"Your bread will stay fresher if you keep it in the 'frig. Miss Thomas has been doing that since I told her."

"In a note?"

"Yes, sir."

Or:

"You'll do better picking your potatoes out one by one. When you buy them ready weighed out in a sack, there's likely to be some runty ones, or half-spoiled even. The last lot Miss Thomas got like that, must've been one pound out of the five was a dead loss."

At the end of twelve weeks, they were friends. Agnes was not only cleaning the apartment but also ironing his shirts. When she first suggested it, she said, "It would save you money, they'd be done right, and I'd like to earn the extra. But, Mr. Dermot, if me being here is going to make you lose a whole day from your work, you'd best let me take them home and do them there."

"Would you like that better?"

"No," she said. "It's far pleasanter here, and cooler. But I've noticed if there's anyone you can talk to—not me alone, but like the TV repairman last week—you leave your writing go."

"Yeah," he said. "I noticed that ten years ago. What else do you know about me, Agnes?"

"Now you see! There you go!"

"Come on," he said. "I couldn't work now anyway. (*Continued on Page 54*)

# FABULOUS FOODARAMA

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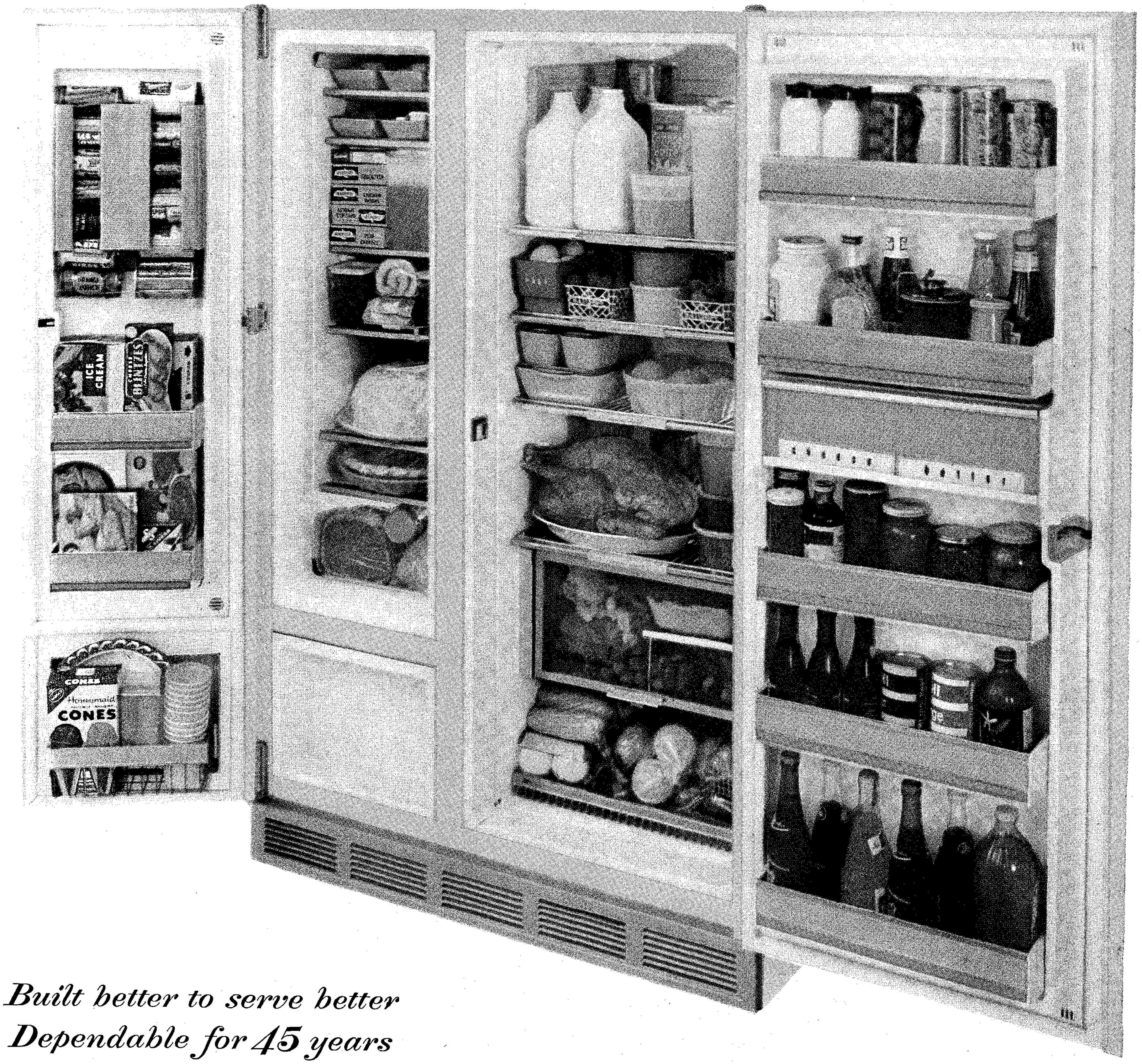
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# FOODARAMA *by* Kelvinator

*Live Better Electrically*

*Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Mich.*

*American Motors Means More for Americans*

(*Continued from Page 51*) I'd be turning over in my mind what the place here has told you about me. Nothing I've said to you. Just the place."

"All right," she said. "Maybe you could do with a breather. You were at it pretty steady all day yesterday."

"The butts?"

She nodded. "All your own brand, and only smoked halfway."

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah. When you're lighting one, you don't have to write the next word."

"You don't care too much about this girl," she said. "You've been going with her a month, and you never did have her here for Sunday brunch like you used to that redheaded young lady."

"You never saw the redhead."

"That blue suit of yours picks up everything."

"You sound as if you thought I did," he said. "This one—maybe I go to her place for Sunday brunch."

"Well, if you do, I hope you wipe off the silverware! There's tissues in your bathroom, in plain sight. They call it 'indelible' that purple lip rouge she uses. That don't mean it won't come off her lips. It means it won't wash off the towels."

"Yes," he said. "Miss Purplelips was a mistake. I was lonely and she was there. Next!"

"Well, you like good quality. There's one suit of yours you must've paid a fortune for, and three neckties the same. You've got newer suits and ties, but you wear the good ones six times to once for the others."

"That's for sure," he said.

"You're easygoing. You can be talked into things."

"That's where you're wrong. I'm stubborn. All I need is for someone to tell me what to do, and I do the opposite."

"Then it seems odd," she said, "you've changed your shaving cream, your soap and your tooth paste three times since I've been coming to you. And always right after there's been advertisements about this kind or that on the radio and in the magazines."

He laughed. "A hit," he said. "A palpable hit."

"That's all I know from just workin' around here. Leavin' out your middle name that's spelled out on your college diploma that you had framed, but now you keep it in the back of your closet."

"Agnes—I tell you straight—if anyone in New York throws that name in my face, I'll know he found out through you, and so help me, I'll shoot you."

"What about the man you had—the thief with the grand references? Oh, no. That's right. He never cleaned the rooms, let alone the closets." Her eyes were mischievous. She looked young. "Now," she said. "It's four dollars this week, Mr. Dermot. So ——"

"Pay up and get back to work."

"Yes, sir!" she said.

On her sixteenth Monday, she acted as if she had something on her mind, and she looked as if she hadn't slept well for several nights. Usually she went right to the kitchen to put on the cotton coverall in which she worked. Today she came into the living room and stood by the desk.

"Mr. Dermot, when I've finished up the work, I'd appreciate it if I could have fifteen minutes of your time, not to be counted in on what you'll owe me." It was said as if she had rehearsed it. "But you probably have an appointment." That was unrehearsed, and sounded as if she hoped he had one.

"I'm not doing anything," he said. "But why don't we talk right now?"

"I'd—I'd sooner get the work out of the way first. And I need a little more time to get it all straight in my mind."

"Suit yourself," he said.

More money? That wouldn't take fifteen minutes. A full-time job for the couple whose dinners she cooked? The Friday young lady? Yep. The Thomas girl was marrying and taking Agnes to Panama. A murrain on her. He'd miss Agnes. Not only her work. Her.

"Mr. Dermot," she said later, "I have a great favor to ask you."

"What, Agnes? If you need dough, I'm fairly flush right now. You can pay it back a little a week, or work it out. How much?" She was proud. He'd cancel the debt as a Christmas present.

"No, sir. It's not money. And strictly speaking, it's not really for me. I'll have to ask you to keep this in confidence, Mr. Dermot."

"As confidential as my middle name," he said, and raised his right hand.

She did not smile. "Miss Thomas, that I go to Fridays —— Well, like I think I told you once, she's engaged to this young officer in the Army. Her mother told me the two of them met when she was going to Vassar, and he was going to West Point. He give her a ring that's like a man's ring, only small."

"Miniature of his Academy class ring," he said.

"Yes, sir. Well, I never saw that till lately. She musta wore it every day. But now it lays in this box she has for her jewelry, along with them enameled pins they wear on their collars in the Army."

"Can you remember what it's like—the pin?"

"Like a shield, red and white stripes and blue above. And stars on it."

"How many?"

She stared off. Then, "Three, sir."

"He's a general's aide. Lieutenant general's aide. What is he, a captain?"

"Now he is. At the start he was a second lieutenant."

"From second John to captain in three years. This boy's on his way up."

"When I first started doing for her, most Fridays there'd be a note saying if there was a letter from Germany, I was to call her at the office so's she could come back at noon and pick it up. And about once a month, maybe, there would be a letter from him."

"But you only knew about Friday's mail. She might've heard from him every other day of the week."

"Well, no, Mr. Dermot, she didn't. Because all of his letters she kep' in this same jewel box she has. I'd open it to put away her earrings, maybe ——"

"And took a little peek?"

"Never!" she said. "Mr. Dermot—never! I'd never do such a thing!"

"Hey, Agnes! Calm down! I meant at the postmark."

"That's right. It would be the same letter on top for maybe two or three Fridays."

"What's his average from the Canal Zone?"

"About the same."

"But they see each other?"

"She spent her vacation down there last year, but that's all the time she gets off. Two weeks."

"But, holy jumping up and down, girl—what's the matter with him? A lieutenant general's senior aide, with a good-looking girl in New York, can't wangle some leave and a MATS flight? If that's true, no I.C.B.M. can save us. The United States Army is through."

"Well, however it is, about six months back, he started hanging around."

"The—theatrical acquaintance? An actor?"

"No, sir. Stage manager. Because she wrote me a note asking did I want free tickets to see his show."

"Did you go?"

"No, Mr. Dermot. First off, I've had to help out my sister, so it's been all feathers and no fowl for me for quite some time. I haven't an outfit would be suitable for that. And then I'll tell you straight, sir, I don't like this man. I've got no use for him. Dirty thing, snubbing out cigarettes in the coffee cups—leavin' one to put a big scar on her dear little mahogany table."

"Couldn't she have done that?"

"Miss Thomas is clean about herself. About everything. Never sloppy, nor careless. But, Mr. Dermot, the change in that girl in other ways. In the first place, she's got so skinny."

He nodded. "Size ten."

"Yes, sir. And no more soft blues and pretty clothes. Now it's all these big, heavy knit things, in a kind of—of olive color and black. And shoes with long points on them, and little heels you could stick yourself with. And pants. All kinds. Even skin-tight pants with feet in them."

"That's what all the little gals are wearing, Agnes. And even some big, wide girls, more's the pity."

"But Miss Thomas is no silly sheep. Not when she's herself. When a man looks at a woman—you know, with serious intentions—he oughta think how she'd look holdin' a child of his in her arms. In these getups, he could only think of Halloween. This isn't her, Mr. Dermot. She's a lovely girl. Like the handbag. I don't suppose you took any notice of the handbag I have. I'll get it."

"I have noticed it. It's very good-looking."

"All genuine leather," she said. "The lining, too. Mr. Dermot, there was a bag of hers she was throwin' out. Scuffed a bit, but still serviceable. First off, I thought it was in the trash by mistake. So I left her a note, sayin' if she really meant to dispose of it, could I have it. Mr. Dermot, come Christmas, this gorgeous bag is delivered to my door. And she's far from rich, sir. This place of yours would make two of hers, and she's four flights up. She don't belong with this stage manager. But ever since the telegram, he's cuttin' out the captain completely."

"What telegram?"

"Well, like I told you, she always asked me if there was anything from the captain, I was to ring her at her office. So, one day, this wire come. First, she said, 'Oh, he didn't forget! We met five years ago today.' She said, 'Open it, Agnes! Open it and read it.'" Agnes sighed deeply and shook her head. "It wouldn't be right for me to say what was in it. But I'll go this far. It was stiff, sir. Stiff and—well, something any young fellow might say to any young girl, on a similar occasion. It wasn't something just for her, that could have been sent by him and no one else. Do you take my meaning, Mr. Dermot?"

"Yes," he said. "I understand."

"Well, I'm glad, sir. Because that's where you come in."

"*Huh?*"

"Words, sir. That's what she needs now. Words of love. Not just love in general, but love for her. I have the captain's address ——"

"Agnes, what kind of dizzy scheme are you cooking up? You want me to write a love letter to a girl I don't know, so you can send it to her fiancé—and neither one of us knows him—so he can do what? Copy it out in his own handwriting, and send it to her? Forget it, Agnes! Believe me, it wouldn't work! She's known this man five years. Well enough to get engaged to him. She'd know darn well he hadn't written the thing."

"Not the way you could do it! That's the fine thing about your stories. Each person talks according to what they're supposed to be. Not all alike, and the most of them, not like you at all."

He leaned over and kissed her cheek. "Thanks," he said.

"Then you'll do it?"

"No," he said. "It's a fraud. It's not honest. And if there's anything more to be condemned than a fraud—it's a fraud that doesn't work. This man, the captain, he'd be sore as a boil. He'd write her a letter, all right. But not a love letter. A letter bawling her out for discussing intimate things about them with strangers. Better stay out of it, Agnes. Or if you feel you must do something to warm up this tepid romance—write him a note and tell him to get himself up here fast."

"What if he can't?"

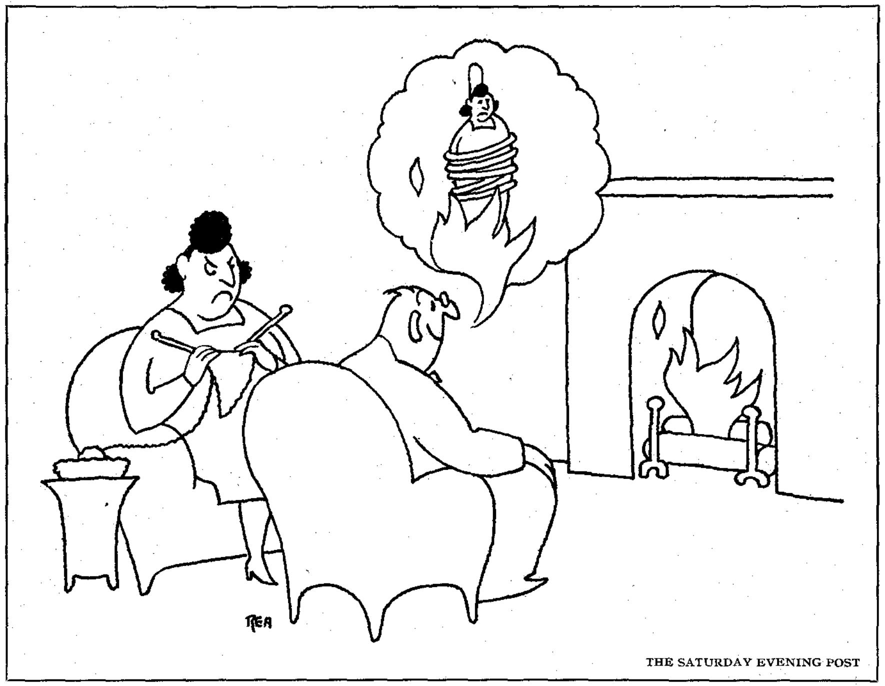
"Then the stage manager will probably beat his time."

"Never!" Agnes said. "He mustn't be let!"

"Might be all right," he said. "This soldier doesn't sound like such a prize package to me. Maybe when Joe Shubert-Alley is snubbing out cigarettes in the coffee cups and burning her table, it's because he's so deeply in love he forgets everything else. Be fair, Agnes. William Shakespeare probably was a stage manager, and Benedict Arnold was a whale of a soldier."

"You're making fun of me. I know this girl, Mr. Dermot. I guess you can't believe that, because I've never set eyes on her. But I know her."

"I do believe it, Agnes. And I wasn't making fun. I was just afraid you were letting these men's occupations sway your judgment of them. Maybe I'm sensitive



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

along those lines. To lots of people, my line of work seems—raffish."

"It's not that, sir. Truly it's not. It's what would make her happy. Who's the right one for her—that's what I'm thinking about. This means the world and all to me. Mr. Dermot, I never did get married, and her mother—she lost her mother a year back. You're thinking I'm cracked."

"No," he said. "I think you're the best. But I honestly don't think you can do anything in this situation."

"If I could write the captain ——"

He sighed and shook his head.

"Well, hear me out, Mr. Dermot. If I could write and tell him just who I am, and about the telegram and all, and—kind of wake up his memory of her, so to speak. Make him really recollect her, like she was right there with him."

"You do that, Agnes. And if that kind of letter from you doesn't bring him up here on the double or make him write her a real love letter, then he's not the guy for her. Then he ought to stay a bachelor."

"I can't do it without your help."

"Sure you can."

"No, sir. I have the feeling, but again, it's the words. You can find the words for anything you want to say. I can't, sir. I haven't the schooling, or the gift. But you have both, in plenty. Please help me."

"I don't know this girl, Agnes."

"Well, couldn't you ——? What do you call it when you go to the library and look things up for something you're writing?"

"Research?"

"That's it. I know it's a lot to ask—but couldn't you do some research about Miss Thomas, so you could help me write the letter?"

He laughed. "You know," he said, "that's just a squirrelly enough job to appeal to me. O.K., Agnes. Let's get this research organized. Does she read?"

"Books, you mean?"

"Books, I mean."

"Oh, yes, sir. She has a good few books. Not up the whole wall like you, but all along one side of her big room."

"Remember any of the titles? The names on any of 'em?"

"Well, there's a few that turn up on her bed table, as if she read them over. Those I know from putting them back so often. And you've got those same ones here."

"Wait a second."

He got pencil and paper.

"There's a poetry book called John Brown's Body, for one. And another —— Let's see. Something about baseball, I think it is. What's the name again? The Catcher in the Rye. And one by this Irishman, O'Casey. I Knock at the Door."

"Well! Whaddyaknow!" he said. "She got any records?"

"Lots of them."

"I want a list of those."

She brought him the list the following Monday. He chuckled, reading it.

"All the way from Basie to Bach," he said. "She's all right, your Friday young lady. I wonder if you're doing her a favor, lighting a fire under the captain?"

"I know I'm doing what's right for her, Mr. Dermot. But whatever is done will have to be done soon. She fixed dinner for *him* again last Thursday. And ——"

"And what, Agnes?"

"Well, sir, she left me this."

The handwriting was bold, optimistic, and highly individual.

*Agnes dear:* I didn't even rinse the dinner dishes. By the time my guest left, it was too late and I was too beat to do them. Excuse me for being such a slob.

I was talking to my doctor about your sister. He says there's a clinic at the Medical Center where they treat people with her trouble and they've had great results from some new drug. It's Wednesdays from 9 to 12.

Best, M.

"There was one Friday my sister was so bad I had to disappoint Miss Thomas," Agnes said. "Ever since, in every note almost, she asks after her."

"Yeah," he said, nodding his head. "She would. The handbag. And O'Casey. Yeah, that figures."

"Don't you think you ought to see her, sir? Mind you, she'll be done up in one of her new getups, but with the picture I've got that I'll bring you to study, you should be able to glimpse the real her."

"The girl inside the sack?" he said. "Well, I don't know that that's necessary. You've never seen her."

"No, sir. But you've never tidied up her apartment. Judging from the matches, nights when she don't cook home, she eats in a place down the street called Lee Joor dee Gloyre—maybe I'd best spell it."

"Yes," he said. "Maybe you'd best."

"L-e j-o-u-r d-e g-l-o-i-r-e."

"O.K.," he said.

Her hands in their brown cotton gloves gripped her handsome, expensive leather handbag as she stood in my apartment.

"I have Fridays open," she said to me. "I've been doing for my Friday young lady three and a half years. But she just got married."

"And left New York?" I asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am." Suddenly her brown eyes were both happy and mischievous. "She married my Monday gentleman."

THE END

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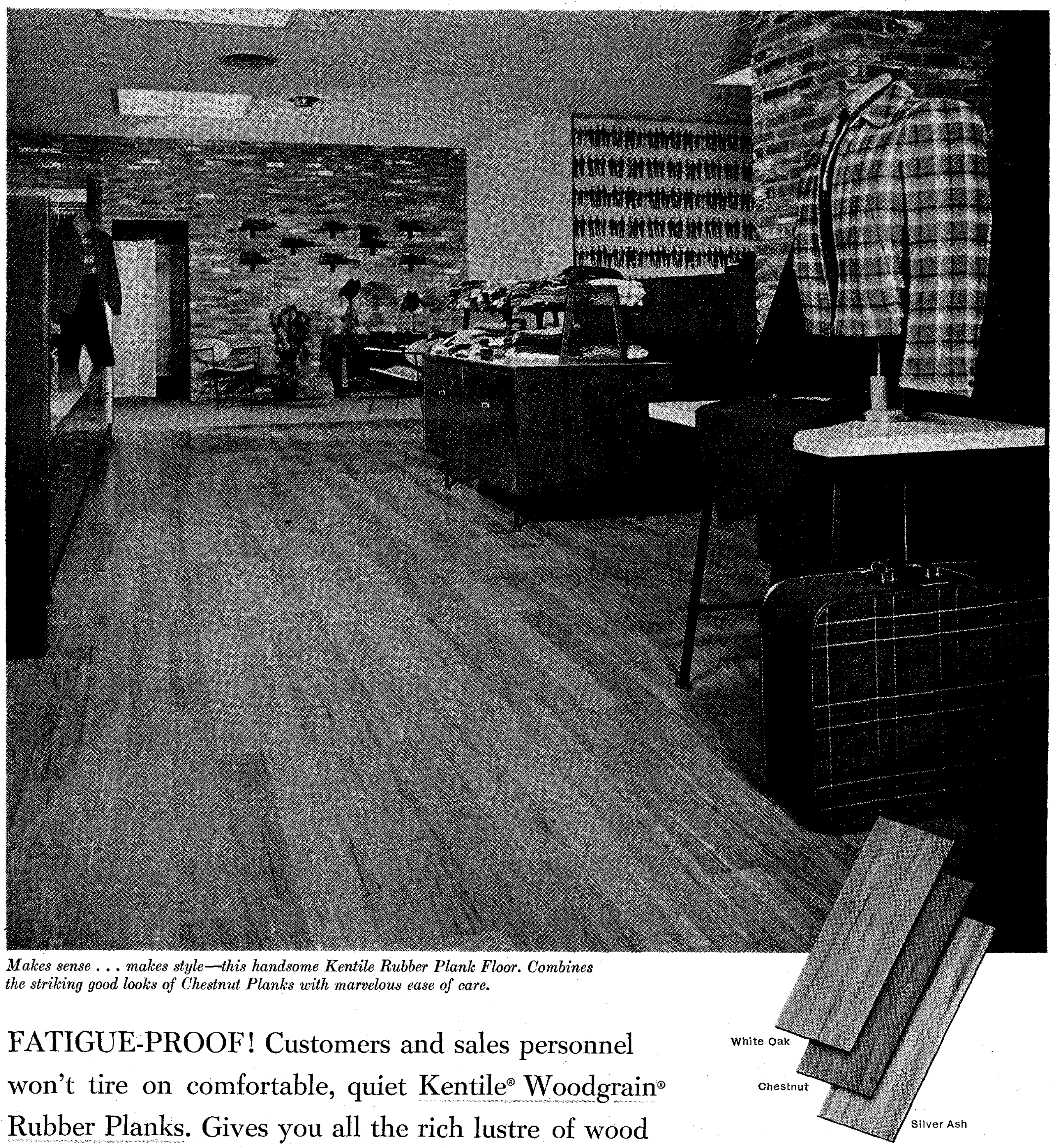

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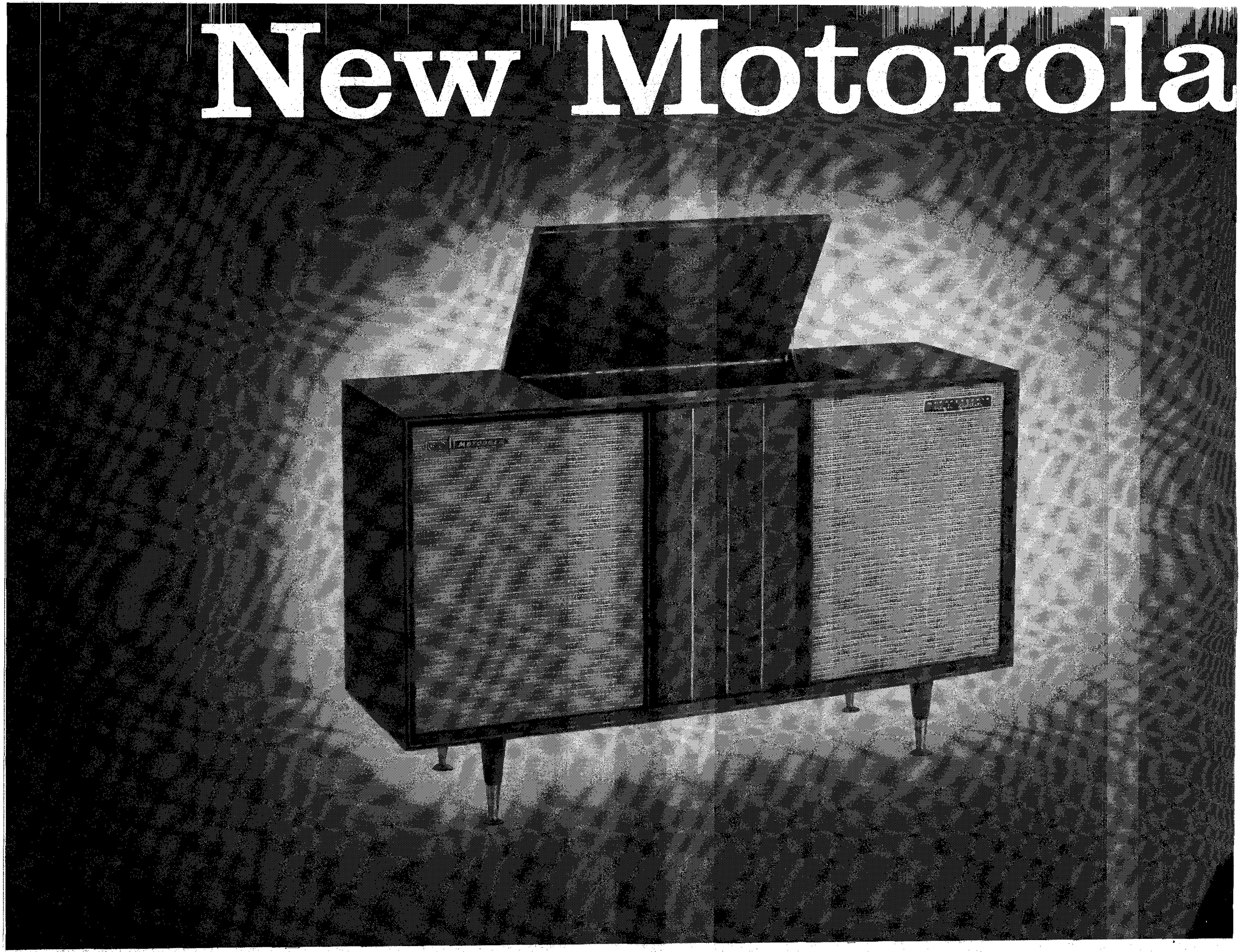

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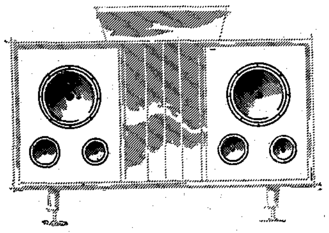

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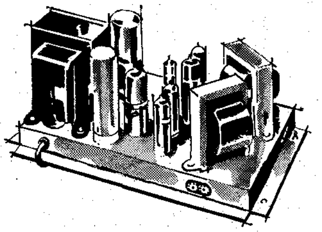

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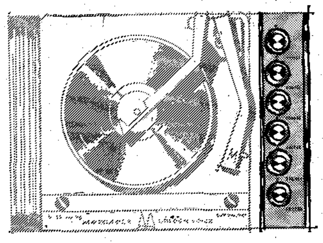

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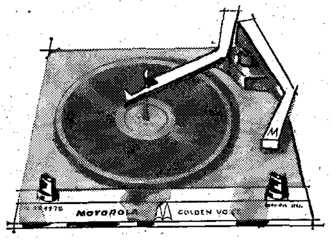

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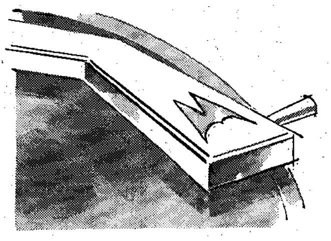

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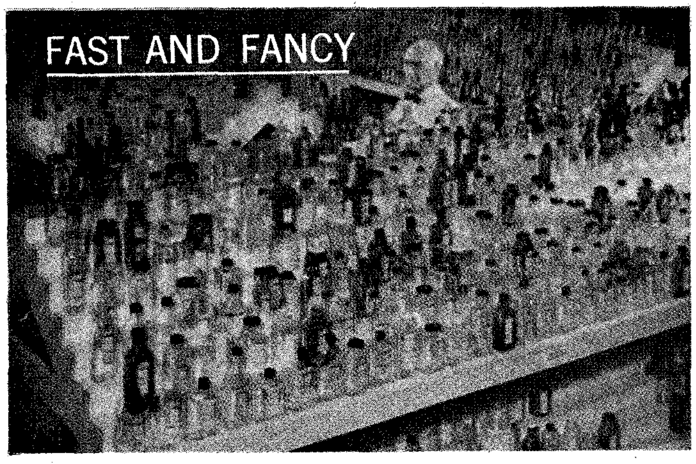

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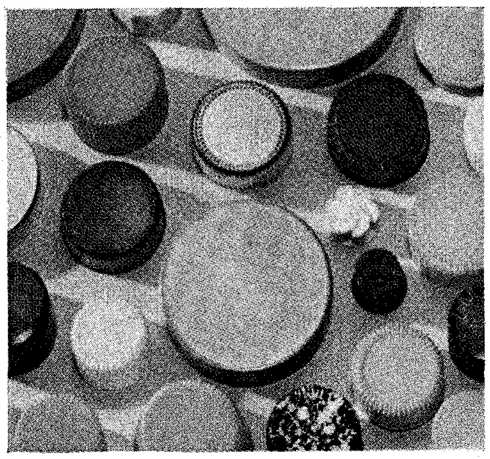

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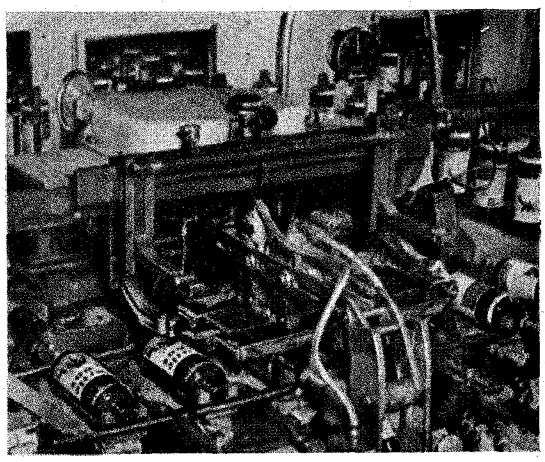

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# A Visit With the Champion

(Continued from Page 20)

you get nervous, so you think of winning and you feel good."

"When you first came to this gym," I said, "how much money might you have had in your pocket?"

"I doubt very much whether I had over fifteen cents," Floyd replied. "When I started to train here myself, I used to have to get the carfare from my mother."

"How much cash do you suppose you have in your pocket now?"

"I'd say between eighty and a hundred dollars."

"Do you carry a checkbook too?"

"Yes, I do."

"As a hungry kid, did you think you'd ever have eighty dollars' 'walk-around' money and a checkbook?"

"I never dreamt that day would come," he said, smiling.

"Now that you're in one of the higher income brackets," I said, "have you ever sat down to figure out what you're worth? Do you know, for example, what you yourself got out of the Harris fight after expenses and taxes?"

"Well, I got a guarantee of a quarter of a million dollars, and we gave Harris a guarantee of a hundred thousand, but I never sit down and try to figure it out. I've got honest people in my organization."

In the more than two years that he has held the title, Patterson has been the least publicized of the modern heavyweight champions. He has overcome the shyness and emotional instability that made him a problem child, but he prefers to avoid attention. At the same time, his manager, Cus D'Amato, has been carrying on a crusade against the International Boxing Club, which has controlled big-time boxing in this country for the past ten years but now, following a Supreme Court decision, must disband. As a result, Patterson has not fought as often as his predecessors. The usual publicity outlets have not been open to him, and many questions concerning him have gone unanswered.

"I wonder," I said to him now, "how you've been spending your time since you fought Harris. That was on August eighteenth."

"Well," he said, thinking, "I came home, and I don't believe I went anywhere for a month. I stayed around the house, listening to records and watching television. My wife and I did a lot of shopping, and we'd go to the movies."

He lives with his wife, their two-year-old daughter and his wife's mother in a home he owns in Saint Albans, Queens. They also spend some time with his parents and his younger brothers and sisters in another home he bought in Mount Vernon, New York.

"What television shows do you enjoy?" I said.

"Mostly the Westerns," he said. "I watch Gunsmoke and Have Gun, Will Travel."

"What kind of a movie will draw you out of the house?"

"Good Westerns, good murder pictures."

"What do you do about keeping in shape?"

"Well, a month after the fight I came back down to the gym here and resumed training for a couple of weeks. Then I went away to look for a camp for about a week and a half. After that I came back, and I've been going steady here ever since."

"How much time do you spend training each day?"

"That depends on how I feel. Some days I spend just an hour. Some days I spend as much as two and a half or three hours."

"Do you do road work now?"

"I run every Saturday and Sunday. Eventually I'll start running a little more. I run about three or four miles. There's a park out there called Cunningham."

"Do you run early in the morning?"

"Well, I have to get up early. Up in camp sometimes I don't get up until six-thirty or seven o'clock, but here in the city I like to get out before the people get up. I get up about five-thirty, so when I come back, with my bumpy clothes on and everything, won't nobody see me leave or come in."

"I know you watch fights on TV," I said, "but you haven't attended any fights since you've been champion."

"That's right. I wanted to go when Tony Anthony fought Archie Moore and to the Robinson-Basilio fights. But if I'm sitting up near ringside or somewhere in the arena, people will be asking me questions all during the fight and, well, I just wouldn't enjoy it."

"I suppose you try to avoid being recognized, say, in a theater or if you're eating out?"

"Yes, because I like to laugh if something is funny. When someone is always watching you—every time I eat, every mouthful, and every time I laugh or something like that—well, it just takes all the fun away."

"In other words," I said, "being champion limits your freedom."

"That's right," he said, "but although I don't like it, I'd do it all over again."

"But haven't you at any time derived a real pleasure from being recognized as the heavyweight champion?"

"After I won the championship, it would make me feel good. Before then, people would say, 'There goes Floyd Patterson.' Now when they see me, they say, 'There goes Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight champion of the world.'"

"Do you ever wake up in the morning and say to yourself, 'I'm the heavyweight champion; I can lick any man in the world'? Is that ever a conscious thought?"

"Well," he said, thinking again, "I wake up and I feel like the heavyweight champion of the world. I don't say I can lick everybody in the world, though, because I have to fight them first. I don't consider myself a great champion yet, because I haven't proved it."

"Let's consider the heavyweight contenders," I said. "Taking those we've seen in this country first, I'd like to know what you think of Nino Valdes, Zora Folley, Willie Pastrano and Eddie Machen."

"I think Machen is a very hard puncher," he said. "He boxes quite well, but I think Folley is a much better boxer than Machen is. Willie Pastrano, I think, has tremendous speed, very fast speed. And Valdes—although he looks like he can't fight because of the way he gets discouraged very easily—he's always dangerous. I have respect for every one of them."

"What about Ingemar Johansson?" I said. "You must have seen him when you were both in the Olympics in Helsinki in 1952."

That was the year that Patterson won the Olympic middleweight title. Johansson, from Göteborg, Sweden, was disqualified in the heavyweight competition for "not trying" against Ed Sanders, the American who went on to win the gold medal—and who subsequently died as a result of head injuries in a 1954 professional fight. Meanwhile, Johansson has won all of his twenty-one professional fights, thirteen by knockouts, to become the European heavyweight champion. When he knocked out Machen in one round in Sweden last September, he became the top-ranking challenger for Patterson's title.

"It's over six years ago," Patterson said now, "and I don't recall specifically how Johansson looked. Ed Sanders then was a very good fighter, and everybody—well, he was a tremendous man and everybody was scared of him. I can't recall exactly how Johansson looked."

"Have you seen the film of his fight with Eddie Machen?"

"No. I had the chance, but I'm not curious to see it. Sometimes it's best not to see an opponent that you're going to fight. After watching a film I may lose respect for a guy and get in there and get surprised. I just have in my mind about Johansson that he knocked out Eddie Machen, so he must be great, and I create a certain amount of respect for him. When I get up in the ring with him, expecting he can do everything, I'm prepared for everything."

"Let's take a couple of the title fights you've had," I said. "You were on the canvas with both Rademacher and Harris. Did this disturb you, to find yourself down? Did you say to yourself, 'What am I doing here?'"

"In the Rademacher fight I did. The reporters came back to the dressing room, and some didn't think it was a knockdown. If I wanted to get out of it, I had my chance right there. It was a knockdown, though. Now, Harris was rated Number Four, and I'd much rather say that Harris knocked me down, rather than Rademacher, but I didn't think it was a knockdown."

"Were you satisfied with your performances in those fights?"

"No. I thought I could have been better in both of them."

"Have you ever been angered by what somebody has written about you?" I asked.

"No. They can say whatever they want about me, about what they think I am—I can't fight and all that. Whether I can do it or not, I'm going to try anyway. The only thing that makes me angry is sometimes when I pick up the papers and read an open letter that somebody wrote for me to read about my manager. Like they may say he's no good, or he's this and that. It makes me feel like they're talking directly to me, and I've ate and slept with the man. I know him better than they do, and they're trying to tell me about him."

"In other words, you're hurt more by criticism of Cus than you are by anything they may say about you?"

"Yes. I know how reporters are. They have to write something sometimes. If they wrote good all the time it would become uninteresting to the public, so they got to write bad. See?"

"That's a kind of a philosophical approach, at least," I said. "The fact that you feel badly when Cus is criticized reminds me that you once told me how sorry you felt for Archie Moore after you knocked him out. Did you feel that way after you knocked out Jackson and Rademacher and Harris?"

"With all my championship fights I generally feel that way afterwards, because I know how it feels for them. When I lost a fight to Joey Maxim I got a taste of how it feels to lose a fight, and I don't want to go through that again."

Patterson's only loss in thirty-five professional fights was to Maxim at the Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn, on June 7, 1954. Although the three officials were unanimous in their decision, eleven of the twelve ringside reporters thought Patterson had won.

"What was it like to lose?" I asked. "Were you able to sleep that night?"

"I wasn't able to sleep. I lay awake thinking about it. It was very hard to go out and face people, especially people who felt that I was going to beat him. I kind of stayed in for a while."

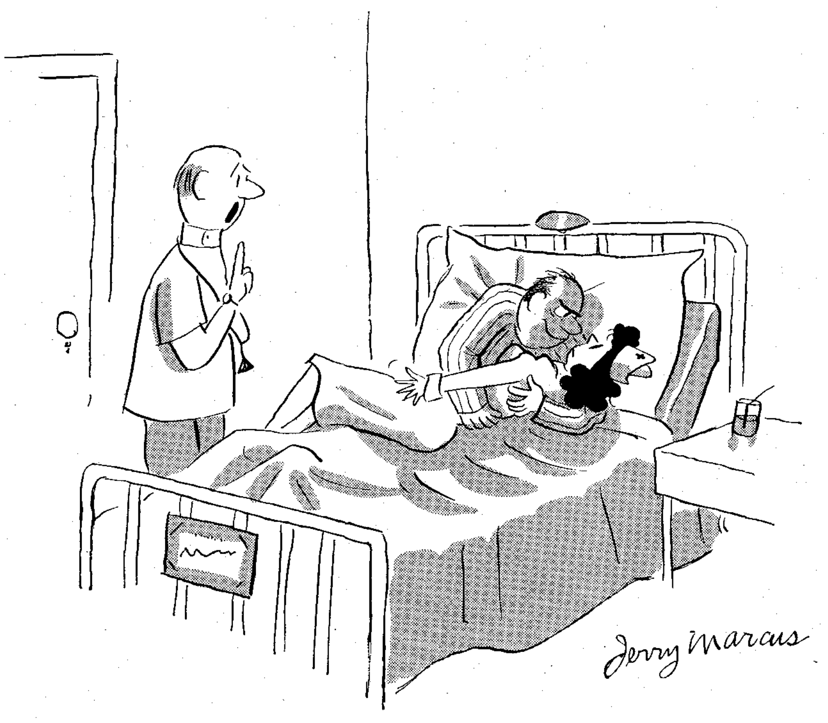
"Do you get to sleep right after a fight when you win?"

"Yes. I'm very tired, but, from the time I go to bed until I wake up the next morning, I think I still know I won. I'm sort of semiconscious of it. When I wake up I know that I've already won the fight."

"Do you lie there for a while then and see the fight, play it back in your mind?"

"Quite a bit. Like the last fight, the Harris fight. Although I won, I was very much disappointed about it, because there were so many opportunities that I had and didn't take advantage of. I don't think I ever fought a fight where I had that many opportunities and didn't take advantage of them."

"This reminds me," I said, "of something that Mr. Ernst Papanek once told me about you."



"You mustn't attempt to do too much the first day, Mr. Mulcraft."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Papanek, the executive director of the Wiltwyck School for Boys, where Patterson spent a year and a half, once described Patterson to me as "so very gentle—not weak, but soft." Papanek said he believed that Patterson does not want to hurt his opponents, and now I repeated this to Patterson.

"You missed opportunities in the Harris fight," I said, "because you backed off when you had him hurt. Were you conscious of pity and of backing off?"

"No. The only thing—the only sign of pity I was conscious of—was when he got that cut over the eye. When I'm fighting, sometimes I go all through the fight without looking in the opponent's face. I generally look right at the chest. But there was once there, I don't remember what round it was, that I looked up into the eye and you could see the flesh. It looked like one piece was down and the other piece was sort of hanging on, and you could see nothing but flesh, and the blood was kind of oozing out. So I tried to lower my punches. In other words, instead of punching on the eye, lower them. That's the only time I can recall."

"Then you really had a feeling of sympathy for him?"

"It wasn't necessary for me to try to ruin the fighter. I was way ahead on points."

"Do you think it's true, then, when they say you lack the killer instinct?"

"I don't think that's what the killer instinct is."

"What do you think it is?"

"To me, the killer instinct is to win a fight. Just get up there and, if you get a chance to knock him out, knock him out. Or beat him by a decision. Don't try to ruin him or kill him. If that's the killer instinct, then I definitely don't have it."

"Are you repelled by the sight of blood?"

"No."

"Can you remember, as a child, ever being really scared because your own blood was flowing?"

"No. I've seen my blood flow from me when I was younger. One time I fell down the steps, and it seemed like my nose wouldn't stop bleeding. All I was worried about was that I didn't want my mother to know, and I tried to hide it."

"What this may come down to, then," I said, "is that you may be less disturbed by an injury to yourself than by an injury to someone else."

"On somebody else, yes. It used to be—this hasn't happened lately—in the wintertime, when it's cold and my nose feels cold and my ears are cold, and I see two people fighting on the street, if I see a guy with a big fist hit the other guy square in the nose or the face, I feel it myself. I would rather be fighting the guy or taking the punishment than to see the other guy taking it, because I can just imagine how it feels to get hit when you're cold like that."

"With the feeling you have toward others," I said, "do you ever wonder what some of the other fighters, whom you had to beat on the way up, are doing now?"

"Yes," he said. "Hurricane Jackson—it was sad news to hear about him. He's looking for a job now, and it seems he can't even find a job. It's only the two fights that he had with me that he really had a chance to make some money, and I just hope that something good happens for him."

"Are there any others?"

"Me and Jimmy Slade," he said. "We used to be very good friends. We used to be up at camp a lot, and we'd be playing cards or playing games, and he used to get mad and say, 'I'll punch you in the mouth.' I'd laugh because he'd only be joking, but if anybody else was sitting in the background and saw the way him and I acted toward each other, they'd think he was the superior. I let him think that way, too, because I never dreamed that I was going to fight him up until I did."

Patterson won an eight-round decision from Slade in New York on November 19, 1954. Thirteen months later he stopped Slade in seven rounds in Los Angeles.

"When I fought him the first time," Patterson said now, "I don't think he was in shape. But the way I beat him kind of changed things. I called him the next morning, and he wasn't there. I spoke to his mother, and his mother seemed pretty heartbroken about it. I told her that Jimmy wasn't in shape, which he probably wasn't. In fact, I told everybody that. So, I didn't get a chance to see him too much afterwards, and when I did see him, it seemed like he couldn't look me in the face, or something was missing. Then I fought him again in California—he was in shape then—and after that I never saw him any more."

"It's kind of sad," I said. "You unwittingly destroy a pleasant relationship."

One of our troubles is that too many persons recognize their duty in time to avoid it.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"That's right," Patterson said. "I really liked him. I liked him very much."

"Your mother once told me, Floyd, that when you were small, you had a very bad temper. Do you remember that?"

"I didn't lose my temper too much. I would lose it, though. One time I was on my way to school, and this boy ran up to me, and he had about four big bottles of soda. He was running, so he said, 'Here. Here's two bottles for you.' I knew the boy, so I took the two bottles, and I said to myself, *I'll take these down to school. Maybe the teacher will let me hold them in class till after school, and then I'll take them home.*

"Before I can get into the school, though, the cop—a detective—put his arms on my shoulders. He said, 'Where are you going with that?' I said, 'A boy just gave them to me.' He said, 'You just robbed a factory down the street. We saw you.'

"He took me back to the factory, and at the factory they said, 'You were just here, wasn't you?' I said, 'No. I wasn't.' I tried to explain, and the cop got a little nasty and took one of the crates—you know, an empty crate—and bashed it over my head. And then I just hauled off."

"What did you do?"

"I don't remember. Throwing crates at him, jumping up and throwing, smashing up. Everything happened then, and finally they got me and took me home."

He paused. Across the ring from us a radiator valve was hissing.

"You see," he said, "if I had been guilty I would never have lost my temper like that—if I had really done this thing. I didn't."

"In the last couple of years or so," I said, "has anything made you lose your temper?"

"No," he said, shaking his head.

When Patterson was a child, Joe Louis was his hero. I asked now, "Do you remember how you felt when you first met him, Floyd?"

"When I first met Joe Louis—it was at a dinner—my mind went back and I thought, *If he only knew how much I used to admire him.* I still admire him, but when I was a kid I used to actually have a scrapbook of him. And I used to brag about him and, if it was necessary, fight about him. Other kids had other ideas—you know, like Dempsey and Tunney and people like that—but for me it was Louis all the way. And when I saw him for the first time, I just couldn't believe it."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I said, "that today there may be kids who have the same attitude about you, and who would get the same thrill from meeting you?"

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I don't think so. Joe Louis—what he did to me; well, the way I feel about it, what he did in the fights and the people that he beat, like Schmeling, and what not—I don't think anybody else can ever reach his level."

"Tell me about the visit you had from Joe a few weeks ago," I said.

"You want me to tell that?" he said, and he seemed surprised that I knew about it.

"Yes."

"Well, Joe came to see me about having a fight for the I.B.C. He was sitting right here—laying on the table—and I was sitting here"—he motioned toward a couple of rubbing tables near the windows that look out over 14th Street—"and he said, 'If you have a fight for the I.B.C., it would sort of be like doing me a favor. You know, just one fight.' So I told him to go and see Cus. I sent him up to Cus' office."

"The way you idolized Joe," I said, "this must have been very hard for you to do."

"It was definitely hard. I could have refused point-blank, but I admired him so much that I told him to see Cus. Had it been Truman Gibson or Jim Norris or somebody like that, I would have point-blank walked away and said definitely not at all. Seeing it was Joe Louis, I had him go see Cus, because I couldn't tell him."

"Tell me in your own words," I said, "what you conceive this difficulty with the International Boxing Club to be about."

"Well," he said, and he took a deep breath, "all I can say is, the I.B.C., they have had their own fighters. They not only have had the fighters, but they have had the managers and practically all the matchmakers also. In order for a fighter to get ahead or to even get a championship fight, they had to be a part of the I.B.C. See?

"That's what I was told, and as far as what Cus was doing against them, I was one hundred per cent behind him. If there wasn't any such thing as the I.B.C., I think I would have been fighting maybe four or five times a year, because there would have been more fighters coming along."

"But you've been caught in the middle," I said. "In this campaign that Cus carried on, you were the middleman and your career suffered. Isn't that right?"

"Definitely."

"And yet you were willing to be the sufferer?"

"Well, I was willing to be the guinea pig. Somebody had to do it. Eventually, if the fight game went on like it's been going on in the past, I think it would come to a standstill, and there wouldn't be anything for no fighter. Somebody would have to sacrifice."

"What are some of the other problems of being heavyweight champion of the world? Are there problems associated with the title that you never thought of before you became champion?"

"Well, one of the main problems—I thought that, when I became champion, from then on everything would be easy. You know? I thought, *Now I can relax, because I have what I want.* Actually, I was relaxing more before I had the championship, because now that I have it, I got to fight to keep it. Now I'm the champion, and everybody is after me."

"How long do you think you'll fight?"

"I'll fight up until I'm permanently defeated—until I'm knocked into retirement or I should become disinterested in it."

"How long might it be before you become disinterested?"

"I don't know. I think it'll be a pretty long time, because I'm getting more and more interested in it as the days go by. I mean, I'm not getting bored with it at all. I might get knocked into retirement when I'm twenty-five, or older, or I might not get knocked into it until I'm forty. Who knows? I might become disinterested. Whichever comes first."

"What will you do when you stop fighting?"

"I'm going to live on a farm somewhere 'way upstate a couple of hundred miles. I'd like to raise horses, have a family. I want to get a farm—something I can take care of by myself. I don't want any help."

"I have one other question," I said. "As a celebrity, Floyd, you have a certain burden that the white man who is a celebrity doesn't have. Do you feel that you have a responsibility to Negroes to be exemplary in your conduct?"

"I'm conscious of it," he said, nodding. "I do know that anything I do that's bad will reflect on my people. But I have no intention of doing anything bad anyway."

While we had been talking, Jim Cleary had been tape-recording the interview and Jacob Lofman had been photographing Patterson. I asked them if there were any questions they wanted to ask.

"No," Cleary said. "I have none."

"I'd like to ask you a question," Lofman said to Patterson. "If you don't want to answer, O.K. Does it make a difference to you when you fight whether it's a white man or not? When you go into a fight, do you get more excited when you fight a white man?"

"No," Patterson said, shaking his head and looking at Lofman. "No."

"Let's put it this way," Lofman said. "Do you feel your consciousness as a Negro more?"

"In other words," I said, "do you feel that you represent your race when you're fighting?"

"Well," Patterson said, "the only thing—my last fight, with Roy Harris—I heard some of the things that were said about the fight. I know the South was all backing him up and all that, and most of the colored people, you know, they didn't want to see me get beat. So it was more of a thing like that. When I got up in the ring, though, none of that even entered my mind. He was just another man, like everybody else has been, that I was out to get or he would get me. So I didn't notice his color or the cause of the fight or how much was involved and everything else during the fight."

"You know," Lofman said, "that Joe Louis, I guess, is pretty much broke. Do you think about that—not to be in his position when you retire?"

"I learn from other people's examples," Patterson said. "I'm definitely positive I won't be in Joe Louis's position, even if I was never to fight again, starting today. Of course, I wouldn't have all the money in the world. I wouldn't call myself wealthy, but I would be able to say I got something out of what I put into it."

"Thanks, Floyd," Lofman said. "Thanks a lot."

THE END

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## The Cardiff Giant Affair

(Continued from Page 43)

Which was true. We were in the midst of the most severe hard times the country had experienced since the great Panic of 1857. Banks had toppled, business houses were bankrupt, unemployment was severe, and the end was not in sight. People blamed it upon the manipulations of men like Gould and Dan'l Drew and Jim Fisk. Perhaps they were right.

"On Thanksgiving Day," said Madam, "it would pleasure me to feed the hungry."

"All of them?" I asked in astonishment.

"All who care to come," she said.

"But, Madam," I expostulated, "there will be thousands."

She nodded. "I estimate," she said briskly, "that we shall require five thousand loaves of bread. At least three large beeves must be barbecued and we must have an immense amount of plum pudding. We must have the permission of the city authorities to use Clinton Square. There will have to be stands for music, tables, fences to hold the crowd in order. There will have to be wood for the roasting ovens."

"Madam is not an organizer!" Lossie said innocently.

"You, Orrin," said Madam succinctly, "will examine the various bills and approve them with your signature. Mr. Watts will then pay them at the bank. We have only two weeks to perfect the arrangements."

Madam had been quiescent for some time, almost in retirement, but now she was emerging with a vengeance. All her benefactions, all her gifts, all her entertainments of the past paled into nothingness when compared with this thing that she proposed.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "this will be a sensation. Nothing like it ever has been done before. There will be notoriety; perhaps more than you have foreseen. From which a fastidious lady may shrink."

It was Lossie who replied, her level eyes fixed upon mine with an expression which I could not fathom. "Orrin," she said, "you are wrong to try to daunt Madam. Her mind is made up to do this charity. Hateful as the notoriety may be, Madam will endure it." I could have sworn that her left eye quivered. If she had been less demure and dignified as she sat there, I should have called it a hoydenish wink! She reached out her hand and touched Madam's fingers. "Who was that Greek philosopher who founded the stoics? Zeno? Well, Madam, I'm sure, is prepared to be a disciple of his. Aren't you, Madam?"

Madam Janeway shrugged. "I suppose a modicum of notoriety is unavoidable," she said resignedly.

"By the way, Madam," I said, "that safe!" I pointed to the strongbox which she had caused to be delivered to my office.

"Oh, that," she said with a shrug. "I thought it might come in handy. You don't mind, do you? A lawyer should have a safe to keep the private papers of his clients secure."

"True," I said, "provided he is the custodian of private papers." I paused and smiled. "But without the combination it is quite useless."

"You haven't the combination?" she exclaimed.

"It was not given to me," I told her.

"How extraordinary," she said, and rose. The combination was not given to me nor was it again referred to. She returned to the subject of the barbecue. "You will commence making plans," she said imperatively.

"At once," I told her. She took my hand and pressed it.

I opened the door and she passed out into the hall. Lossie was about to follow, but uttered an exclamation and turned back into the office. There she picked up the reticule she had dropped on the floor. As she straightened up she twinkled her eyes at me.

"There's another kind of Greek philosophy and I don't know who invented it," she said.

"Which one is that?" I asked.

"I think," she said with gravity, "that they called it cynicism."

After they were gone I made some notes, and then, putting on my overcoat, I went out to lay Madam's project before the city authorities and get their permission to use Clinton Square for the barbecue. My request was taken under advisement. Then I walked briskly along to a market where I could inquire about the three large beeves necessary to the feeding.

As I came out of this place of business I looked across the basin, and there, made fast securely, was Lizzie Ann. She was not merely secured there as she would have been if she were soon to be on her way again along the canal; she was really made fast with strong ropes in a manner that told me she was tied up for the winter. It was time. Already in the mornings there was thin ice on the surface of the water. It was the season for the first big freeze which would halt all traffic on Governor Clinton's Ditch until the coming of spring and the melting of the ice. Not until late March or early April would the boats be able again to ply that great waterway that connected the Hudson River with the Great Lakes.

It was a curious thing that I, Orrin Applegate, raised as I had been, and inhibited as I had been by the mores of my parents and Lossie's parents and our neighbors, should have felt so completely at home with Zacharias Wheelright and his woman. Of course I never would have known them had it not been for Lossie and her complete lack of inhibitions when she was a little girl. It was she who had come to love these two canawlers first, and then, in spite of myself, I had come to love their simplicity and kindness and wisdom on my own account. For they were wise, both of them. Zacharias was wise in a placid way that fitted his bigness. Ma Wheelright, as she delighted to hear us call her, was wise in a pert, birdlike way that constantly used unorthodox but original expressions and saws and homemade epigrams. This in spite of the fact that upon one point only was she, as the canawlers were wont to say, "a bit tetched." The point was that she seemed to believe Lossie was her dead daughter, and always spoke to her and treated her as such. Unlettered they both were, but possessed of what Ma Wheelright referred to as "mother wit." If I ever stood in need of practical advice, I am sure I would have gone to them before I would have appealed to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

I walked to the bridge and crossed the canal to reach the spot where Lizzie Ann was tied and, sure of a welcome, I stepped aboard and called, "Hey, below there! Uncle Zach! Maw Wheelright!"

The great golden head and spreading golden beard of Zacharias Wheelright appeared, and his big sky-blue eyes were alight with welcome.

"Woman," he called in a voice like that of the Bull of Bashan, "it's Orrin! Sure's all git out it's Orrin come to see us!"

"Tell the scamp to come moggin' right daown!" Maw Wheelright called in her brisk, cackling voice. "The's fresh-made ginger cookies. . . . Where's Lizzie Ann, boy? Why didn't you fetch her along?"

"Just saw you tied up," I said. I pushed my way past Zach's bulk and hoisted maw's thin body in my arms to kiss her resoundingly.

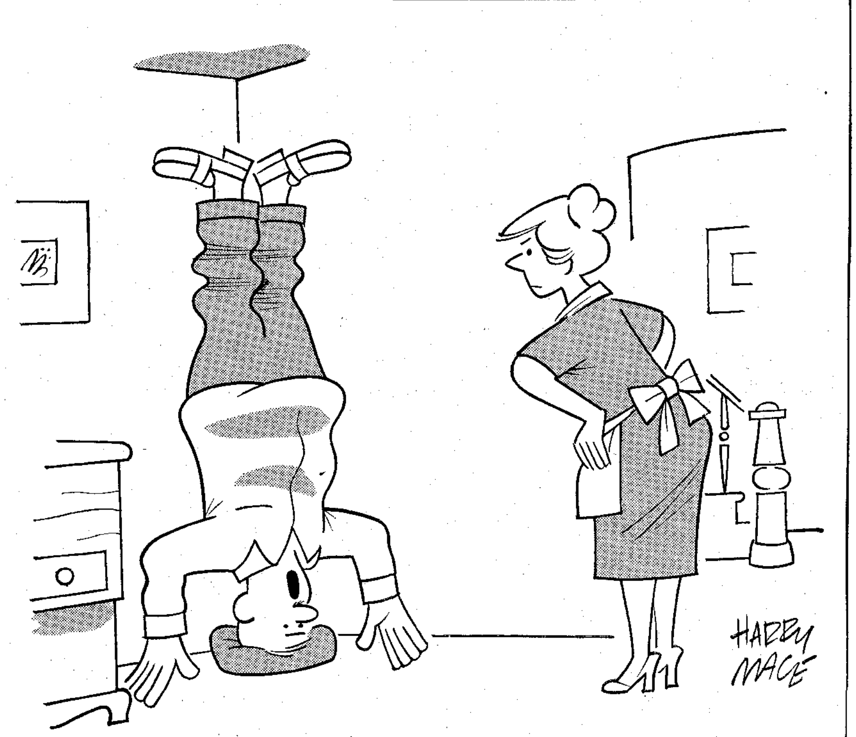
"Goodness gracious!" she said nasally. "Every time ye git bigger. Most as big as Zach, I declare. Put me daown, you spriggins. Put me daown."

"Calc'late to winter here," Zach said. "Mebby I'll contrive to let out the team to loggers or somebuddy. Mebby I'll take a job myself."

"Ye don't need to, ye ol' skeezicks," maw said snappishly. "We got ample in the ol' teapot to winter us. And I don't cater none to bein' left alone whilst ye hyper off into the woods."

"To be sure, woman," Zach replied. "But me, I can't abide wearin' thin the seat of my pants in idleness."

It was warm and comfortable there, and serene, but I could not linger. I told them I must get along and attend to business, and maw said not to get too big for my britches because I was a lawyer now.



"It's my circulation, and I'll stimulate it as I see fit!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I promised to bring Lossie that afternoon and took my departure.

"I'm mullin' over in my mind," Zach said as I stood on the wall, "whether to keep things to myself or repeat rumors that come to me."

I knew it would be of no avail to urge him. He would talk when he was ready, if ever. The canal was alive with facts and rumors and gossip which never reached the outside world. How the commonwealth of canawlers learned so much will always remain a mystery to me, and how they kept to themselves secrets that would have rocked communities or even the state itself was a miracle.

"When you're ready, Uncle Zach," I said, "I'll listen."

Maw screamed from the cabin, "The'll be a brewin' of tea around four o'clock!"

I did what I could to make arrangements for Madam Janeway's barbecue, and when there was nothing more I could accomplish that day I walked home to tell Lossie the Lizzie Ann was in the basin and see if she wanted to go down and visit our friends. I whistled our whistle and she flattened her nose against the windowpane. I motioned for her to come out, which she did in five minutes. She could have come in one, but felt it was necessary to keep me waiting in the cold.

"We have a doorbell," she said primly.

"Doorbells," I said, "are for strangers."

"Would you," she demanded, "stand outside and whistle for Madam Janeway?"

"I didn't rock Madam's cradle when she was a month old," I retorted.

She stood off a little way and turned around in a small circle. "Look at me, Orrin Applegate," she commanded. "Am I grown up or am I not grown up?"

"Grown up or not grown up," I said stubbornly, "you are Lossie."

She stomped her little foot. "I won't have it so!" she said furiously. "I will be treated with respect! I will be treated as a lady!"

She was standing on the front stoop, which was four steps high and surrounded by a railing. At its side was a freshly heaped pile of dry maple leaves.

I spoke quickly, urgently. "Double dare you," I said, "to jump off the rail into that pile."

What followed was reflex. Lossie scrambled to the top of the rail, gathered up her dignified skirts and leaped. The air was full of lovely, slender legs and billowing skirts, and she landed in a breathless heap, half buried by the leaves. I reached for a hand and jerked her erect and grinned as irritatingly as I could manage.

"Tomboy," I said jeeringly.

I was ready to defend myself, but there was no wildcat attack such as I had learned to expect. Instead she turned pale and bit her lips, and then she flushed and seemed on the point of crying, so that I was ashamed of myself and contrite. But before I could humiliate myself to her and make my peace, she burst into gay laughter and kicked the leaves in all directions and took me by the arm like the Lossie of ten years ago and said with a little pout, "Anyhow"—and her voice was merry—"anyhow I'm grown up some of the time."

"Lizzie Ann is in," I told her, "and there'll be tea and ginger cookies."

"Oh, let's hurry," she said, and gave me a push. "We'll cut across lots."

Cutting across lots was a local custom. We did not regard it as trespass. So, instead of walking down James Street, we crossed to walk through Madam Janeway's property to the lane behind. We walked on the grass heading for the gate at the end of the barn. Our way carried us past the window of the room that Madam used as her office. We heard a voice harsh with anger. It came distinctly through the upraised window and it halted us. On our part was no intention to eavesdrop, but we were startled to motionlessness and stood there as if frozen. There was fury and venom in the voice. It was the hoarse, harsh voice of Oscar, the butler. He was profane and unrestrained.

"You damn peacock!" he said. "You show-off! You want to ruin us! You want to ruin everything! Not the common sense God gave geese!"

He seemed to splutter and choke, and Madam's voice, low and frightened, expostulated, "But, Oscar ——"

"Be still!" he shouted. "Your damn vanity! You got to make a parade! Charity, sure! Fool generosity! Cause talk! And now this—this damn lunacy! I've a mind to wring your neck!"

"But, Oscar—Oscar ——" Madam pleaded.

Lossie looked at me with something like horror in her eyes, and I peered back, shocked and amazed.

"We better," I said in a whisper, "get out of here."

"And fast," Lossie replied. "And quietly."

We went away from there both fast and quietly, and it was not until we were a full block away that we spoke again.

Then it was Lossie who asked breathlessly, "Orrin, what did that mean?"

I shook my head. "Oscar doesn't approve of Madam's barbecue."

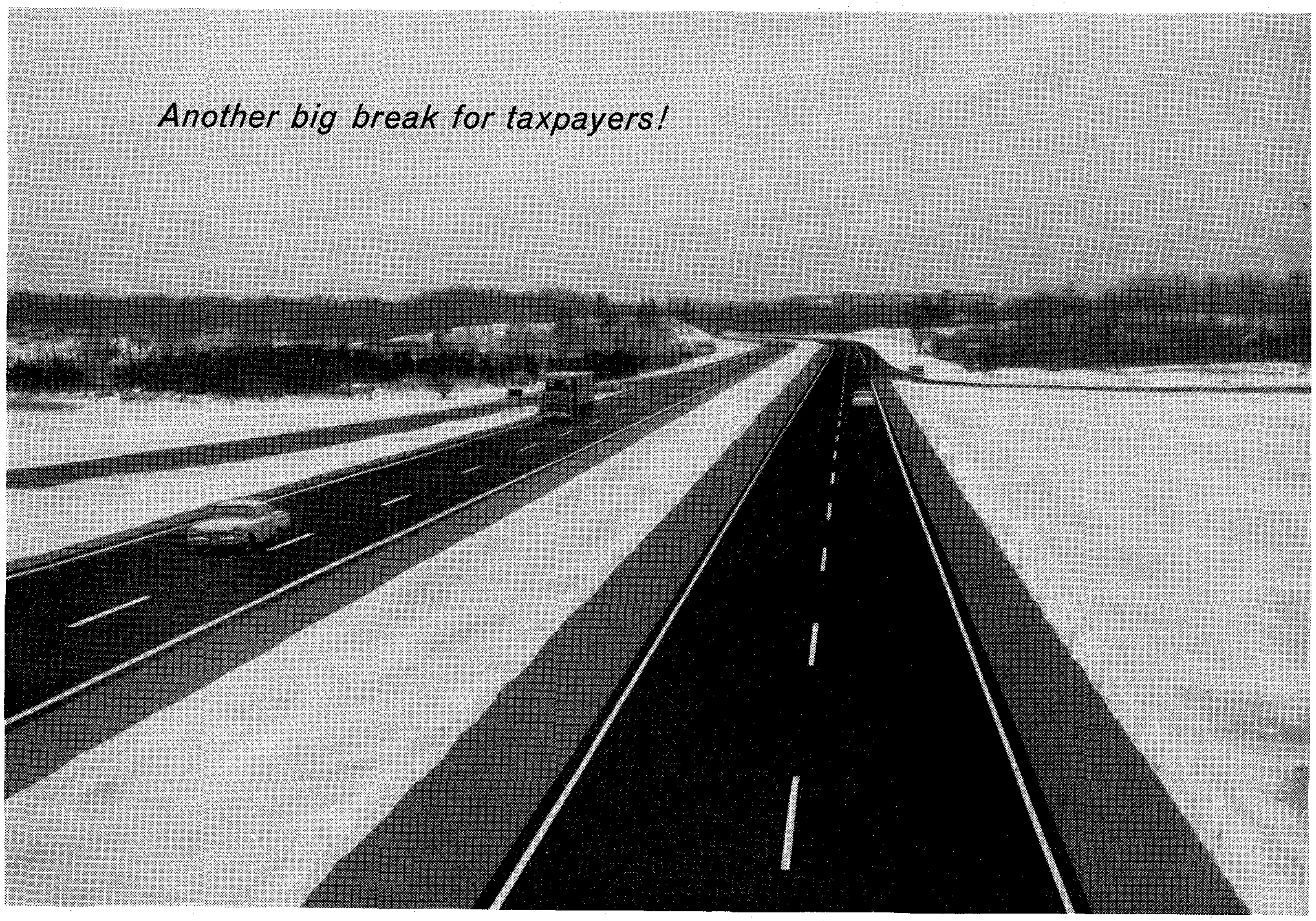
"But—but what right has he to disapprove? To speak to her so?"

I could only shake my head. "Let's hurry to Lizzie Ann," I said in a sort of desperation. "Lizzie Ann, where all who are on her are clean."

(*Continued on Page 65*)

Big step forward in road construction

Asphalt Pavement used for New Michigan Superhighway



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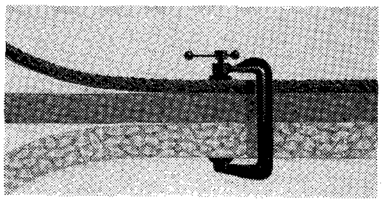

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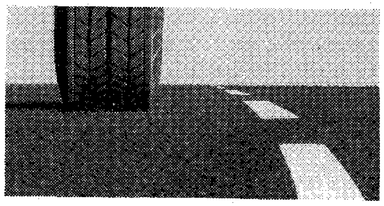

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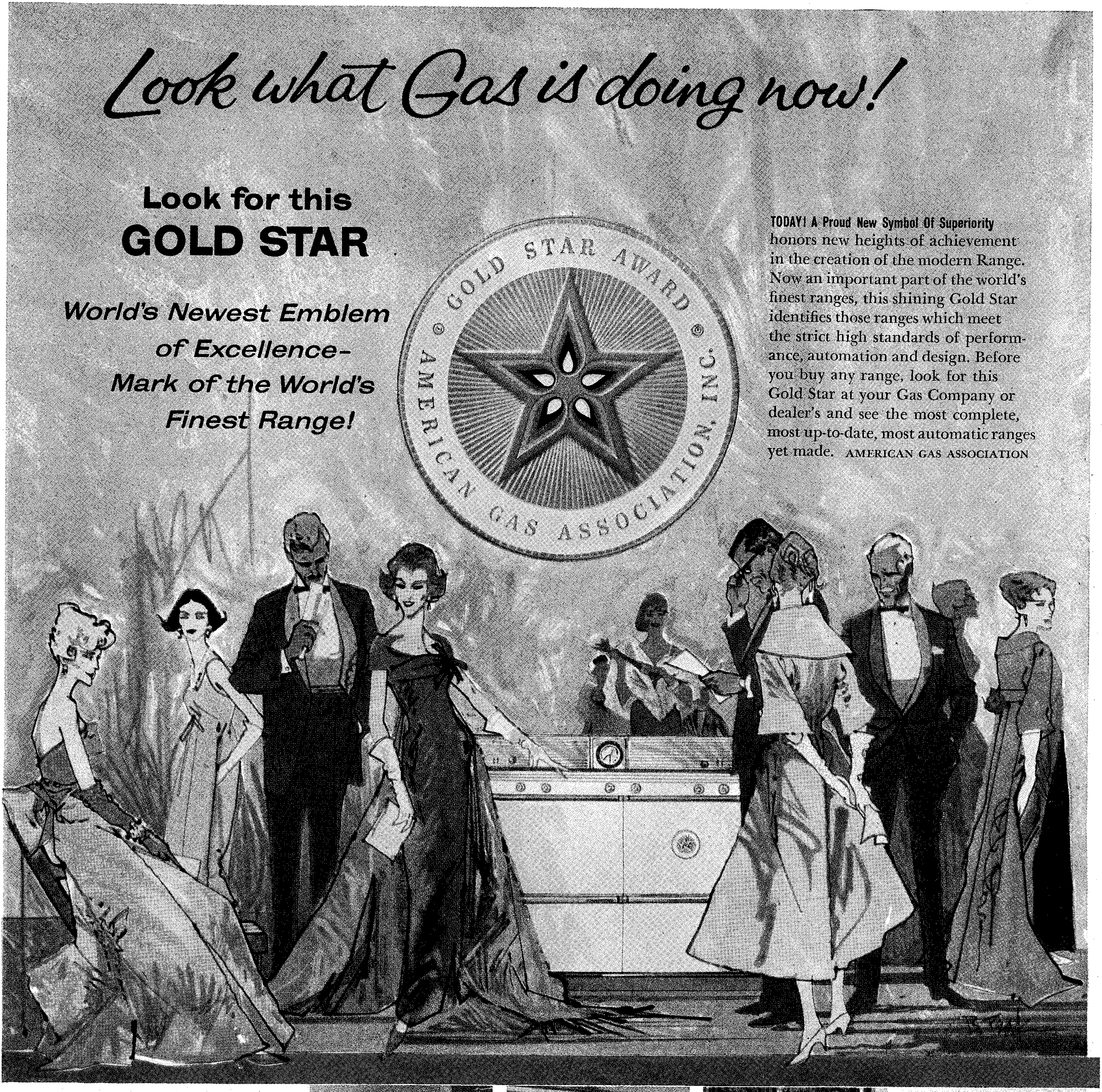

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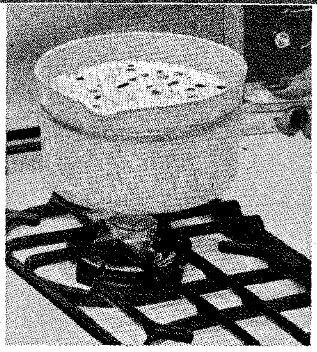
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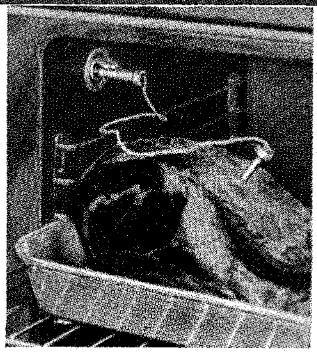
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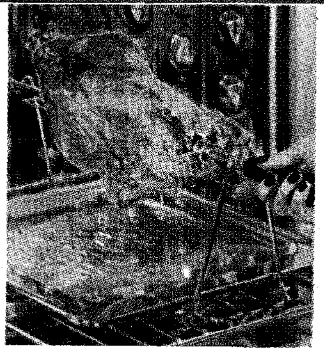
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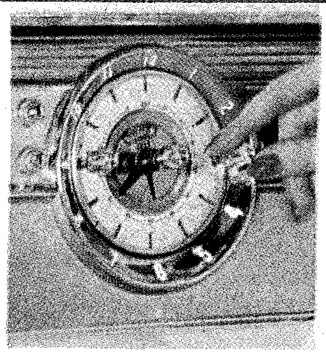
Automatic Oven

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**All top burners, ovens and broilers light automatically—no matches.**

All ranges with two thermostatically-controlled ovens have one oven with an automatic clock control and meat thermometer that shuts oven off automatically.

**Broiler works without smoking, broils efficiently with the door shut.**

All ranges have at least one "Burner-with-a-Brain."

**All ranges have at least one giant or "speed" burner.**

All top burners have high and low settings, hold any temperature you set in between.

**In addition, every range over 37 inches wide has either:**

- **a waist high broiler or**
- **a built-in griddle with thermostatic control, or**
- **two ovens, one with clock control and meat thermometer that shuts oven off automatically.**

All materials used are rust-resistant, non-corrosive.

**Broilers, drawers and racks are non-tilt, roll easily on smooth bearings and have safe, effective stops.**

All ranges are designed to fit flush to walls.

**Back panels have light, clock, timer, extra outlet.**

Top burners have a "keep warm" and a "simmer" setting and will re-light automatically at "simmer."

**All ovens are extra-insulated to keep exterior cool and oven doors have resilient edging, self-sealing to guard against loss of heat.**

All ovens have interior light, while some have "oven-ready" signal light as well.

**These Great Manufacturers are producing ranges to Gold Star Standards:**

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TAPPAN
THE BOSTON STOVE COMPANY
UNIVERSAL
VESTA
WEDGEWOOD-HOLLY
WELBILT

(*Continued from Page 63*) As we passed the Bastable Building the store door was open and we could see men straining to hoist the great weight of the Cardiff Giant into a strong crate for shipping to Albany. The new owners of it openly boasted that after they had refused to sell it to the great showman, P. T. Barnum, that gentleman had offered them sixty thousand dollars to rent it to him for three months.

We walked with heavy feet, Lossie and I, down to the basin and Lizzie Ann.

"Lossie," I said, "how would a servant dare to speak so to a great lady like Madam Janeway?"

"His manner," Lossie said, "was more that of a master than of a servant!" There came a little pause. "He was afraid," she said.

"Afraid!" I exclaimed. "It was she who was frightened!"

She shook her head. "Men fly into that sort of rage," she said positively, "only when they are scared."

"But why should he be afraid? Why should her barbecue frighten him into such a rage?"

"That much," she said promptly, "was clear enough. It was because she called attention to herself. Because of the display. Because it would get her talked about."

"But," I said, "almost everything she does gets her talked about. She likes to be talked about. Even if she did none of the things she does—her entertainments, her gifts, her charities—she would be conspicuous. Her beauty. The way she lives. Those whispers about Dan'l Drew."

Lossie spoke to herself as if she were protesting, arguing against some conclusion that vexed her. "But," she said insistently, "she is kind. She is generous. She is charitable. She does sympathize with misfortunes."

"Can it be," I asked, "that this Oscar objects to the lavish way she throws money about? That, in addition to being her butler, he is also a sort of business manager?"

"No," Lossie said. "A businessman might be exasperated. He might protest and argue. He wouldn't fly into a murderous temper. It was because this display endangers something. Didn't you see that, Orrin? Endangers something. Some plan."

"What plan could he be up to?" I demanded.

"How should I know?" she retorted. "But he's compelling her to help with it. He has some way to compel her."

"It doesn't make sense," I objected. "Madam is rich and highly connected. Why, Lossie, she has hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities. I've seen them."

"It's contradictory," Lossie said slowly. "If there's some sort of scheme, then it was necessary for Madam to set the river on fire. She had to astonish the town. She had to be a nine days' wonder. And then this Oscar flies into an insane temper because she thinks up the most extravagant caper of all!"

"The one thing that is clear to me," I said gravely, "is that Madam is in this Oscar's power."

"Like in a melodrama," Lossie said, jeering at me.

"Like in a melodrama," I said firmly.

"And so," she said, with a sudden change of attitude and with testiness in her voice, "the hero will fly to the aid of the heroine."

"I am her lawyer," I said.

"To what," she demanded, "does that entitle her?"

I thought that question over and it was not simple to answer. She paid me a retainer, a regular sum of money monthly. That entitled her to call upon me for any reasonable legal service that was ethical or within the law. It entitled her to my loyalty and to my best efforts in her behalf, if called upon.

Lossie had an uncanny way of following my thoughts. "But, Orrin," she asked, "does your retainer entitle her to have you dive in when you don't know how deep it is? Does it require you to volunteer? To stick in your big nose before you're asked?"

"As an officer of the court," I said a bit pompously, "I would be required to take action if I became aware of a wrong or a crime."

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" Lossie jeered. "And just what wickedness have you uncovered, Mr. Officer of the Court?"

"Why," said I after reflection, "none, I guess. Only a disturbing and bewildering state of affairs."

"Which neither of us understands?"

"Which," I agreed, "neither of us understands."

"There are a heap of axioms in the law, aren't there?" she asked.

"Hundreds," I answered.

"All right, Mr. Smug," she said. "Here's a new one. I just invented it. 'When bewildered, keep your mouth shut and your ears and eyes open.' How's that?"

"Here's another one," I said promptly. "'If you can't tell which is right and which is wrong, then do as you would be done by and hope for the best.'"

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Theatrical Review

I've seen a good school
play at last;
Just one.
You'll never guess who's in
the cast . . .
My son!

**Suzanne Douglass**

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

She studied me a moment and nodded her head in agreement. "With the accent," she said, "on 'hope for the best.'"

We reached the canal and crossed the bridge. It was not far down the towpath to the basin and Lizzie Ann. The huge body of Zacharias sat on the after rail and he was puffing placidly on his pipe. His big blue eyes above his bristling golden whiskers did not seem to see us, but as we came abreast he lifted his voice in a bellow.

"Woman," he shouted so it could be heard down the reaches of the canal, "they've come!"

With which he reached down and swung Lossie aboard as if she had no more weight than a feather, and held her aloft so that he could look into her lovely flushed face.

"If," she said contentedly, "I could wade through your beard I'd give you a big kiss."

"Aim for my nose," Zach said delightedly. "My mouth's jest underneath it."

"You put that child down and demean yourself," snapped a nasal voice from the hatchway. "You hyper right daown here, Lizzie Ann, and give your ma a smack."

It was warm and cozy in the cabin, and there was the pleasant odor of baking and of maple burning in the cookstove. One could not imagine a higher state of cleanliness, and Maw Wheelright was as neat as the cozy room, with hair tightly combed and twisted into a bun on top of her head. She bustled. Even when she sat still in her rocker she seemed to be bustling. In spite of her years, she was the most alive person I ever knew.

"Ye look right peart, darlin', what with the frost on your cheeks," she said comfortably. "The purtiest age," she added, "is jest when a gal's comin' to life and hain't yit aware of what's happenin' to her. . . . What's vexin' you 'n' her, Orrin? Had a spat?"

"No spat, Maw Wheelright," I replied. "We're just worried."

"If," Zach's woman said, "ye hain't obleeged to keep shet about it, then ye fetched it to the right place. Zach's got the muscles and I got the mother wit."

Zach was amused. "Yup," he said fondly, "and ye got what turned Lot's wife into a bag of salt."

"When I was here earlier today," I said to him, "you told me there was talk along the canal. That you might be willing to tell me about."

"I hear tell," Zacharias said, apparently avoiding the question, "that ye run a medicine show out of taown."

"It should be gone by this time," I answered.

"Ye ketched 'em aworkin' that disjointin' caper with the boy?"

"Yes," I told him.

"They been afollerin' the canal along from Albany, mostly gittin' hauled from place to place on canal boats. So they kind of come to our attention."

"They would be noticed," I agreed.

"When two, three boats ties up together for the night," Zach said, "the's gossipin'."

"Like a passel of crows congregatin' in a hick'ry tree," interjected Maw Wheelright. "Canawlers talks to canawlers. But this here medicine troupe lickered up and talked to anybuddy."

"So," said Zach, "we come by the knowledge that they wan't jest atravelin' 'n' sellin' their remedies 'n' tendin' to their other normal business, like pickin' pockets. But they was seekin' somebuddy."

"I think I know," I said. "A man who was strangled and put in our barn."

Zach shook his head. "That hadn't happened yit," he said. "Nay! 'Twan't that murdered man they was aseekin'. From what we pieced together, here 'n' there, we calc'lated it was a female. We kind of come to the conclusion she jumped ship daown in Pennsylvania 'n' gobbled up all the money was in the box. Quite a sum they'd took in durin' a favorable season."

"After that," Zach's woman said, "seems like they couldn't hold the show together. Not big as it used to be."

"Some performers skedaddled," said Zach. "A knife-throwin' artist 'n' another they called the Dook 'n' others."

"Who," I told him, "was the murdered man we found in our barn."

"Dew tell!" Zach exclaimed.

"Them," said Zach's woman, "that live by the sword shall die by the sword."

"'Twan't a sword killed him, woman," Zach said; "it was stranglin'."

"Ye was of a mind to git our advice about suthin," said Maw Wheelright. "Naow's a fit time to ask it."

She rose and lifted the pot from the stove and poured its aromatic contents into four cups. From the cupboard she took a great plate of ginger cookies and fat, sugared white cookies.

"Growin' children," she said, "should eat frequent."

Lossie and I moved up to the table. It was growing dark and outside could be heard the whistling of a northwest wind which was likely to bring snow. The Lizzie Ann was motionless, not stirred by the gale, because the thickening ice held her firmly.

While we munched cookies and drank scalding tea there was no conversation, just comfort and companionship. Then there came the sudden trampling of heavy feet on the deck above and a rasping voice called down the hatchway, "You, Applegate! If you're down there, come up!"

Zach stood up, his big blue eyes narrowing.

"Sounds hostile," said his woman. "Better see who, Zach."

His big frame mounted the steps until his head appeared abovedeck.

"Who be you," he asked in his great voice, "and what's wanted?"

"We want Applegate," said the same unpleasant voice.

Zach climbed through the opening and stood on deck. I followed him and stood at his side. Confronting us were nigh onto a dozen men, and in the twilight I recognized them as members of the Umatilla Indian patent-medicine troupe. Some were performers, others teamsters or laborers of some sort. But tall, handsome Gideon Weeks was not among them.

"What," I asked, "are you doing in town yet? What do you want with me?"

"We come," grated the pickpocket, "to do to you like you done to Gideon Weeks."

"And what," I demanded, "did I do to Gideon Weeks?"

"You wrung his neck!" yelled the man beside the pickpocket, and he leaped for me.

It was somewhat of a battle before it ended. There were several of them, and only Zacharias Wheelright and I. But the space was narrow and we were not of negligible size. I heard Zach bellow and then I was busy. My fists whacked against bone, and fists struck at me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Zach lift the pickpocket in his mighty arms and hurl him at his companions. A man tried to grasp my legs, but I kicked him in the chest and that was all for him. They gave back and we moved forward, and presently what was left of them turned tail and ran. But four or five remained prone or writhing in agony. I hoisted one of the latter to his feet and shook him.

"Now," I demanded, "what's the meaning of this?"

"He's dead with his neck twisted," the man whined. "Weeks is dead, and you done it."

"Throttled?" I asked.

"Neck twisted like a chicken's."

"Why," I demanded, shaking the fellow vigorously, "do you think I killed him?"

"Stands to reason," the man whimpered. "Killed the Dook, didn't ye? In your barn. Same way. Ye was runnin' Weeks out of taown. Mebby he didn't skedaddle quick enough."

I tossed the creature to the deck. "We'd better call the police," I said to Zacharias Wheelright.

"What fur?" Zach demanded. "Calc'late these'll be able to walk away by themselves. I don't favor dealin' with the police."

"That's right, Orrin," piped up Zach's woman. "Least said soonest mended."

Lossie spoke then, almost for the first time since we came aboard, and there was something in her eyes I never had seen before. She did not jeer at me nor belittle me. Her fingers bit into my arm. "Goodness gracious," she exclaimed in a little girl's voice, "but you're a dandy fighter!"

"Him 'n' Zach," said his woman in her high, metallic voice, "is a pair. Come back daown 'n' finish your piece."

We went back down into the warmth of the cabin and Maw Wheelright replenished our cups.

"But who killed Mr. Weeks? And why?" I asked aloud.

"Somebuddy," Maw replied, "that prefers fingers to weepons."

"The same one," Lossie added, "who throttled the Duke."

I was uncomfortable about the whole business; I mean that it had happened while Lossie was there to be a part of it. Certainly it had been no place for a lady.

"Lossie," I accused myself, "I got you into this mess."

She grinned up at me like a naughty urchin and made a curtsy. "Mr. Applegate," she said, "if you got me into more messes like this one, I'd stick to you tighter than a bur."

Maw Wheelright was bobbing her head and her little eyes were twinkling.

"Boy," she said, "Lossie got you into plenty mischief when you was children. It's high time ye done the same by her now you've growed up."

Lossie shook her head. "He'd never do it by himself," she said. "I have to inveigle him."

Because Gideon Weeks was a low person, a kind of tramp, and with a medicine show, the authorities made very little fuss about his death. His troupe had no desire to be mixed up with the law, but only wanted to get out of town as quickly as possible. So there was an end of it so far as I was concerned, and my name never came up. But those Umatilla people held a grudge against me, as was but natural. However, they scattered. It was the end of the show. They sold their horses and left their van in a lot by the livery barn and took themselves away.

I was very busy with the arrangements for Madam Janeway's barbecue. The authorities gave permission to have the affair in Clinton Square. When the account of it appeared in the papers, it caused a great deal of excitement, not only in Syracuse but as far away as Albany and New York, for it appeared that nobody ever had planned that sort of thing for charity before, and certainly never on so huge a scale. If Madam desired to be talked about, she certainly won her heart's desire. There were chalkplate portraits of her in papers as far away as Boston and Brooklyn, which, I must say, resembled her very little. Certainly no one would have recognized her from these caricatures.

She spent hours in my office, and Lossie came along with her. I must say that Madam had a genius for planning and making arrangements. All I had to do was to carry out, to the best of my ability, her directions. On the appointed day all was ready, and Syracuse was agog. The indigent, who were to be the beneficiaries of Madam's bounty, were massed in one place and there restrained until the signal for their rush should be given.

North of the canal I had caused to be erected a platform twenty feet square upon which were stacked five thousand loaves of bread. This was flanked by roasting ovens and piles of split wood to feed them. There was a table at the north a hundred feet long, and a bandstand, and a reviewing stand for notables. It might have meant food to the hungry, but to others it was an amazing spectacle. I estimated that twenty thousand people from town or from the surrounding country crowded all space left available for spectators. They jammed windows overlooking the square and occupied roofs high above the street. Half a dozen excursion trains brought holidaymaking crowds to the city.

At half past ten on that beautiful morning the signal was given and the beneficiaries of the feast were turned loose to rush in a body upon the great pile of bread and the roasted meat. It was nearly a riot, and it continued until midafternoon, when the throng dwindled and only the debris of the sensational barbecue remained to be cleaned up and disposed of.

It had been a tremendous success. Madam Janeway's name was on every tongue, either in praise and friendship, or in jealousy and malice. But to me the strangest phenomenon of the day was the invisibility of the benefactress. She was not present. She did not gratify her eyes by watching the event. It was not like her. I would have expected her to be much in evidence, basking in the applause, delighting in the excitement and the cheers and the publicity of it. But from morning until night she concealed herself. It was not modesty. Knowing Madam as I did, associating with her as I had done, I was positive that nothing could have kept her away save dire illness or physical force.

When half the day had elapsed without her appearance, I felt it my duty to seek the reason for it. So I withdrew from the great crowd and hastened to her house across the street from Lossie's and my own.

I rang the bell. It was unanswered. I pounded on the side door to no avail; nor did I have better fortune at the kitchen door. From inside came neither sound nor movement. Doors and windows were securely locked. In the barn the handsome team of horses trampled and munched in their stalls. The coachman snored in his room. I awakened him.

"Where is everybody?" I demanded. "Where is Madam?"

He looked up at me with sleep-bleared eyes. "Dunno, Mr. Applegate," he said.

TOM HENDERSON

"Now here's a comfortable style. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hain't seed hide nor hair of any of 'em all day."

I returned to Clinton Square to supervise the cleaning up, and then hurried home in time for supper. I was confronted by a mystery. I was nonplused and apprehensive.

Lossie must have been watching for me in her front window, for she came to the door and called to me. I walked to the foot of the steps and waited for her to speak.

"Chores finished?" she asked.

"All I can do until tomorrow."

She leaned her slender shoulder against a post. "Worried?" she asked.

"Why should I be?" I countered.

"I would be if I were you," she said.

"Why would you be worried?"

"Her lawyer, aren't you?"

"You know I am."

"If," she said, "I were a lawyer and my best client, who is the vainest woman in the world, failed to appear on the day most likely to tickle her vanity, I'd be pretty startled."

"I am, Lossie," I said frankly.

"I saw you trying to get into her house," she said.

"Not a soul there."

Lossie settled her shawl about her shoulders and sat down on the top step, patting the place beside her in invitation. I sat down and rested my head on my fists.

"She wouldn't have missed all the hullabaloo willingly," Lossie said.

"No," I agreed. "Not willingly."

"I'm thinking," Lossie said, "about what we overheard."

"Madam and Oscar?"

"His rage about this barbecue," she said.

"It was rage, Lossie," I said, "but it was also something else. It was fear."

She nodded. "Afraid," she said, "of Madam's calling attention to herself in such a big way."

I nodded unhappily. "So he hid her away so strangers coming to town couldn't see her."

Lossie agreed with me. "It could be nothing else," she said. She sat in moody silence for a minute and then she turned to me. "But Madam is kind," she protested, as if someone had denied it. "She's generous. She loves to give. She sympathizes with the unfortunate. Those things are real."

"You would know better than I." Then, after a pause, "But why should Oscar be afraid of notoriety? What right had he to be afraid of notoriety? Just a servant."

"A knife-throwing servant," Lossie said softly.

"It's a strange relationship," I said.

"Only you and I know about it," Lossie said, with a wrinkle between her eyes.

"He has," I said, "some way of making Madam obey him." I thought about that phase of the matter. "He could," I said, "be a criminal who has got a hold on her and means to rob her of her money."

"Is she really rich, Orrin?"

"I think she is very rich," I said. "I've seen thick packages of stocks and bonds. I know she has deposited some of them with Banker Watts and with that fawning little Jethro Willis over at Binghamton."

"Why would she deposit them with bankers?"

"For safekeeping," I explained. "We know she is highly connected."

"How do we know?" Lossie asked. "Did she ever say so?"

"Not in my hearing. But Banker Watts knows about it or he would not have stood as her sponsor in Syracuse."

"What relation is she to Dan'l Drew, the millionaire?"

"Mr. Watts must know, and Jethro Willis, and Horatio Dewitt over in Albany. I've

(Continued on Page 68)

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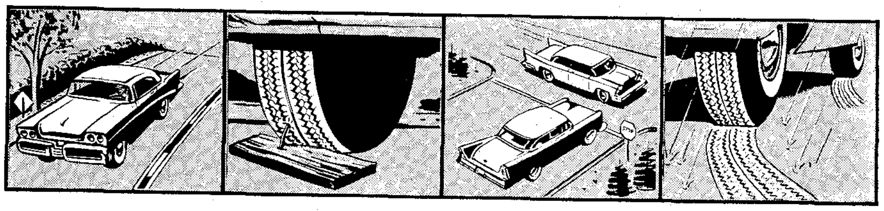

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*Extra-wide, flat* tread gives added stability, reduces side-slip, boosts cornering safety.

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KELLY
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(*Continued from Page 66*) never heard her mention him. But they must know. It seems sure he does things for her—not little things, but up in the hundreds of thousands."

Lossie pondered. "Most folks think she is his illegitimate daughter," she said. "Do you think Oscar is trying to steal her money?"

"That might be difficult," I said. "If her wealth is in stocks and bonds and in her name, Oscar couldn't negotiate them."

"Unless," Lossie said, "he could compel her to sign her name to them—or if he were a forger and signed her name so it couldn't be detected."

"Yes."

"Orrin," Lossie said, and her voice was strained with apprehension, "two people have been murdered since Madam came to town."

"Medicine-show people," I answered. "If not criminals, then on the fringe. There could be no connection with Madam Janeway."

"Was Oscar a medicine-show performer," she asked, "and *maybe* a member of this same troupe?"

"That," I said, "we do not know."

"But we suspect," she said. "Orrin," she asked worriedly, "has Madam Janeway ever asked you, as her attorney, to do anything that—that disturbed you?"

"You mean that was unethical?"

"I mean," she said, "that could get you *into* trouble."

"Never," I said positively.

"Has she given you the combination to that safe she had placed in your office?"

"No," I told her. "There's been no reason for it. So far as I know, the safe is empty."

"Do you know that we two are the only ones in all Syracuse who suspect something is wrong in that house across the way?"

"I suppose we are," I answered uncomfortably.

"I just most particularly hope," she said, "that Oscar doesn't find out about us. Or, for the matter of that, Madam Janeway."

> What a man has on his conscience was probably put there by a woman.
>
> ROBERT FITCH

"Nonsense," I said sharply.

"Didn't those medicine-show people tell you the Duke was a snoop?" she asked. "And maybe died because of it?"

"Gideon Weeks intimated as much."

"Could it be—could it possibly be that Mr. Weeks was a snoop also? And died of snooping?"

"I suppose it is possible. There must have been a reason of some sort."

"I'd *think* so," she said, and rather hastily added, "I don't think one man would throttle another just to exercise his fingers."

"What a thing to say!" I rebuked her. "Not ladylike."

"I wish," she said pettishly, "your mother never had given you that Book of Decorum for Christmas. Why can't you imitate Colonel Ingersoll and be an agnostic about it?"

"About a book of decorum!"

"Certainly," she said. "If he can have doubts about the truth of things in the Bible, you could be agnostic enough to think that some of those rules of good manners and behavior are all stuff and nonsense. Which," she said, clapping her hands together, "they most certainly are."

"Lossie Fox," I said, "what would happen if your mother heard you talk like that?"

"She," said Lossie, "would blow up and bust. Oh, I wish I were a canawler."

"So you could be positively lawless?" I asked.

"And not have a smidgin of manners," she said.

"Canawlers!" I exclaimed. And then, "But, Lossie, Captain Zacharias Wheelright and his woman have very fine and gentle manners."

"They didn't get them out of a book!" she snapped.

Which was true. The gentleness and consideration which Zach Wheelright and his woman showed at all times and on all occasions never were learned from the printed page.

"Come on in to supper," Lossie invited suddenly. "We got partridges and mince pie."

"Sure you got enough?" I asked.

"If you don't make a pig of yourself," she told me. "Go tell your mother and I'll tell the cook."

I went home and washed and shaved and put on clean linen and crossed to Lossie's house, which I entered without knocking, as I had done ever since I could walk. I hung my coat and hat on the black-walnut hall tree and was about to step into the back parlor. But Lossie called to me from the front parlor, which was in darkness. Dimly I could see her kneeling before the big window with its lace curtains pushed aside.

"Look," she said.

I looked across the street. Lights were coming on, one by one, in Madam Janeway's residence until it became a blaze of light. I saw Oscar draw the shades in the library, but could see into Madam's bedroom on the second floor. Madam stood there before her dresser, staring into the wide mirror. Suddenly, startlingly, she picked up a statuette and with all her strength hurled it into the looking glass, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

Lossie nudged me. "Something," she said mischievously, "has made Madam lose her temper."

"Pull down that shade," I commanded, "and stop snooping."

"That would be best," she said with an impish grin. She felt of her slender neck and made a face at me. "Throttling isn't a death I covet."

Mrs. Fox's voice called to us. "Children" she bade, "come sit down. Supper's ready."

TO BE CONTINUED

## My Husband, Arthur Murray (Continued from Page 37)

parasite, added to my boredom and unhappiness, made me feel completely unnecessary.

Unlike my father, who showered my beautiful mother with attentions, Arthur is not a demonstrative person. I can't remember him ever calling me "dear" or "sweetheart" or any pet name. It's not even "Kate"; it's "Kathryn," and when he thinks I'm being bossy he calls me "Madam." Like most men, Arthur shows his love in actions, not in words. How much heartache I endured before I saw this! As a bride I was too young to realize what it meant when he talked business with me until two and three in the morning. That was his way of showing me how much he valued my opinion and how much he wanted me to share his life. But I didn't understand.

My suicide attempt took place one evening in September, 1930, after we had returned from a picnic with some families living in our Mount Vernon apartment house. It was during prohibition, and I can remember drinking homemade wine—not much, but even one drink makes me dull, depressed and misty-headed.

Feeling sick, when we got back to our apartment, I went into the bathroom and locked the door. That is the last thing I remember. The window was rather high up and small. I must have climbed up on a chair, opened it and jumped out.

In the next room, Arthur heard shouts and commotion outside on the lawn. He leaned out the window and saw me three stories below, stretched out unconscious on my back.

The next thing I remember was darkness and an indistinct figure bending over me. I've always been afraid of the dark; I was frightened now and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm your nurse. You're in the Mount Vernon Hospital."

Then I relapsed into unconsciousness. For days I lay flat on my stomach while Arthur brought up a parade of specialists from New York to examine me. I was too full of dope to be conscious of very much, but I remember the day Dr. Benjamin Farrell came, an elderly man who has since died. I couldn't turn my head to see him, but I liked the sound of his voice and the sure, gentle touch of his fingers. I told Arthur I wanted him to do the operation on my fractured spine, and I was moved to the Orthopaedic Hospital in New York.

The little knobs on the human spine are called "processes." Doctor Farrell's special technique was an operation called a fusion, which means that the processes are removed with a hammer and chisel, and chopped fine; then the bits of bone are placed along the broken segment of the spine. After the patient has spent weeks of total immobility, nature fuses the backbone together.

The operation took three and a half hours. Arthur stood in the viewer's section reserved for medical students and watched the surgeon's deft maneuvers, knowing that one slip of the chisel could sever my spinal cord. When the operation was safely over, we were told it would be weeks before we knew whether I could ever walk again.

No one could have had a more loving or devoted husband than I had during the long months of my convalescence. Arthur came to the hospital twice a day, morning and evening. The twins, who were curly-headed darlings of four, came on Sundays. I was incased in a rigid brace that extended from shoulders to hips. I could move my head, but that was all.

Arthur rigged up a special device to hold a book, but I found that my eyes tired very quickly reading at that angle. Mostly I just lay there staring at the ceiling, gripped by despair. I thought I had sentenced myself to a wheel chair for life. But gradually, as the doctors expressed satisfaction with my progress, I began to hope. Now all my thoughts were directed toward becoming whole and well. I vowed that if only I could move and walk and dance once more, I would never yield again to mental depression.

I had the same day nurse for five months; if I had it to do over again I'd change nurses every week. We got so edgy that we fought over who would eat the lamb chops. But she had a lot of salty tales about life in a small Minnesota town that dried my tears of self-pity. One was about an ambitious mother who wanted her daughter to be an opera star and fretted constantly about her straining her voice. Whenever the daughter let herself go with the church choir, the mother would stand up at her pew and scream, "Don't strain yourself, Elsie!" That has become our favorite family saying whenever one of us gets overambitious.

On one of Arthur's visits to the hospital he bent over to greet me with a kiss, and I felt a wad of paper in his coat pocket. I asked, "What on earth do you have in there?" and it seemed to me that he was evasive.

Jealousy struck—I demanded to see the papers he was carrying, and as I thumbed through them I came across a telephone number in a girl's handwriting. Arthur claimed he couldn't remember whose number he was carrying. I didn't believe him. Finally he tried to clear himself by phoning the number in my presence.

I heard him say, "Hello, I am Arthur Murray of the Arthur Murray School of Dancing, and I've forgotten why I have your telephone number in my pocket." There was a pause. Evidently someone else had been called to the phone because Arthur went through the same spiel again. Then I saw him grin. He handed me the phone. I heard a woman say, "Listen, Mr. Murray, we're cooks and bottle washers, and we don't want no dance lessons!" The phone number belonged to a restaurant-bakery near the hospital where Arthur had stopped to buy some cookies for me. He had asked for the phone number to use for future orders.

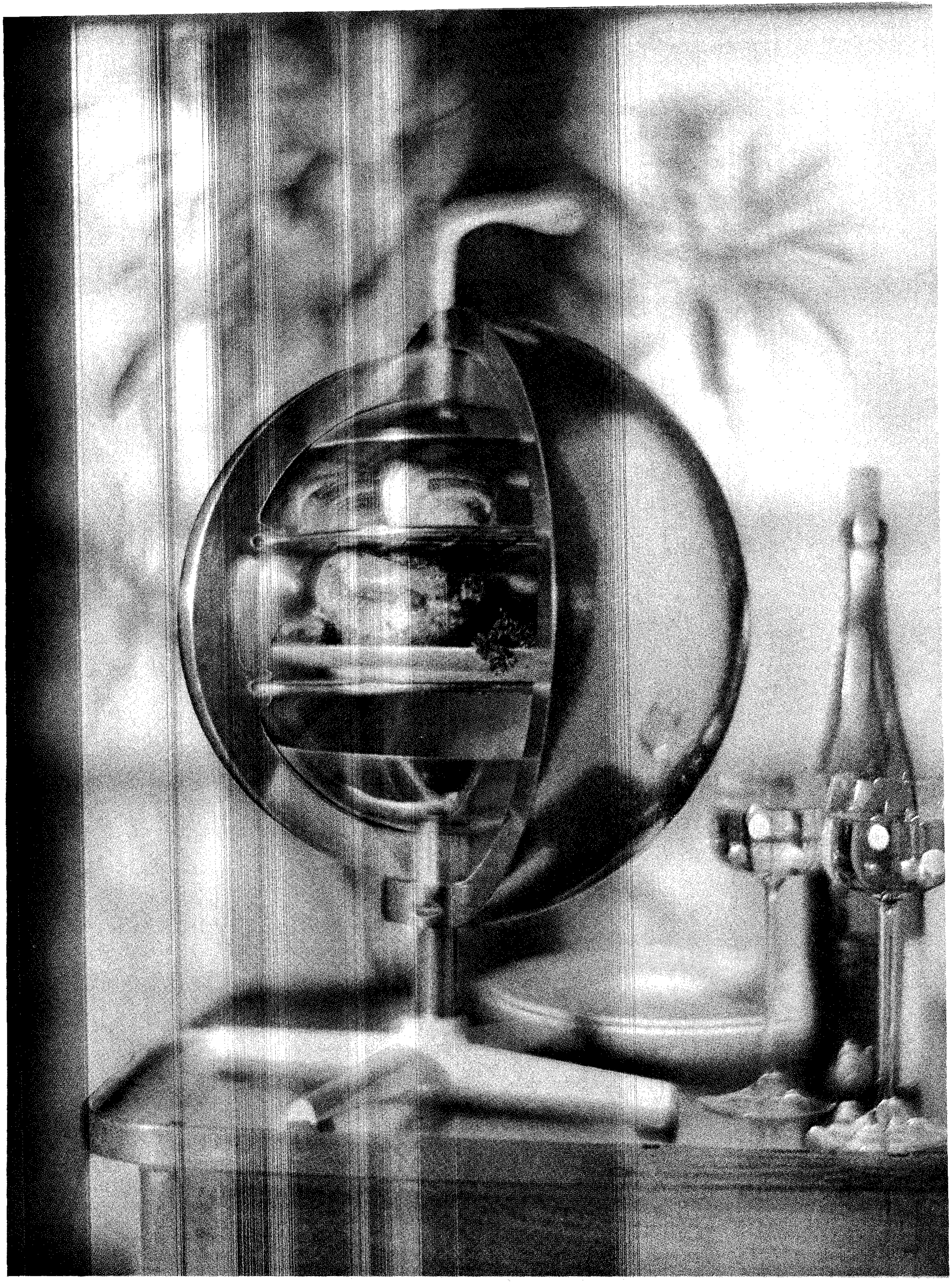
I spent Christmas and New Year's in the hospital. In February I came home. For a year afterward I was afraid to lean over, and I brushed my teeth bending from the knees. Later I found I could bend forward. Although the small of my back is still rigid today, I can do practically any dance step except a deep backward arch.

Arthur did not want to take me back to our old apartment, so we bought a pretty, white Georgian house in Harrison, New York. It had two guest rooms, which Arthur filled with New York friends every weekend in an attempt to cheer me up. But I had learned my lesson; I thanked God I wasn't a hopeless cripple, and I looked on each new day as so much velvet.

We were in the midst of the depression, with banks failing, able-bodied men selling apples, the carriage class stunned by misfortune. It took all of Arthur's ingenuity and courage to keep going. Our studio space shrank from six entire floors to two, and our rates for dance lessons were cut in half. Arthur talked business with me half the night, wondering how to attract more students.

Arthur has always spent heavily for advertising. He has to, since we do not grow by word-of-mouth recommendations, like other service industries. Americans who take dance lessons—particularly the men—like to keep it a secret.

Why is this true? Compared to European men, Americans really need instruction in dancing. When Arthur and I were abroad we (*Continued on Page 72*)



Portable aluminum oven designed for the Alcoa Collection by Greta Magnusson Grossman. Photographed by Edgar De Evia.

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***New York Life Presents** the 35th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

# Should your Child enter the Clergy?

*by Hartzell Spence, Author of "One Foot in Heaven"*
*and many magazine articles on religious and humanitarian subjects.*

THREE out of five Americans are now members of some church or synagogue. Such a majority has never before enrolled in religious organizations in the United States. Thus there is a great need for ministers.

Your son or daughter may have been called by God to be one of His spiritual helpers at this critical time. But how can you—or your child—be sure? Should you encourage your child to become a minister, priest or rabbi?

To begin with, you must throw away many of your old ideas about what it means to be a clergyman. The ministry is no longer solely a calling. It has become also one of the most exacting and exciting of all the professions. Today's clergy—of whatever faith—must be literally all things to all men: preacher, teacher, pastor, counsellor, advisor, administrator, architect and financier. To accomplish all these vocations, the minister must be a sociologist, humanitarian and businessman, as well as theologian and public speaker.

### A challenging career

The minister is expected, in his personal life, to be an example of saintliness and devotion to God a cut above even his most dedicated parishioner. In this age, too, he must have enough courage to stand up and be counted on the great ethical questions of our time, and yet be tactful enough to lead his parishioners to share his own beliefs. He must walk sure-footedly along the cutting edge of life, amid the tragedies, frustrations, monotonies and precious dreams of men and women assailed on every hand by uncertainty and change and fear.

Above all, the minister must believe, and by example and persuasion prove, that God is not somewhere on the sidelines of life, as He is for so many persons today, but is the end and all of being. He must be confident that God has placed in his hands, in the ageless precepts of his religion, a greater understanding of the true meaning of life and death, and he must have the power to communicate this confidence to others. The millions of new searchers for a faith, who today are crowding the churches and synagogues without quite knowing why they are there, must have a leader, not a follower of the congregation; a fighter, not an apologist; a teacher who will give them a God who touches them where they live: in the family circle, in shop and union, in office and business, not just in church on a sunny Sabbath day.

What a challenge!

You probably are thinking by now that nobody—not even your child—is equal to such a task. The truth is: few are. About half of all aspirants fail to make the grade. The clergy, of whatever faith, is a select and special group unlike any other fraternity anywhere. It is comprised of those called by God to carry out His will on earth. But the history of the ministry would seem to prove that God has moved even quite ordinary men to be great in His work, and has endowed His ministers with the necessary skills, once they had the faith. So it is well to remember that, although the ministry requires unusual attributes, some great church leaders have been men of less than superior talent or education whose faith and zeal God has used to His advantage.

### Demands and privileges

Another thing: if you feel that your child might be making a sacrifice by entering the clergy, dismiss the thought at once. True: he'll never be money-rich. True: if he is qualified to be a successful clergyman, he is equally capable of being a successful corporation president, judge, senator, doctor, or almost anything else you might desire for him. True: if you are a Roman Catholic, your son will never give you grandchildren or have a home of his own. True: your child may seem to be buried for years ministering in a lowly parish far from home. He may work all his life at labors which you consider insignificant, even futile. He probably never will become celebrated with the red hat of a cardinal, or the miter of an Episcopal bishop, or the presidency of his denomination, or leadership of a great synagogue on Fifth Avenue; such fame probably will elude him. But to God's ministers these are not sacrifices. They are the privileges of service which, permitting a share in need and pain, bring greatest joy. This may be hard for you, the parent, to understand. But if your son understands, and still wants to go on, then he is halfway there, and you may confidently give him your blessing and encourage him to go.

But how can you be sure that your child has been called by God? How can you know that this is not just a timid child's way of escaping from the competition of earthly life, for example? Or the egotistical whim of a boy orator? Or a delusion that here is an easy way to become an important leader of men? All these, and many other misplaced zeals, have convinced youngsters that they were called of God.

### Qualifications for success

If you have such reservations, the modern battery of psychological tests will be of great value to you and your youngster in determining whether he will be a worthy servant of God. His I.Q. will be 120 or higher. His aptitude tests will score high in the social sciences, salesmanship, organizational ability and teaching. His personality inventory will show him sensitive to people and their problems, curious about life, possessed of a deep sense of obligation and respect for duty which makes him drive himself continuously beyond the limits of his strength. He will show a practical stubbornness tempered by sufficient humility that he can concede to others. He will possess emotional maturity. He will be neat, speak persuasively in correct grammar, be courteous and mannerly, cheerful and optimistic, and will have a sense of humor which enables him to laugh at his own mistakes. He will have a strong physique and not a lazy bone in his body. Tests now given widely in theological seminaries prove that if a candidate is seriously lacking in many of the above characteristics, his chances are doubtful.

Does he like to hitch his wagon to a star? Does his idealism overwhelm you? Does he stand up for his convictions against mockers and scorners? Does he love all kinds of people with genuine concern? Is he a strong leader and yet a happy follower? You should be able to answer "yes" to most of these questions.

### The call to serve

A phenomenon of today's young candidates for the clergy is that almost half of them do not, at the apprentice stage, have a clear-cut concept of God and, in the Christian ministry, an equally positive acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Son of God. For the other half there is no question: most of them decided on the priestly vocation in their earliest teens and stuck with it. But a growing number of young men and women, many from non-religious homes, are choosing the ministry while they are in college. They have decided that there must be more to life than fame and money; they want their lives to count for something important. They are drawn to the clergy by an unseen hand; many resist it, and almost certainly their fiancees try to discourage them. In these young people the seminaries today are finding some of their strongest students. So it is quite possible that your son or daughter, well along in plans for another career, may telephone you some midnight of a decision to enter the ministry. At this you may confidently rejoice, for there is no explaining such an action except in supernatural terms. Here, surely, is a call from God, even to a youngster who has given little previous thought to religion.

Certain additional qualifications are important in the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Jewish rabbinate.

The Catholic priesthood entails complete surrender to the will of God as directed by the church. Candidates for holy orders must be overwhelmed at age twelve or thirteen by the thrill of devoting their entire lives to Christ's work, wherever it may call them, to the exclusion of all earthly considerations. They are to be part of the body of Christ, and for them that is the greatest possible honor. Lads whose bent is toward religious education would probably join one of the teaching orders, such as the Jesuits or Dominicans, rather than the diocesan clergy. Young men to whom the monastery appeals would enroll with an order such as the Trappists, and devote their lives to contemplation and study. If their religious ardor is evangelistic, they would probably unite with a missionary order. The Roman Catholic priesthood, therefore, requires that some character traits and religious convictions be in sharper focus than does the Protestant ministry. It would be well for parents of Catholic boys who desire to become priests to consult someone within the church who knows the child well, and can steer him into the channel which would make best use of his talents and temperament.

The rabbinate also makes special demands upon its candidates. In America, the role of the rabbi has undergone great changes. Seldom is he called upon, as in Europe, to be the patriarch of his flock. Rather, he tends in the Reform branch to function much in the manner of the Protestant minister, in the Conservative branch to be preacher-teacher, and only among the Orthodox groups is he still largely a scholar-saint. To become a rabbi involves enormous scholarship and prodigious memory, a veneration of Jewish law and tradition, and special ceremonial skills. Humanitarian zeal and the ability to lead social crusades are particularly important, and infinite patience to face the special heartaches of a minority group. But essentially, the same traits which characterize any clergyman would hold good in determining whether your child should become a rabbi.

### Women's place in the Clergy

What about your daughter? If she is a Protestant, there is a future for her in the ministry. There are now nearly 7,000 women preachers. Sixty-three denominations ordain women. No special requirements, beyond those for male candidates, are necessary.

### What about education?

A college degree is almost essential now, and this is only the beginning. Protestants generally require at least three post-college years of special training in seminary. The Roman Catholics merge college and seminary into a six-year course. Jewish studies involve at least as much time. The work is difficult, with little time for play. Exceptional grades must be maintained. More than that, the candidate's personality and habits are under constant scrutiny. One who is to serve God must be a man or woman of Godly mien, and grow in Grace. The cost of education is not too expensive a burden on the parent. All religious organizations have scholarship funds and work programs to help deserving students. It is safe to say that no worthy candidate for the clergy is ever refused an opportunity for lack of funds.

What about material rewards? They are not great, but the day of the poverty-stricken clergy is almost gone. Catholic priests, having no families, receive their needs and often many comforts, but little else. In the Protestant denominations, salaries and housing are now respectable, with adequate, actuarially-sound retirement funds provided by most churches. The average Protestant minister receives at least $4,000 a year and his residence; many have salaries of $8,000 to $15,000, a few even more. Most rabbis also do well, in the Reform and Conservative branches earning $7,500 a year up, plus generous gifts and fees for ceremonials.

### Family life

What about family life? In the Catholic priesthood, of course, there is none. The priest foregoes this happiness for a different one. In other faiths, clergymen these days no longer find their wives and children set apart; they no longer live in a goldfish bowl on top of an ivory tower. The wife need be no more active in church work than she desires to be. But a minister can be ruined in his calling by a discordant spouse. A young man who contemplates entering the ministry must find a mate who shares his own idealism, who is devoid of jealousy or envy, who is happy because her husband is doing what he must do, and will not try to deflect him or shape him to her own ambitions.

It is often remarked that ministers' families, who are spared the erosions and competitions of business, who don't have to compete with the Joneses, who need not worry, as others often must, about unemployment or security, who enjoy from their closeness to God a serenity and confidence that escapes most of their neighbors, seem to be so much happier than most other people. When, as sometimes happens, the clergyman must face controversy, hostility and personal heartache, the family's trust in God draws it closer together, fortifying it against undue anxiety. If happiness and love are riches, then most ministers' families are very rich indeed.

### Need for Clergymen

What about opportunity? It is as wide as the portals of heaven. There are only 355,000 clergy in America to serve 104,000,000 church members. Every denomination needs more than it has. There will be an acute shortage of clergymen for at least another generation. As the churches expand—and all of them are growing—they require more and more specialists: teachers, executives, financiers, youth, social and community workers, music directors, research scholars, college presidents, athletic directors, editors and writers, family counsellors, chaplains for the armed forces, industry and in institutions, missionaries, and a host of others. In many of these specialties, no actual preaching from a pulpit is ever required. Almost any skill useful in private life is needed in the ministry.

### Opportunities and rewards

There are hundreds of types of opportunities for clergymen, enough surely to fit the aptitudes and ambitions of any talented youngster. And all are richly rewarding. The minister fills a special role in society. No place is too high for him; he walks among all kinds of people. He is looked up to and trusted by everyone. To him come for guidance the alcoholics, the psychotics, the victims of broken homes, the pre-delinquent children; he it is who stays with these lost sheep and tends them.

Some of his most precious moments will result from sharing with the great rank and file of his parish their moments of death and family crisis, and also their celebrations of happy milestones along life's way, and of being helped and loved in turn by all his people. There is no monotony in such a life. He is never in a rut, never in a squirrel cage. He constantly receives deep spiritual exhilaration as God, through him, touches and helps the downtrodden, charts the unfortunate to a new life, inspires the hesitant, and heals the sick at heart. Each day, fortified by his faith, the minister can test his strength against the whole world, uncover evil, fight oppression, challenge untruth, uphold the virtues and ethics which make men and nations noble.

He can make his life count.

No matter how hard he works, his job is never done, his opportunities never spent, the need for his ministry never abated.

What more could anyone ask of life?

**Booklets available on many careers**

This article is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. It is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are: a list of similar articles on thirty-four other careers which you may send for, and the helpful informative booklet, "Planning for a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop us a postcard.

Nylic

**New York Life**
**Insurance Company**
51 Madison Ave., Dept. P-35, New York 10, N.Y.

*The New York Life Agent*
*in Your Community is a Good Man to Know*

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(*Continued from Page 68*) found London crammed with dance halls, and Copenhagen too, all doing a lively trade, whereas New York City with its more than 7,000,000 inhabitants supports only two nationally known dance palaces, Roseland and the Palladium. Australia, Canada, Bermuda and South Africa have three times as many dance instructors per capita as the United States.

When our first German studio was opened in Frankfurt, we expected mainly women students, since the war left that city with twice as many women as men. We also expected many Americans from the big United States Army installation. To our surprise, the majority of lesson takers were men, and German.

American tourists, startled to see the big neon sign in downtown Frankfurt, ARTHUR MURRAY TANZ SCHULE, are further amused when they step inside and see a pretty, blue-eyed teacher counting crisply to her German partner, "*Ein, zwei, drei*, cha-cha!"

"European men come to the studio under their own steam and learn for their own pleasure," says Ethel Fistere, who opened the Frankfurt studio. "In the States a man enrolls for dancing lessons because his wife or sister or mother has persuaded him, or because he figures it will help him in business."

From the beginning Arthur realized that a campaign to make good dancers of American business and professional men would have to be subtle. For instance, no man will admit he's taking dancing lessons—but he won't mind saying that he's taking *rumba* lessons. It's like the difference between saying your feet hurt and your foot hurts.

Arthur addressed businessmen with dignified ads which ran in leading New York newspapers and business journals: "Does your dancing say 'New York' or 'small town'? Where do the fastidious satisfy their craving for the up-to-the-minute dance steps and instruction? A secret? . . . On the contrary, they happily pass the word about Arthur Murray's delightfully modern studios, where chic meets chic." Pictures of six pretty Arthur Murray girls, with captions explaining their good social backgrounds, illustrated the advertisement.

The ad was noticed by E. B. White, who gently satirized it in The New Yorker: He wrote:

> I am as good material as any dance studio could hope for. Clumsy, awkward, diffident, no social charm, no sense of rhythm, no Tuxedo. . . . Yet what comes of it all? I look at Arthur Murray's six dance instructors . . . and I simply can't make up my mind which one I want. . . . How can I choose one girl from that lovely galaxy, even though I crave the definite air of distinction, the subtle sophistication, the youthful vivacity which would characterize my dancing were I to register at Arthur Murray's? . . .
>
> I'll never be able to narrow my choice down to one dance instructor. I think what I better do is have all the girls down to my place some afternoon for cocktails. No, not you, Mr. Murray—just the girls and me. Any time after five-thirty. Dancing.

Recently he wrote to me, "Your husband, whom I have encountered only on television, is one of the few men I truly envy, as he takes you and glides away across the floor with no mistakes, no hesitation, nothing but grace, felicity and delight. I should have grabbed Barbara Foltz (one of our teachers in the ad) twenty years ago and learned to dance—it must be the perfect way to get rid of life's vapors."

It still isn't too late, Mr. White. Come over any time. No cocktails, though.

Arthur's advertisements, which he wrote himself, were so successful that by the mid-'30's 65 per cent of our students were men. While on a visit to the United States, President Quezon of the Philippines took lessons twice a day. Lowell Thomas, Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan, Ben Bernie and Walter O'Keefe came regularly. The doughty Arctic explorer, Lincoln Ellsworth, slipped up to the studios in a back elevator, his dancing shoes concealed in a paper bag. Hattie Carnegie, New York *couturiére*, took lessons in a cubicle next to one where instruction was being given to Mr. Klein, owner of the famous cut-rate store on 14th Street.

Barbara Hutton came for lessons and proved to be an exquisite dancer. Photographer Margaret Bourke-White found dancing the perfect way to relax after a hard day's work, as did Lilly Daché, Elizabeth Arden and Mrs. Floyd Odlum, then president of Bonwit Teller. One career woman came for eight or nine years and became one of our closest friends—Mary E. Dillon, president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company. She spent many family vacations with us and got to know us well.

Of course, Arthur has been meeting well-known people for many years. While he was teaching dancing in Atlanta, he met political bigwigs and financiers. All of the visiting Metropolitan Opera stars stayed at the Georgian Terrace, and many took lessons from him—Enrico Caruso, Rosa Ponselle and others. When he first tried to teach dancing by mail, William Jennings Bryan advised him, "Send out instructions for the left foot first, and don't send the right foot until they pay up!"

Unlike Arthur, I was not used to celebrities when we married. It was Mary Dillon who taught me how to be comfortable in a roomful of strangers. "Don't barge up to a group of people who are laughing and talking, because you will still be on the outside," she said. "Instead, approach someone who's standing by himself, looking bored and unhappy. Introduce yourself and concentrate on making him smile. You'll forget your self-consciousness, and soon your twosome will attract a circle." I tried it, and it always works.

As the financial depression deepened in the '30's, we acquired a baroness, several countesses and a Russian prince on the staff. But Arthur made a strict rule that titles could not be used. The student, he said, must always be more important than the instructor. Now he needed to reach out for new sources of pupils and persuaded big New York department stores to give their employees lessons during their lunch hour. We had special "gym" rates for those who wanted to exercise as they brushed up their dancing, and two-for-one rates where couples shared a single teacher.

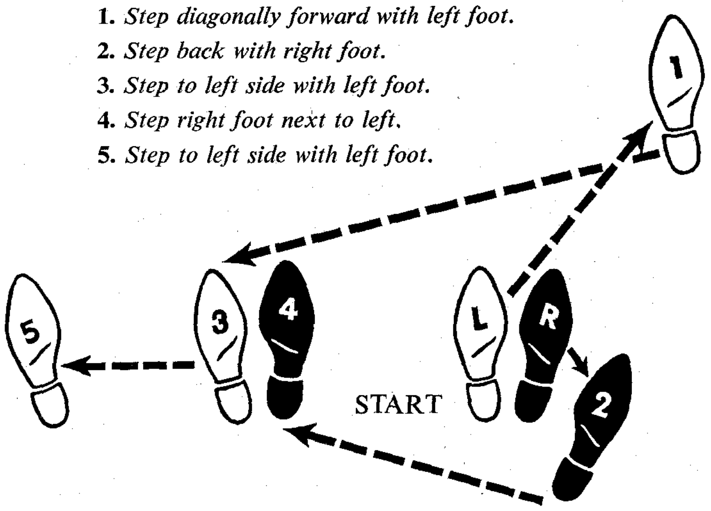
## *Arthur Murray's Dancing Lesson:*

## THE CHA-CHA

There are several ways of counting the basic Cha-Cha. Here is the simplified American version. Count: Slow, slow, quick, quick, quick.

### MAN'S PART

1. *Step diagonally forward with left foot.*
2. *Step back with right foot.*
3. *Step to left side with left foot.*
4. *Step right foot next to left.*
5. *Step to left side with left foot.*



Note again that the first two steps are done slowly, 3, 4 and 5 are taken quickly.

At one time we had as many as eighty teams of dancing teachers on cruise ships and at resort hotels. When the Furness steamship people built Castle Harbour Hotel to attract tourists to Bermuda during the depression, twenty of our teachers were invited to live there as guests of the hotel and, incidentally, enliven the place. It was then a pale pink stucco palace, set among dark green cedars and commanding a sweeping view of the harbor. Everything was in period French, from the Aubusson carpets to the silk shades of the boudoir lamps. The chefs were imported from Le Touquet.

Few of our teachers had ever known such luxury. I recall an engaging young Irish boy whose experience in dining out had been limited to cafeterias. He ordered corn flakes for breakfast. The maître d'hôtel told the headwaiter, who told the captain, who told the assistant waiter, who told the bus boy, who disappeared into the kitchen. After a long wait, a dish of corn flakes actually appeared—an entire boxful presented in a large silver fruit bowl.

During the depression years we sent several teams of dancers to Palm Beach in charge of Herb Richards, the Harvard boy who had originally wanted to be a stockbroker. Herb's charm and good manners made him welcome at Palm Beach parties, and he and his teachers were invited to one fabulous mansion after another. Mrs. Henry Flagler, wife of the railroad magnate, thanked Herb for her lessons by a gift of a large car. Our teachers often receive small remembrances from pupils, but Herb is the only teacher I know who ever received an automobile. Gifts received by Arthur Murray girls are usually handkerchiefs, scarves or perfume, but a butcher once handed his teacher a beautiful raw beefsteak, and one salesman gave his pretty instructor a fire extinguisher. Arthur was suspicious: Was there a leer here?

Although Arthur has always frowned upon romances between pupils and teachers, several Arthur Murray girls have married well-known people. Eleanor Searle married Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Instructor Helen Berrien, a wealthy New York society girl, married Burgess Meredith. Writer James Jones is married to an Arthur Murray girl, and TV and Broadway star Neva Patterson married an Arthur Murray teacher.

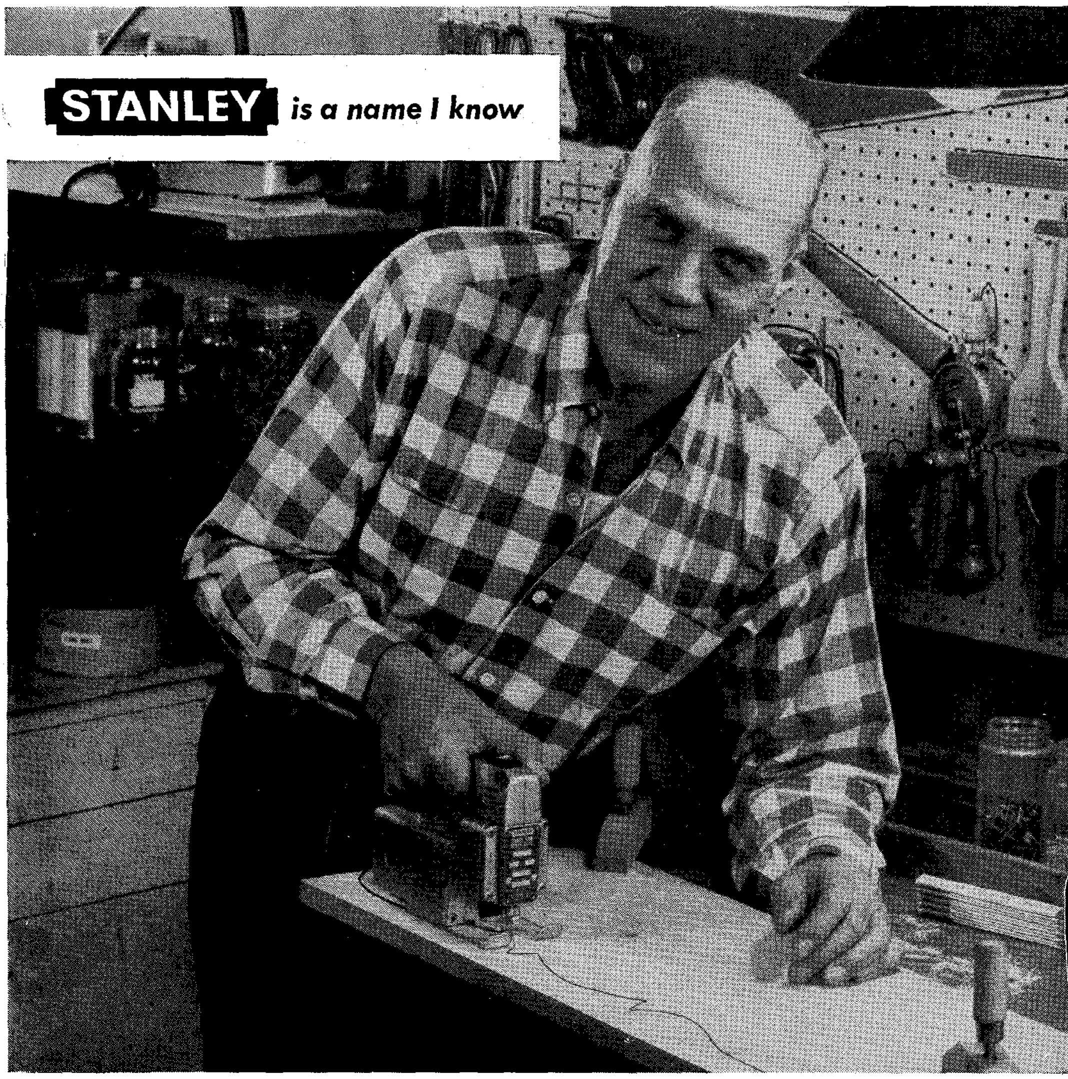
During the '30's, before the widespread use of air conditioning, our studios practically closed down in summer. So Arthur took the family on three-month vacations. After my recovery from a broken back he drove us into the wilds of Canada, to a resort hotel at Murray Bay. One of the hotel guests, a French surgeon from Quebec, immediately wanted Arthur to give him private lessons. To discourage him, my husband quoted a rate of fifty dollars an hour. The surgeon hurried off.

A few days later I came down with acute appendicitis. There was no hospital within a hundred miles. Arthur called on the Quebec surgeon to perform an emergency operation, which he did; acting as assistant, Arthur held a small table lamp over my abdomen. The surgeon, who had not forgotten that Arthur asked fifty dollars an hour for dance lessons, presented a monumental bill.

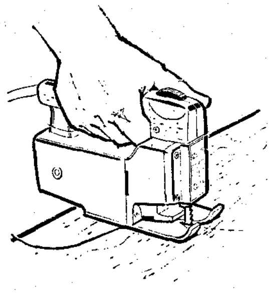
All the guests left, the hotel was boarded up for the winter, and still we lingered on, shivering in the early Canadian winter until I could be safely moved. Arthur spent his time making forays into the backwoods, bargaining for silver-fox skins, and bought enough hand-knit ski sweaters to outfit the entire population of Saint Moritz.

He can seldom resist a bargain. During the

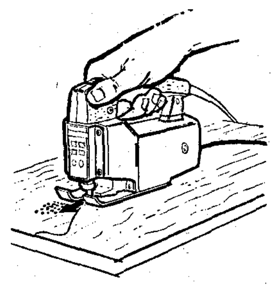
(*Continued on Page 74*)


STANLEY is a name I know

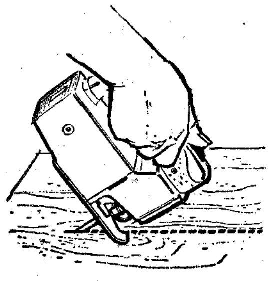
COMMODORE JOHN W. ANDERSON, Master of the SS United States, world's fastest ocean liner.



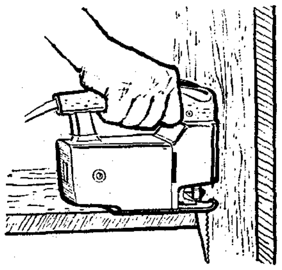
Cuts intricate patterns like scrolls, curves — the easy way!



Powerful chip blower keeps line clean — easy to follow.



Starts own hole in surface of stock. Cuts clean and fast!



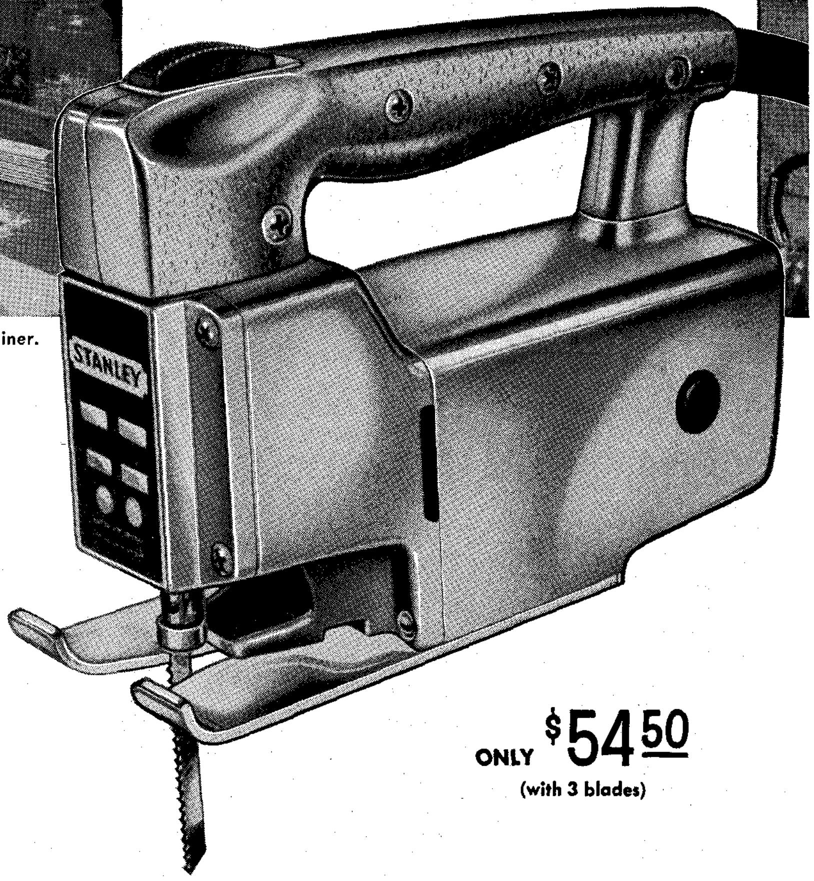
Exclusive feature lets you flush-cut right up to a wall.

# "My Stanley Sabre Saw sails through tricky cutting jobs like a breeze."

"Between voyages, I spend a lot of time in my workshop, building odds and ends for my new home. Naturally I use many different tools, but my new Stanley Sabre Saw is a real lifesaver. I've used it on plastic, Formica®, two-by-fours . . . even steel!

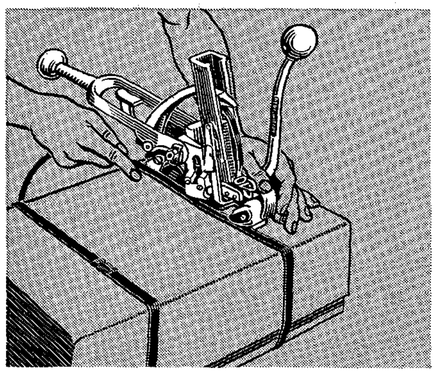
"The thing I like most, though, is the way it handles. It has a nice comfortable feel . . . light but solid. Gives you balanced control for really accurate cutting. And it's got plenty of power for heavy cutting, too. I know it can 'take it . . .' I have Stanley tools here my grandfather used as a ship's carpenter 75 years ago.

"Stanley tools have always been superior, but they've never been better than they are today. These new electric tools prove it, every time I use them."

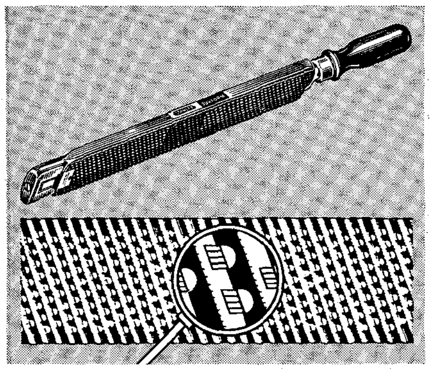


ONLY $54.50
(with 3 blades)

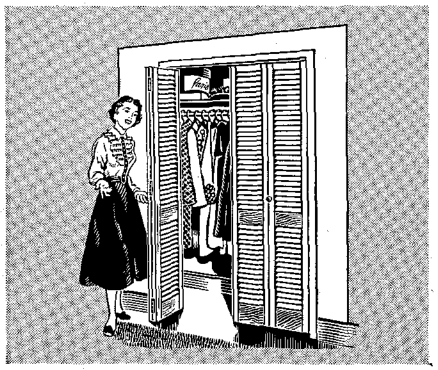
## STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



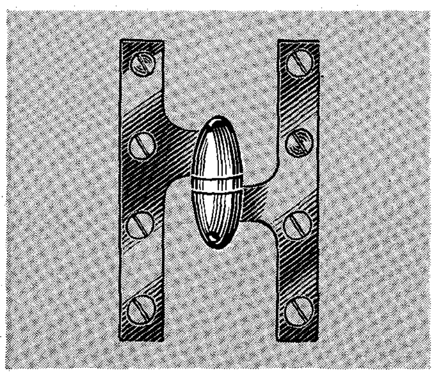
**The Stanley Steel Strapping System** — best way to package and protect your product for handling, shipment, sales!



**SURFORM** — with replaceable blade, has 450 razor-sharp teeth. Ideal for shaping wood, plastic, soft metals. Only $2.69.



**Stanley Bi-fold Hardware** for smooth operation and smart styling. Doors open all the way to permit full closet access.



**Olive-knuckle hinges** add distinction and beauty to interior doors and to cabinets. Only knuckle is visible with door closed.

**STANLEY**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

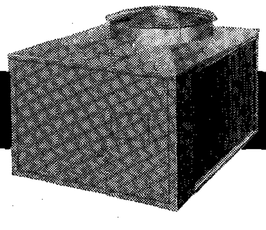
# Our whole family smiles more now . . . Chrysler Air Conditioning is in!

"It only took the men a couple of hours to hook Chrysler Air Conditioning to our furnace. And pardner! You should feel the difference. We're going to have Montana Spring—all year long."

"I may not look it, but I'm *really* smiling . . . now the Airtemp's in. It's got a special Climate-Minder Control that keeps me always comfortable—automatically. Turns on air conditioning when it gets too warm. Turns up the heat if it gets too cool."

"We're happier with Chrysler—saved almost half the cost by using our present furnace. Healthier, too. The exclusive Chrysler electrostatic filter actually *purifies* the air we breathe. Traps up to 20 times more dust and dirt. Kills germs electronically. And rids our home of smoke, odors and other fumes."

*It's not too early* to begin enjoying Chrysler air conditioning. And, if you're looking for a furnace, remember: A Chrysler furnace brings you half-way to full home air conditioning. Your Chrysler Airtemp dealer will be happy to show you how easy and inexpensive it is.



CHRYSLER
AIRTEMP

Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation, Dept. A-29, Dayton 1, Ohio

(*Continued from Page 72*)

depression, when many luxury shops were folding, he really went overboard. Once he brought home 100 diamond engagement rings, with the lame excuse that we could give them to teachers who got engaged. Another auction yielded a couple of hundred tiny unset diamonds that are still rattling around somewhere. But I really hit the ceiling when he lugged home a genuine Russian altarpiece, which he thought would look nice as a decoration in our living room. Forty bellpulls from medieval Italian castles and several dozen fringed piano throws, he said, would suit the studio, which then had an Italian *décor*.

Arthur's greatest passion is for watches which he buys wholesale by the gross, mostly to use as gifts. He has the slogan, IT'S ARTHUR MURRAY TIME, embossed on the faces.

One Christmas I decided to buy him the most beautiful timepiece I could find. I chose a wafer-thin platinum wrist watch and had it suitably engraved. But the week before Christmas Arthur came home with 400 wrist watches. My $1000 gift lies in a drawer because he prefers to wear watches bought wholesale for $8.50 with a year's guarantee. As soon as anything goes wrong with a watch, he discards it and selects another from a desk drawer crammed with them.

Arthur's watch buying once inspired a top TV comedy writer named Aaron Rubin to make a crack which has since been adapted to hundreds of jokes. We were watching Martha Raye rehearse a skit for our show in which she tossed together a crazy kind of salad. Miss Raye threw a toupee into the lettuce, then a shoe, then asked, "Anybody got a watch?"

"Why, yes," spoke up Arthur helpfully. "I have four hundred in a closet over at the studio."

Everyone was struck dumb. Finally Aaron Rubin remarked nonchalantly, "Doesn't everybody?"

Arthur has a weakness for corny jokes which he has turned into a business advantage. During the '30's we started a studio magazine called Murray-Go-Round, and one of the people who wanted to be editor was young Jules Levine, a smart boy just out of City College. Jules came to apply for the job with a scrapbook bulging with jokes and gags. His collection gave Arthur an idea which launched a new routine in press-agentry. He told young Jules to send jokes to the columnists, crediting them to Arthur; he would pay for each item that got printed. Nowadays this kind of nonsense fills the gossip columns.

Arthur soon had not one press agent but six of them at a time. Some of them, like Norman Krasna, Monte Prosser, Maurice Zolotow, Alex Gottlieb, Dave Alber and Bert Nevins are famous now. The Broadway and Hollywood gossip columns were so full of quips by Arthur Murray that columnist Robert Sylvester began referring to him sarcastically as "the funniest man in the world."

Then Bob Hope made that crack which is still heard on TV. "I used to take dancing lessons from Arthur Murray until I found it was more fun dancing with a girl." Another perennial favorite is, "I took lessons from Charles Atlas and Arthur Murray. The trouble is, now I dance like Charles Atlas and look like Arthur Murray." My pet is, "My girl won the Arthur Murray award." "For dancing?" "No, for looking the most like Arthur Murray."

For items landed in newspapers, Arthur pays press agents from $50 to $100 apiece, depending on how many papers carry it. One of his publicists makes $1000 a week from Arthur Murray quips alone. Arthur has cut down lately; he now employs only four press agents. When he hasn't seen his name in print for a while he phones them and asks, "What happened to my sense of humor?"

For television and radio plugs, Arthur usually pays off in gifts—a case of whisky, for example. One well-known comedian was the greatest plugger of all time until the network finally clamped down on him. His opening three-minute spiel often contained as many as four plugs for four different businesses in a single sentence.

Often comedians mention Arthur Murray on the networks because for some reason the name alone makes people laugh. Does this sell more dance lessons? Arthur says no, but he keeps on paying handsomely to keep his name before the public.

One thing that helps is his willingness to search out new dances. In 1934, returning by ship from a tour of Sweden and England, Arthur taught a new one to the Leonard Lyonses. This was the Lambeth Walk, and we sent teachers to all the big New York hotels to popularize it.

When Arthur heard about a southern dance called the Big Apple, he sent teachers to North Carolina, where they watched the dance in an old country barn. There wasn't much to it originally, so Arthur added enough steps to make it fun to do and colorful to watch. He trained groups of youngsters in the dance, outfitted them in Arthur Murray Big Apple jackets and suggested that the Statler hotels hire his groups to entertain. Before the craze died down, Arthur had teachers giving dance lessons in hotels in all the major cities.

This was really the origin of our branch studios, most of which started in Statler hotels. Arthur worked out a deal for our teachers much as he had done in Asheville and Atlanta years before. The hotels gave the instructors free room and board, and rooms for dance lessons in return for a percentage of the take; all that the instructors needed to go into business was a phonograph and a stack of records.

Cy Andrews and Doris Eaton, one of our resort dancing teams, were the first to ask Arthur for a franchise to open a studio. Doris had been a musical-comedy star, and while teaching for us in Florida had met the Henry Fords and other Grosse Pointe families. She and Cy Andrews decided they could do well with a dance studio in Detroit. They promised to follow Arthur's advice and instructions and give him 10 per cent of the gross, and because he had confidence in their ability, he agreed.

That summer we visited Hollywood for the first time, tempted by stories of fun, glamour and sunshine we had heard from Leonore and Ira Gershwin. We were a novelty in the film colony, and after twelve years of being a Westchester County housewife, I found myself a celebrity in a small way. I thrived on excitement. Arthur was delighted by the change in me, and since he hates cold weather he, too, was attracted by life on the Coast. After he had granted ten more franchises, he decided he could run both the New York studio and our branches by remote control. It was 1938; he reached his forty-third birthday and decided to retire. We hurried east, sold our Harrison house and furniture, gave away our winter clothes and headed for California with the twins and a couple of suitcases. We moved into the plush Beverly Hills Hotel and settled down to enjoy a life of fun and companionship. The kid from the Lower East Side had made a million; now, he said, he was through with the New York rat race forever.

Next week the author describes the Murrays' disillusionment with Hollywood and tells how they got started in television.—The Editors.

# The Squeeze is on Berlin

(Continued from Page 27)

and sickle whip in the cold wind. A few big gray trailer trucks and small German cars are pulled up at the side of the road, waiting while their drivers get their travel papers checked in a nearby shed. The guards pacing back and forth look bored. They are tall, blond men in heavy boots and thick gray-green uniforms and caps, and their expression is resolutely deadpan. The last time I drove this highway, eleven years ago, the guards here were Russians, not East Germans. Now there is only one Russian to be seen, a Red Army lieutenant sitting off by himself in a heated sentry box the size of a telephone booth.

Then Marienborn was a frantic and congested tangle of Russian, Polish, French, Italian, British and American military vehicles clearing to or from the defeated capital of a defeated Germany. Officers and men of half a dozen nations—UNRRA and Red Cross officials and military-government civilians, waving their travel orders—shouted and swore and cracked jokes at each other in half a dozen languages. Today Marienborn is a quiet, bureaucratic bottleneck where East Germans are methodically checking the admission of West Germans. Looking around, I realize that my companions and I are the only non-Germans here.

Inside the unheated shed, after long, shivering waits before window after window, we are ushered into a back room and given our transient visas, which, since January of 1958, are issued by the East Germans themselves and not the Russians. This long and suspicious procedure has taken one hour and a half, and by the time we are back in our car and on the road again, it is almost dark. The peppermint poles are lifted, we are given a last stern warning not to stray from the *autobahn*, and at last we are off. Off down an unlighted and unpoliced highway, a 110-mile stretch with no gas stations, no restaurants or inns, no wayside telephones, no auto-repair garages, a monotonous path through an unfriendly and lonely country.

The land here is flat or gently rolling, excellent farmland set off by curving black parentheses of pine forest. Eleven years ago, when this was still called "the Russian Zone of Germany," it was a desolate wasteland, its bridges toppled in the rivers, its farms looted of their equipment and livestock, its towns in ruins, its electric power lines and half its railway tracks ripped up and carted off to Russia as reparations. Industrial centers such as Magdeburg, Leipzig and Dresden were no more than gigantic piles of rubble, producing barely 10 per cent of prewar. Today this is a "sovereign" Russian satellite, "The German Democratic Republic." Remembering it as it was before, I look out through the deepening dusk.

In a field to our left, six middle-aged women are working with pitchforks to spread manure before nightfall. A bit farther on, a lone farmer is plowing with one horse and a primitive plow. It is evident that the women are collectivized—40 per cent of this land is now in co-operatives or state farms—but the lone farmer is not.

Next we come to the Elbe River, where, in 1948, the highway bridge lay, a snarl of lank and rusty girders collapsed into the water. The bridge is under repair now, but in eleven years only the west-east section has been finished. The east-west section is still a makeshift affair, and there are only three workers to be seen, stumbling around without light or lantern.

Indeed, the entire countryside seems gloomy and deserted, the farm dwellings either blacked out or showing only a faint yellow glimmer, the towns we pass glowing so feebly they seem half dead. Only once, a mile off to our right, does the night sky flare with light and life—the reflected fire of the great furnaces and chimneys of Magdeburg working around the clock to fill their state quotas of industrial machines and machine tools (60 per cent for export to the U.S.S.R.). Otherwise there is nothing and no one to be seen.

Once past Magdeburg we are swallowed up in the East German night again, following our own headlights along an *autobahn* that unrolls hypnotically before us like an interminable gray ribbon. Traffic is so sparse that we have passed fewer than a dozen vehicles during this entire two-hour trip, all of them going west. A certain loneliness coupled with fatigue begins to set in; we talk less, smoke more, watch the highway signs more warily. And then, there it is, the big black-and-white sign, BERLIN, and we are climbing onto the Berliner Ring, that wide, pine-forested outer highway that encircles the city. There is one more set of striped barrier poles, where we surrender the papers and passes handed to us in Marienborn. And, at last, having submitted to every irritating control the East Germans can think of, we are allowed to enter "our" half, the Western-occupied half, of Berlin.

To anyone who has been a long time away, West Berlin is a revelation. It is a mirage in the barren Communist desert of East Germany. Out of the night, glittering and wheeling, shine cluster after cluster of lights—lighted streets, lighted homes, lighted shops, bars, movie houses; lighted advertising signs, hotels, theaters, factories; winking radio and television towers. Out of the night comes a roar of traffic, of clanging streetcars, buses, honking taxis and autos, scurrying pedestrians, all impatient to get from here to there, the usual predinner bustle of any western city. As we skim along the Avus highway into the heart of West Berlin, the city spreads out before us like a multifoliate and brilliant jewel, radiating energy, prosperity and courage. One can imagine how it looks to the people out there in the dark behind the barbed wire and the *Volkspolizei*-guarded barriers—like a richly frosted birthday cake set tantalizingly out of reach of a gang of hungry kids. One can imagine how it looks to East Germany's Communist boss, Walter Ulbricht—like a miracle that should not have been allowed to happen.

For the miracle of West Berlin is not just the miracle of 1,000,000,000 Deutschemarks—roughly $250,000,000—which Konrad Adenauer's West German government contributes each year to cover the city's deficit. It is not just the $100,000,000 the city has received in direct dollar aid from the United States, or the 2,500,000,000 Deutschemarks—around $625,000,000—in Marshall Plan counterpart funds which have been poured into this once-ruined city for re-equipment and reconstruction. The miracle of West Berlin is the miracle of a people surrounded, isolated and threatened, a people who, even as the Russian bear reaches out a giant paw to grab them off, go right on creating and constructing their city. Over the growls of both Khrushchev and Ulbricht, the streets resound with the clang of stone on stone and hammer on nail, the nervous clattering of riveter and pneumatic drill. You have only to walk a few blocks in any direction to see this burned-out city, like a phoenix, rising from its own ashes.

To put this miracle into context, we take one of the hammered-chrome elevators of the luxurious new Hilton hotel on the edge of the *Tiergarten*, get off at the glass-enclosed roof garden on the fourteenth floor and look out over the city. Below us, on one side, glows the new residential district of the *Hansa Viertel*, a wonderland of apartments, shops, playgrounds, garages, where recently was only a smashed and twisted honeycomb of ruins. Below us, on the other side, runs the river of light that is the Broadway of West Berlin, the *Kurfürstendamm*, with its flashing department stores, cinemas, restaurants and theaters. There are thousands upon thousands more lights, right up to the Brandenburg Gate. And then, abruptly, blackness, the outpost blackness of East Berlin and the Communist world.

Eleven years ago, just before the 1948 blockade, this was still one city, a city very like a married couple on the verge of divorce, bickering and fighting, but nonetheless linked in an uneasy union. Several all-Berlin administrative organizations still existed—the four-power Allied Control Council, the four-power Allied Kommandatura, the freely elected Berlin municipal assembly. The border line between the two halves of the city was marked only by signs stating, "You are entering (or leaving) the Soviet Sector of Berlin," and Germans and Allied personnel could cross from sector to sector without giving it a thought. The blockade and the Allied airlift made the divorce final.

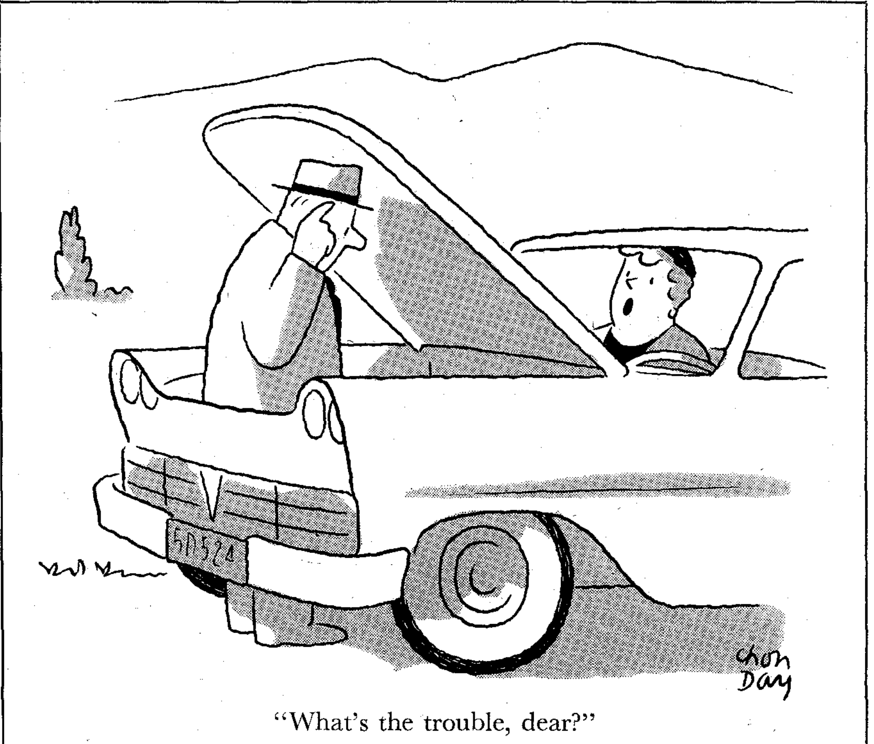
Today West Berlin is an entire city on its own, completely separated from East Berlin physically, administratively, economically, politically; and only rarely do the two cities communicate with each other or co-operate in any way. There is no longer one metropolis of Berlin, split in two. There are now two Berlins, an eastern and a western city standing back to back, with a twenty-eight-mile-long patrolled border line between them.

Each city has its own government, its own public utilities, its own fire and police department, its own postal system, its own currency, its own newspapers, its own streetcar and taxi systems. And if a citizen of West Berlin wishes to telephone a friend in East Berlin, he must cross the sector line—with all that entails—to a public phone booth and telephone from there. About all the two cities have in common is a single drainage system, a single (Western-operated) subway system, and the (Eastern-operated) *S-Bahn*, or elevated lines.

Nowhere in the world do the two philosophies of our time, the two economic and social systems of Communism and democracy, stand glaring at each other across the width of a street as they do in the two Berlins. And nowhere are the two worlds more competitively on display. Having seen the city that western capital investment and a free labor force have made, let us take a taxi to the Brandenburg Gate, walk across the border line—if we're lucky, we will not be challenged—and take a look at the other Berlin, the Berlin that turns its face east.

The first striking difference is in the quantity and quality of reconstruction. Whereas West Berlin is rebuilding and restoring everything in sight—cafés, bars and night clubs, as well as churches, schools, homes and factories—East Berlin, working more ponderously, has clearly given priority to government and Communist Party headquarters, factories, workers' housing and buildings for the "Free German [Communist] Youth" movement. On *Unter den Linden*, where the linden trees are no more, stand the grotesquely heavy Russian Embassy and, facing it across the street, the flag-decked "House of Free German Youth." In the place of the old Music Academy looms the gigantic white "House of Soviet Friendship." The *Schloss*, the old imperial palace of the Kaisers, has been demolished in the interests of what the Communist Party called "progressive city planning," but the old Berlin *Rathaus*—city hall—completely restored, is now the headquarters of the East Berlin Communist municipal government. Hermann Göring's pretentious 3000-room Air Ministry building, half of which survived the bombings, has become the headquarters of the "German Democratic Republic," and Joseph Goebbels' restored Propaganda Ministry is now Communist (S.E.D.) Party headquarters. Farther out, nearer the factories, run mile after mile of square, practical workers' housing units.

Architecturally, too, the two cities are entirely different. West Berlin has been rebuilding in a moderate, impersonal modern, more concerned with getting the buildings up than in giving them a definite style. In East Berlin, if enough of the shell of a building has remained, they restore it in its original Wilhelminian style (often a pity). If not, they rebuild it from the



"What's the trouble, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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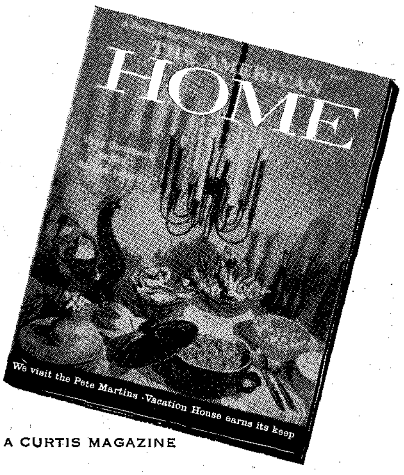

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ground up, in what West Berliners cynically call "People's Baroque," a heavy-handed, mock-heroic Muscovite architecture, often indistinguishable from the megalomaniacal monstrosities of the Nazis. From the spreading white *Turmhäusern*—Tower Apartments—in Stalin Allee to the new electric power plants along the Spree River to the sixty-ton granite statue of Mother Russia in Treptow Park, the disease is giantism.

The second striking difference in East Berlin is the great distances. Eleven years ago, when I last drove through these streets, it was like driving over the floor of a sea of rubble. In the Lenin Allee—formerly the *Landsberger Strasse*—there was only one complete building standing; all else was smashed and toppled debris, as far as the eye could see. Now most of the rubble has been carted away to make new brick and pressed-stone blocks. What is left is simply space. Here and there a fragment of a church still sticks up, a ruin as clean now as a picked chicken carcass. Here and there the skeleton of a restorable museum or historic building exposes its ribs to the wind and snow. But for the people of East Berlin, who must in a day's work move from one neighborhood to another, large portions of the city are wind-swept desert. One deliberate and significant desert is the site where Hitler's grandiose Reich Chancellery building, with its sweeping marble steps and endless halls, its crystal chandeliers and fifty-foot velvet drapes, once stood. Today it is an empty field, with nothing to be seen but a small chunk of the cement underground bunker where Hitler and Eva Braun, in the raging holocaust of Berlin in April of 1945, took their own lives. A few weeds bend under the falling snow. No one passes. No one notices.

Again, as during our drive through the eastern zone approaching Berlin, the question that comes to mind is: Where is everyone? To be sure, there are some people in the streets—the ubiquitous state police, a few women and children in wool coats, thick boots and heavy wool scarves trudging across an empty snowy stretch toward a state department store or butcher shop. To be sure, a few shiny vehicles go past, small delivery vans and Garant motor lorries, one or two Sachsenring private cars, half a dozen of the new, midget all-plastic Trabants—the word means "satellite," or "Sputnik." But where West Berlin was congested, crowded and noisy, East Berlin has the cold calm of a fenced-in graveyard. Only in the old Lustgarten, now called Marx-Engels Platz, do we see the scattered elements of a crowd—children mostly, clustered around the thin, slatted gypsy carts and tinny carrousels of the traditional Christmas Fair.

But where are the adults? Like a second arrow shot after a lost one, one question may answer another. And the answer to this one may be the answer to why the Russians and East Germans are again threatening West Berlin. Everyone here who can possibly wield a pick, a shovel or a needle is at work in a factory, shop or mine, taking the place of two or more workers who have fled to the West.

In the last published statistics, East Berlin had a population of 1,100,000, exactly half the population of West Berlin in an area four fifths as large, and claimed a total labor force of 500,000, as compared with West Berlin's 1,000,000. If true five years ago, these statistics are manifestly false today. Like its hinterland of East Germany, East Berlin is now so underpopulated that its government, right in the middle of the Berlin crisis, had to call off this year's scheduled census, for fear of underlining the main reason for that crisis—the continuing *Drang nach Westen* of its invaluable and irreplaceable manpower.

Nikita Khrushchev has called West Berlin a "cancerous tumor" which must be cut out of the body of East Germany. If Mr. Khrushchev were a better diagnostician, and a more honest man, he would have called West Berlin an open wound, through which East Germany's very lifeblood, her working population, has been seeping away. Granted, this has been going on for a long time. Since the end of the war East Germany has lost 2,000,000 refugees to the West, more than half of them via Berlin. But where originally many of these were "political unreliables" and intellectuals, whom the Communists were only too happy to see leave, today more than a third of them are skilled labor—technicians, foremen, factory-managers, top-class agricultural and industrial workers. This is hitting East Germany where it hurts—in the production charts.

Since 1953—the year of the abortive workers' and students' revolt in East Germany—the Communists have been pushing hard to get East Germany completely socialized, presumably in the hope that the West will one day accept their proposals for a "neutralized" confederation of the two Germanys on the basis of the political *status quo*. They have also been putting the screws to the East German population to produce more and more, faster and faster, dangling in front of them the impossible goal of catching up with West Germany economically, again in the hope of forming that two-Germany confederation as an equal. Yet unless they can stanch this terrible bleeding of their manpower, all talk of doubling industrial production, of meeting state quotas and "getting more sausage on the stalk"—as Khrushchev colloquially puts it—will be talk and nothing more.

In East Berlin they are already scraping the bottom of the barrel. Women and youngsters are being exhorted to do part-time work, at least for four hours a day. Invalids have been set to doing piecework in their own rooms or hospital beds. Workers over in West Berlin have been offered 10,000 jobs immediately, and more to come, if only they will consent to come in and work for the deflated East Mark. And still industrial production in East Berlin is a bare $250,000,000 worth per year, one eighth of West Berlin's $2,000,000,000 a year. And still refugees continue to pour through Berlin at the rate of more than 10,000 per month.

A few years ago, further to isolate West Berlin, the East Germans started construction of a railway belt line around the entire city. Although, typically, it works in some places and breaks down in others, it does help to keep people from the zone from slipping into West Berlin, to be flown in Allied planes to West Germany. The East Germans also have put increased pressure on the 40,000 East Berliners who obstinately go on working in West Berlin, blithely commuting by subway between two worlds. Strangely enough, they have as yet made no attempt to seal completely the sector line or cut off the subway. Sporadic raids and spot checks are constantly being made, but refugees claim that the really tough

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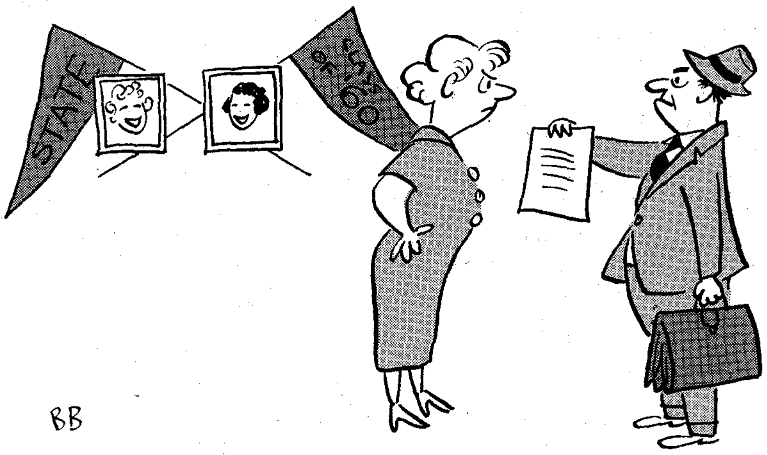

## You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

It took every penny the Widow Johnson earned to run her household and to send her two pretty daughters to college. So she was shocked when an impatient creditor sued and attached her earnings.

"Under state law here in California," she complained, "it is impossible to attach whatever portion of a person's income goes to provide her family with 'the common necessaries of life.' And in this Sputnik age, higher education certainly is necessary. It is also a parent's obligation."

"A college education is a luxury, not a necessity," the creditor replied. "The exemption provided by law refers to things like food and shelter, not to educational frills and collegiate furbelows."

If you were the judge, would you consider college education a necessity?

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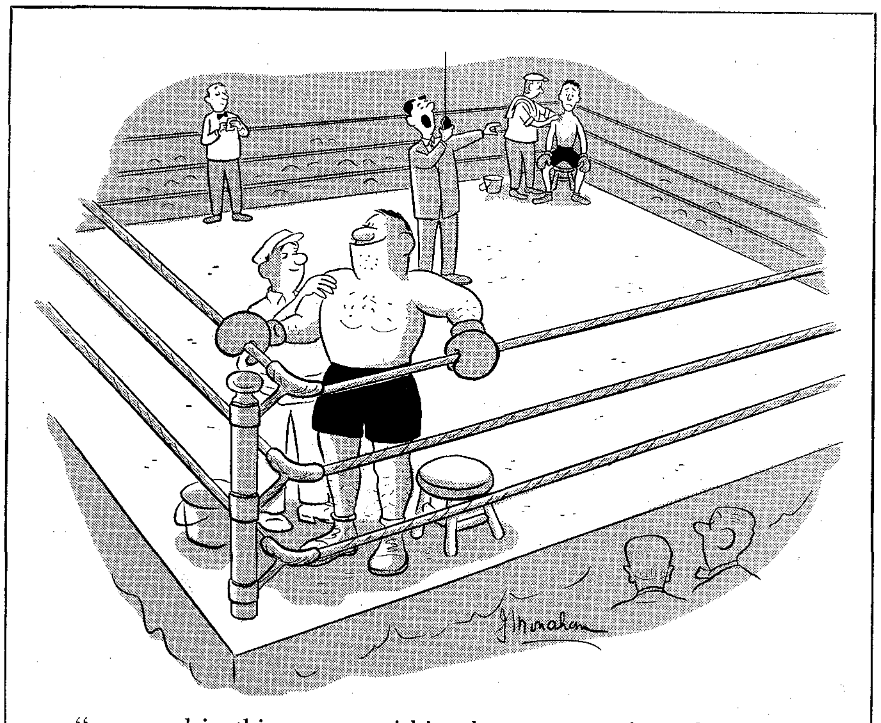
Yes, in this instance, although the court added, "That which is a necessary under one set of circumstances might be a luxury under others."

*Based upon a 1957 California decision.*



" . . . and in this corner, wishing he was someplace else . . . "

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

line to get across is not that between the two Berlins, but that between the eastern zone and East Berlin.

Actually, a good deal of bootleg labor drifts back and forth from city to city each day—living in East Berlin, where housing is cheap, and working in West Berlin, where wages are high and the West Mark buys four times as much. Many an entertainer or lady of the evening keeps two wardrobes, a chic one in West Berlin for plying her trade with the fat and prosperous businessmen from West Germany, and a nice shabby "People's Production" costume for going home to East Berlin. Western merchandise is hard to smuggle into East Berlin, where conspicuous consumption is not admired, but with the East Mark artificially pegged at parity with the West Mark, merchandise going the other way can work up a handy little profit. A black marketeer, for example, who buys a camera or typewriter in East Berlin for 200 East Marks can sell it in West Berlin for 100 West Marks, and then trade his 100 West Marks for 400 East Marks, thus doubling his money.

This, then, is the "anomaly" of two Berlins which Mr. Khrushchev, with one pudgy finger on his latest Five-Year Plan and one pudgy finger on the map, wants to bring to an end—not by freeing East Berlin to join her democratic and prosperous sister city, but by enslaving both. No one pretends that the present situation is a healthy one; no one thinks it can go on eternally. Yet, for the West Berliner, it is so much better than anything else in sight that the very thought of changing it gives him the shudders. To him, the symbolic presence in West Berlin of 8000 Allied troops is his only protection against twenty armed Russian divisions waiting out in the darkness of East Germany to roll in and "neutralize" the city.

But before leaving Berlin I must pay a sentimental visit to what used to be—technically, still is—the American sector. And so one evening I drive out to the quiet, middle-class district of Dahlem to look up an old friend named Walther Lucke. When my husband and I lived in Berlin, at the end of the war, Lucke worked for us as janitor-chauffeur-delivery boy. And perhaps because of his brash resourcefulness, his Icke-Dicke Berlin accent, and what he himself called his *Schieberei*—his cheerful ability to shoot an angle—we came to regard him as the most typical Berliner of them all. I find Lucke living with his wife and son, Ekkehard, in a standard West Berlin housing development in two warm, cluttered rooms. Like most Berliners, he is far from panic, but he is worried.

He is worried about hearing an American statesman, from the safety of Washington, say that he is ready to "deal" with the East Germans as agents of Moscow. For to Lucke, this is like Jonah offering to deal with the whale, a prelude to being swallowed alive. And he is worried about the assumption that to save West Berlin the Allies have only to "do it again"—mount another airlift, as they did during the blockade of 1948–49.

"But the Berliners survived the blockade all right, Lucke," I remind him.

"Listen, Miss Howard," he says earnestly. "In 1948 we had nothing, no houses, no heat, no food. My wife stood four hours in line for a handful of rice, a packet of those powdered eggs. My Ekkehard stayed all day indoors because he had no warm clothes. And I worked like a dog for cigarettes, which I could trade against a pailful of coal, maybe, or a little butter. Now ——" He gestures to the radio, the television set, the beer and sandwiches on the table. "Now I earn four hundred West Marks [$100] a month in real money. I have a little car. We have a warm place to live. Ekkehard goes to school, collects stamps, plays football, like a normal boy does. It is not *Luxus*, Miss Howard, but it is something to lose. In 1948, things could not be worse, so we could go without the things we didn't have. Now the Russkis are more serious, and so are we." Anxiety darkens his face.

But being a Berliner, he suddenly grins at me and, to make his point, holds up a lighted cigarette. "Now we smoke them!" he says proudly.

And Lucke is right. There will not be another airlift. Not because of the Soviets' new radar-jamming devices ringing our three West Berlin airfields, as some reports have pointed out, but because ten years have passed.

In 1948, West Berlin was little more than a billion cubic feet of smashed and tangled building material. The people were living in unlighted caves dug out of the rubble, or in truncated bits of apartments hanging over a void. To keep warm they gathered in what they called *Wärmehallen*, huddled around a single coal stove in a community warming center. Even if they had electric fixtures and wiring, they had current only two hours a day. Under strict rationing of 1780 calories daily, the population of West Berlin could be kept alive with 1500 tons of food a day and 2000 tons of coal.

Then, having no autos or trucks, they needed no gasoline or oil. Having almost no industry—working at only 19 per cent of 1936—they needed no raw materials. They were used to doing without, and did. Today, with industry booming at 125 per cent of 1936, with the city building almost 2000 housing units a month, and trucks and autos everywhere, West Berlin is each day consuming 3500 tons of foodstuff, 16,000 tons of coal—eight times the 1948 figure—and 20,000 tons of raw materials. No airlift can carry that, and no airlift should try. Economically, politically and psychologically the problem of West Berlin has grown too big for gimmick solutions.

Later, walking along the quiet, curving, snow-covered streets of the American sector, I find myself remembering the old days with something like homesickness. Here is the big, beautifully landscaped Military Government Headquarters where Gen. Lucius D. Clay used to hold his dramatic press conferences in what we called "the goldfish bowl." Thousands of American officers and civilians had their offices in these buildings then; now there are fewer than 300, the buildings seem secretive and withdrawn, and only four or five offices are lighted. Here is Truman Hall, where we slammed our trays along the cafeteria line and complained about Army food. Here is Uncle Tom's Cabin, where we used to come out trundling PX supplies of food and liquor and cigarettes, hounded and jumped on by frantic German kids screaming for "*Schokolade! Zu essen!*" It is now a neighborhood shopping center, with neat little German grocery stores, beauty parlors and bakeries, and well-dressed German women are shopping there for the evening meal.

Here is the little park we used to walk through on our way to and from the Press Center, and never could sit down in because the Berliners had swiped all the park benches to chop up and burn in their stoves to keep warm. There are new wooden benches all along the path now and, in spite of the cold, several couples murmuring in each other's arms. Here is the Press Club itself, formerly the suburban residence of Nazi Finance Minister Walther Funk, but requisitioned by the United States Army for our bar and mess. Then it was the social center of our lives, where we could eat and drink and brawl and argue, sometimes until dawn. Now it is boarded up and dark, and the garden where we used to park our jeeps is empty; no tire track mars the expanse of snow. Strangely it seems much smaller than I had remembered it.

Here is the house we lived in, in the Limastrasse, and I stand a long time, looking. Through the big windows I can see its German owners sitting down comfortably at the dining-room table. When we lived here in the old days, our dinner guests were American, British, French, German and Russian, particularly Russian editors or journalists, and the discussion of what to do about defeated Berlin and Germany could go on far into the night. But that was a long time ago.

That was before the Russian coup in Prague; that was before the blockade of Berlin. That was before the revolution in Hungary and the execution of Imre Nagy and his betrayed freedom fighters. That was when we were young and enthusiastic and thought we had won a war for freedom and justice.

THE END

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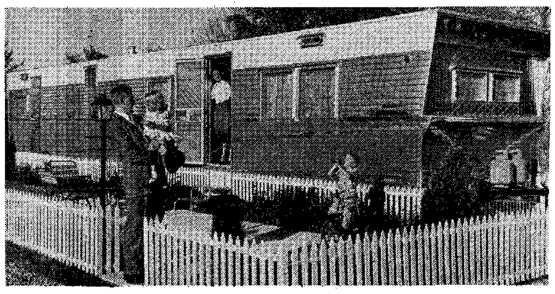

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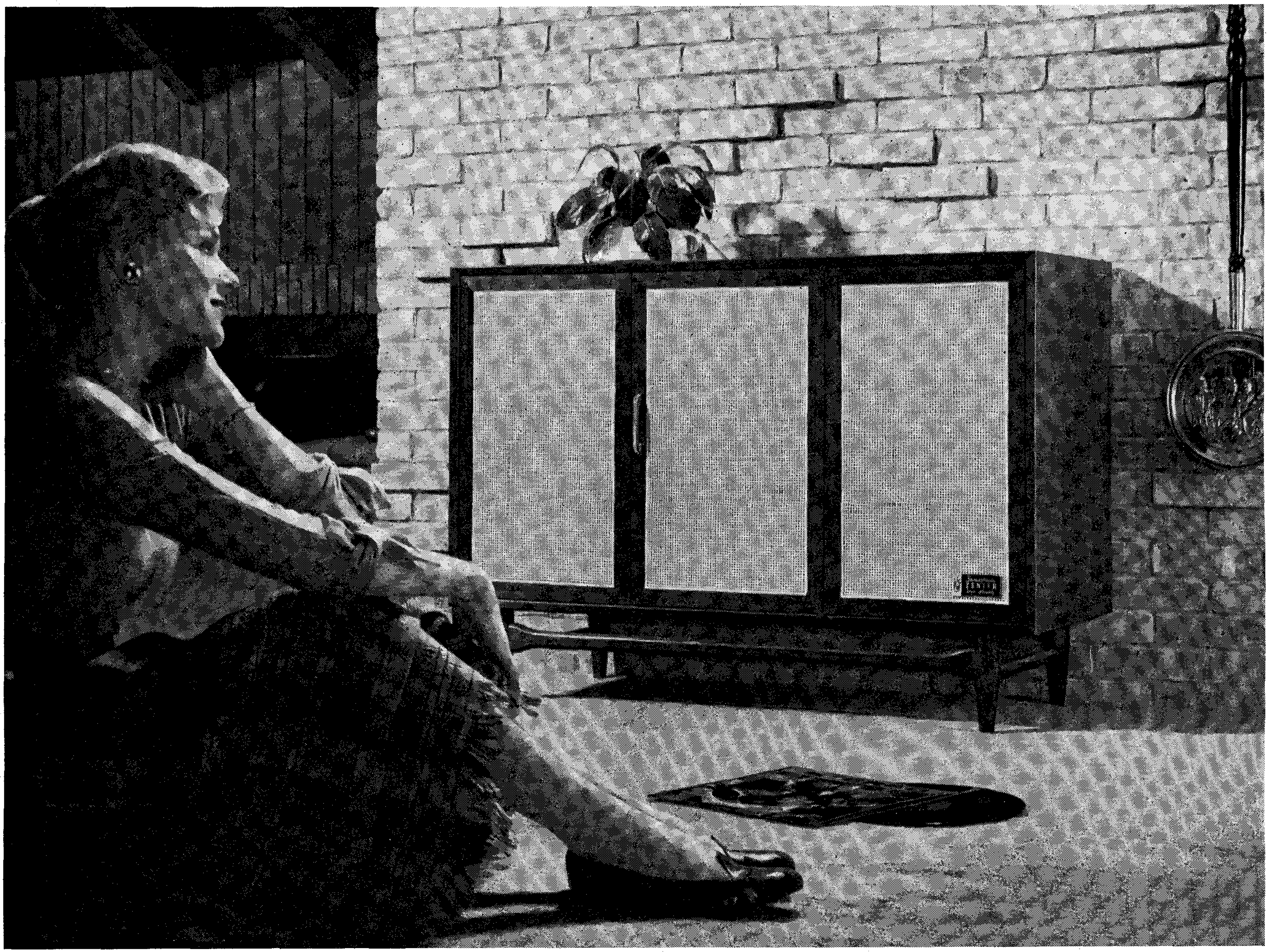

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ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 40 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

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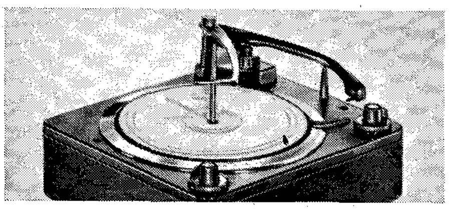
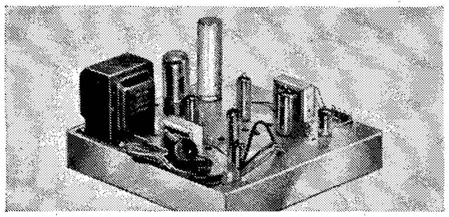
*The quality goes in*
*before the name goes on*

Specially designed Zenith quality components—for world's finest sound

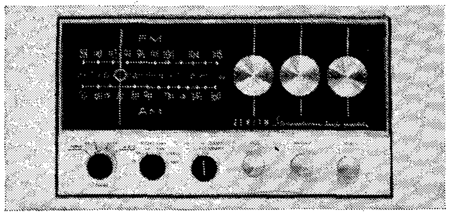
Exclusive Zenith features, to please even the most discriminating high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



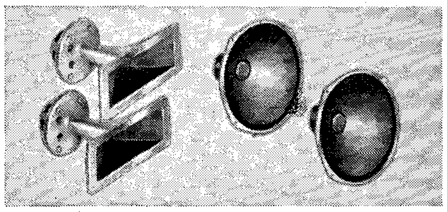
**Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has four speeds. Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm—with its dual-needle cartridge—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every shade of recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



**40 watts of undistorted power output** —up to 80 watts peak—from dual channel amplifiers designed by Zenith for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.



**Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel,** another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive Stereo Balance Control and Presence Control.



**Powerful speaker systems** employ at least four Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two exponential treble horn speakers. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.

ZENITH

# Treasure of the Athabaska

(Continued from Page 30)

oil-saturated stratum of sand varying from a few feet to more than 200 feet in thickness, containing in some cases more than 200,000,000 barrels of oil per square mile, blanketing an area ranging from a conservatively estimated minimum of 10,000 square miles to a "probable" maximum of upward of 30,000 square miles.

This is very much oil, indeed. In fact, if fully recoverable—the formidable proviso which spells out the enigma of the famed "tar" sands—the oil known to be entrapped in its giant reservoir along the Athabaska could shift dominance of world crude-oil reserves from the Middle East to this continent, and perhaps permanently; it could also serve to lay the ghost which periodically haunts far-sighted oilmen of both hemispheres—the final depletion of all oil reserves—for generations to come.

Two physical factors for years barred large-scale development of the Alberta oil sands. The first was the viscosity—just plain stickiness to the layman—of the oil itself. It is not in suspension, as in a water-soaked mass, but adheres as a thin film to each tiny grain throughout the multibillion cubic yards of sand in the colossal deposit. How to separate the oil from the sand to which it adheres so stubbornly baffled the best technical minds for four decades.

This initial problem was solved in 1950 by the Petroleum Section of the Alberta Research Council, a governmental agency whose able technicians, headed by Dr. K. A. Clark, had been attacking the riddle of the tar sands since the early 1920's. Following patient years of laboratory and field experimentation a pilot plant known as Bitumount, operated on the ground by the Research Council, demonstrated a continuous process which extracts oil from sand at a per-barrel cost only slightly higher than the current market price of regular crude.

This significant achievement brought the potential of the Alberta sands a long step closer to the world oil picture. Today, in gamblers' terms, despite a final barrier to large-scale production, the huge deposit ranks as an increasingly important ace in the hole in the current global poker game—whose stakes are oil reserves—precipitated two years ago by the Suez Canal controversy.

The remaining problem is that of gaining access to sufficient quantities of the sand itself. While the oil-rich sand is exposed at the surface at random points throughout its vast area, the bulk of the deposit is covered by overlaid materials of various depths. To make the sand available to the surface processing plant, it would be necessary to strip off the overburden by open-pit methods or to tunnel beneath it. Either course, with a recovery of millions of barrels per day as the objective, would involve earth-moving operations on a scale hitherto unknown to the history of mining.

Yet the bulk of the Alberta oil sands is so enormous that the demands of total war or the economic pressures resulting from the final draining of world reserves of fluid oil—the first contingency always possible and the second inevitable—makes the mere existence of the prodigious reservoir a heartening fact, regardless of the earth-moving problem which currently denies access to it.

Let us consider briefly the Alberta sands' potential in barrels of oil, then relate that volume to today's oil production and reserves throughout the free world. Only through such comparative means can "billions" of anything be brought into understandable focus.

To begin with, it may be assumed that the total area of the Alberta oil-bearing stratum, when finally established, will fall at least halfway between the known minimum of 1500 square miles and the estimated maximum of 30,000 square miles; or, conservatively, 15,000 square miles. It could prove to be a lesser area. It will probably be substantially greater.

Again on the conservative side, let us assume further that under today's peacetime technology only a fraction of the oil known to be *in situ*, or on the site, can be recovered from oil-bearing sands. Here and there in various parts of the world oil is being extracted from such sand deposits, and the rate of recovery runs from 10 to 50 per cent. This low yield is not chargeable to the oil content of the individual unit of sand but to the cost involved in gaining access to the sand itself.

One "sample" square mile of the Alberta deposit, systematically explored by the Alberta Research Council, was found to have a thickness of 175 feet and to contain an average of one barrel of crude oil per cubic yard. Thus this square mile would assay 180,000,000 barrels if its oil were fully recoverable. Taking into account that the thickness of the deposit varies considerably and that a recovery of more than 15 per cent cannot be assumed under the best of conditions, the yield from 15,000 square miles could still surpass 300,000,000,000 barrels.

Since this multibillion quotient conveys no real meaning, let us bring it closer to comprehension by comparing it with today's crude-oil production and proved reserves.

It should be made clear, parenthetically, that the following analysis is not in alarmist vein. On several occasions during the past three decades "experts" in the field have predicted the end of our oil reserves in "X" number of years, only to have new reserves like those of East Texas and the enormously larger Middle East reserves add decades to the predicted depletion date.

Nevertheless, the realistic fact is that the free world's crude-oil needs are pressing and ever-mounting. The Suez Canal crisis pointed up Britain's dependence upon Middle East oil. We in the United States currently import almost 13 per cent of our annual consumption (1957) of crude oil. For this continent as a whole, in the event of total war and with Middle East supplies abruptly cut off, the development of an existing source of oil as huge and geographically accessible as the Alberta deposit, at whatever the per-barrel recovery cost, could one day become a basic factor in our survival.

According to the best available data, the free world's crude-oil supplies, as of January, 1958, totaled slightly more than 229,199,744,000 barrels, of which the immense deposits of the Middle East comprised more than 71 per cent.

The free-world production of crude oil in 1957 was estimated at more than 5,619,000,000 barrels, of which more than half—51.45 per cent—came from North America.

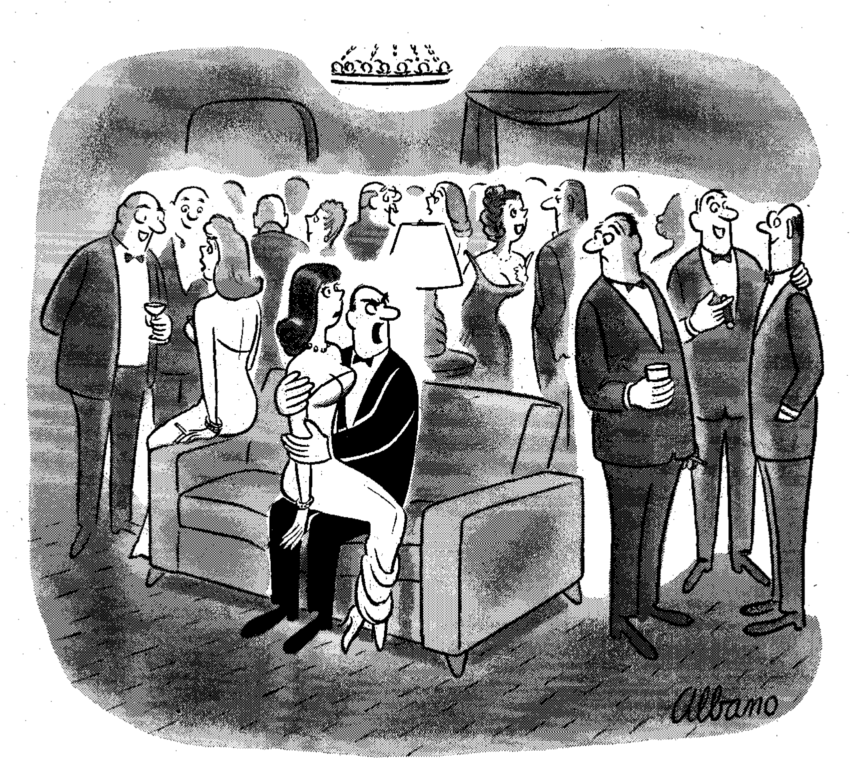
Thus the free world's crude-oil reserves, at the present rate of withdrawal, not taking into account the probable discovery of new fields whose output may or may not balance the devouring upswing of consumption, are sufficient for almost another forty-one years.

Crude-oil reserves of the United States and Canada, of which Canada's share is approximately 8.7 per cent, total slightly less than 33,174,860,000 barrels.

Thus the combined reserves of the United States and Canada, at the present rate of depletion, are sufficient to last less than another twelve years—again not taking into account the hoped-for discovery of new reserves which may or may not match our ever-mounting demand.

It is at this point, with the blunt facts of crude-oil production versus reserves before us, that the sheer size of the Alberta deposit—regardless of how, when or to what extent the colossal reservoir may ultimately be drained—can be appraised in its full and significant dimensions, like those of a massive headland emerging from mist.

The 300,000,000,000 barrels of potentially recoverable crude oil estimated to be entrapped in the Alberta sands have the following relative importance: It—the Alberta sands' potential—represents an amount of crude oil almost three times as great as all the crude oil produced on this globe since 1895—100,396,805,000



"You never told me your wife was from my home town."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

barrels. It represents an amount of crude oil five times as great as all the crude oil produced in the United States—60,711,511,000 barrels—since 1895.

Its estimated potential of 300,000,000,000 barrels, if fully recoverable, could supply the present crude-oil needs of the free world for the next fifty-three years; those of the United States and Canada for the next 107 years.

And in heartening summation, from the uncompromising viewpoint which disregards the factor of cost—that of military necessity—the Alberta deposit is here in North America, where international boundary lines are nonexistent in terms of mutual security.

To return to the final recovery problem, less than 2 per cent of the Alberta oil-bearing stratum is exposed at the surface, and an additional but lesser percentage lends itself to open-pit methods. As to the balance, the very richness of the deposit defies the ordinary techniques of underground mining.

Surface sand is badly eroded and nonplastic, but when a cubic yard of subsurface material is dumped upon a flat area it first assumes the usual shape of a rough pyramid or cone. But not for long. Slowly the mass begins to settle, its apex lowering, its sides bulging outward, until it finally approximates the form of an outsize, unbaked biscuit.

Thus the mass is neither static enough to provide supporting columns for underground tunnels and drifts, nor sufficiently fluid to be force-pumped or piped by gravity, so that the mechanics of removing the oil-rich stratum from beneath an overburden too deep for open-pit methods has thus far discouraged the most seasoned production men.

An army of these hardheaded experts, representing all the world's major oil companies, plus numerous wildcatters, have converged on the Athabaska like wolves on the fold since the Research Council's announcement of a feasible extraction process. All have left unwillingly, armed with staggering and tantalizing data on the volume of the oil-rich sand—so close beneath their feet, yet so far, engineeringwise, from the surface.

The volume is there, these oil-hungry specialists agree, and perhaps a total of marketable barrels far greater than conservative governmental estimates concede, but the consensus is that feasible large-scale development—again using the peacetime cost yardstick—must await the eventuality which is vague only with respect to time: When it has to be done.

How the deposit occurred—whence came this huge mass of oil-saturated sand—ranks as a geological mystery. Was it created *in situ?* Experts think it impossible; the mass of oil is too enormous. Was it created in separate deposits which afterward flowed together? If so, whence came so conveniently in one locale the prodigious volume of sand itself, a reservoir whose probable area—30,000 square miles—is considerably larger than that of Lake Michigan? Leading oil geologists can't agree. The greatest say simply, as with the origins of matter and of life itself: we don't know.

First official notice that the "tar" of legend was actually a high-grade bituminous oil came in 1888, following an exploration of the region by the Geological Survey of Canada. Ten years later the Geological Survey drilled a well at Pelican Rapids to determine if fluid oil was available. None was found, and numerous drillings by wildcatters failed to find fluid oil in significant quantities. What these and subsequent drillings did determine was the presence of a continuous body of oil-saturated sand averaging 150 to 200 feet in thickness.

And still, until 1913, the true stature of the deposit was unsuspected. In that year Dr. S. C. Ells, of the Dominion Department of Mines, visited the region and returned to conduct surveys which continued for more than three decades. Persistently through these years, and sometimes as a literal voice "crying in the wilderness," Doctor Ells amassed his data and called it to the attention of his superiors.

Once Ells' statistics were published locally, there were numerous attempts backed by both private and public groups to find a feasible method of separating the oil from the sand. After many experiments had failed, the Research Council undertook a long-range and determined effort to solve the riddle. This began in 1929–30 and continued, with the exception of the war years, until 1949, when the Bitumount plant was acquired and operated on the ground.

The successful oil-separation process was first discovered in the Research Council laboratory, then practically demonstrated at Bitumount. In simple terms, the oil sand is first mixed with water and heated to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. This batch is then flooded with an excess of hot water, which brings the oil to the surface in the form of froth. This froth, which is readily skimmed off, contains 90 per cent of the sand's original oil content. Another 5 per cent is extracted from the residue through a secondary step, so that an over-all recovery of 95 per cent of the oil from a given batch of sand is achieved.

To the layman this appears highly intricate. Actually, as demonstrated at Bitumount on a 500-barrel-per-day basis, on oil sands available at the surface, it is a continuous process from hopper to storage tank, at a per-barrel cost figure close to that of the market price of regular crude.

Transportation costs under large-scale development would be relatively negligible, since a pipeline already under construction will soon link oilfields west and north of Edmonton with Lake Superior, the gateway to continental and world markets. Extension of this pipeline north to Fort McMurray would add a minor cost fraction in terms of a daily production of multimillion barrels.

Public announcement of the success of the extraction process at Bitumount resulted in perhaps the greatest single gathering of top-flight oilmen under one roof, in the Oil Sands Conference in Edmonton during September, 1950. The 370-page published Proceedings listed about half of the more than 150 delegates as executives of oil companies from this continent and abroad, one third as representatives of major mining and engineering organizations, and the balance as delegates from governments, associated industries, financial groups and others.

Although the published Proceedings of the conference at once found its way to the technical-office libraries of scores of oil companies here and abroad, and numerous parties of uncommunicative but obviously seasoned men appear at intervals along the Athabaska River, survey the immense terrain and depart as unobtrusively, no current large-scale-development plans appear to be under way.

A recent announcement by a Canadian oil-development company of a plan to erect an oil-extraction-and-refining plant of 20,000 barrels-per-day capacity on a riverbank site below Fort McMurray has caused a minor flurry in oil circles in Northern Alberta, but whether this well-publicized project will result in a bona fide venture into actual production has yet to be demonstrated.

Currently under discussion, too, is a daring scheme to explode a nuclear bomb at some strategic point in the sands, on the theory that the blast might thin out the oil sufficiently to cause it to flow into the cavity created by the explosion. It is estimated that a single shot at 1450 feet would free one million barrels of crude. Richfield Oil Corporation, which originally interested the Canadian bureau of mines in the idea, has made preliminary investigations. The decision is now up to the Canadian cabinet, which must decide if such an experiment could be construed as a nuclear-weapons test contrary to international agreements.

An element of mystery surrounds other relatively small-scale explorations today going forward in the giant deposit. These could be independent, or wildcat, enterprises. They could also represent a few of the far-flung and always guarded probings carried out incessantly by major oil companies in various parts of the globe. The results of these current explorations are submitted regularly to the Research Council, but on a confidential basis until findings are individually released.

Research Council technicians are unworried about the current lack of any large-scale activity in the area. Theirs is the calm of dedicated workmen who know they have done, and are doing, a good job. S. C. Ells and those who followed have ascertained the minimum area of the immense stratum, and the expansion of that area to the as yet unknown maximum is going forward as fast as available funds and technicians permit. Meantime, with the extraction process proved, the laboratory battle of drill cores and test tubes is over.

In the view of these dedicated individuals, future large-scale development, including feasible means of access to the subterranean sand, will come in its own time—months, years or decades hence. The oil has been stored along the Athabaska for billions of years and cannot evaporate, deteriorate or seep away. It will still be there—massive, reassuring and relatively untouched—against that moment in the future when its utilization is indicated by either of two unknowns in the equation of human progress: the economics of free enterprise or the basic requirements of survival in total war.

THE END

## NEXT WEEK

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## ARE WE MAKING A PLAYGROUND OUT OF COLLEGE?

A Professor's Indictment of What Passes for "Higher Education"

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## MY LIFE WITH BABE RUTH

The Great Bambino's Widow Tells Her Long-Awaited Story

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 22:

## THE VARIETIES OF HUMAN LOVE

By Martin Cyril D'Arcy, S.J.

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MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY:

## ARTHUR'S TELEVISION TROUBLES

By Kathryn Murray

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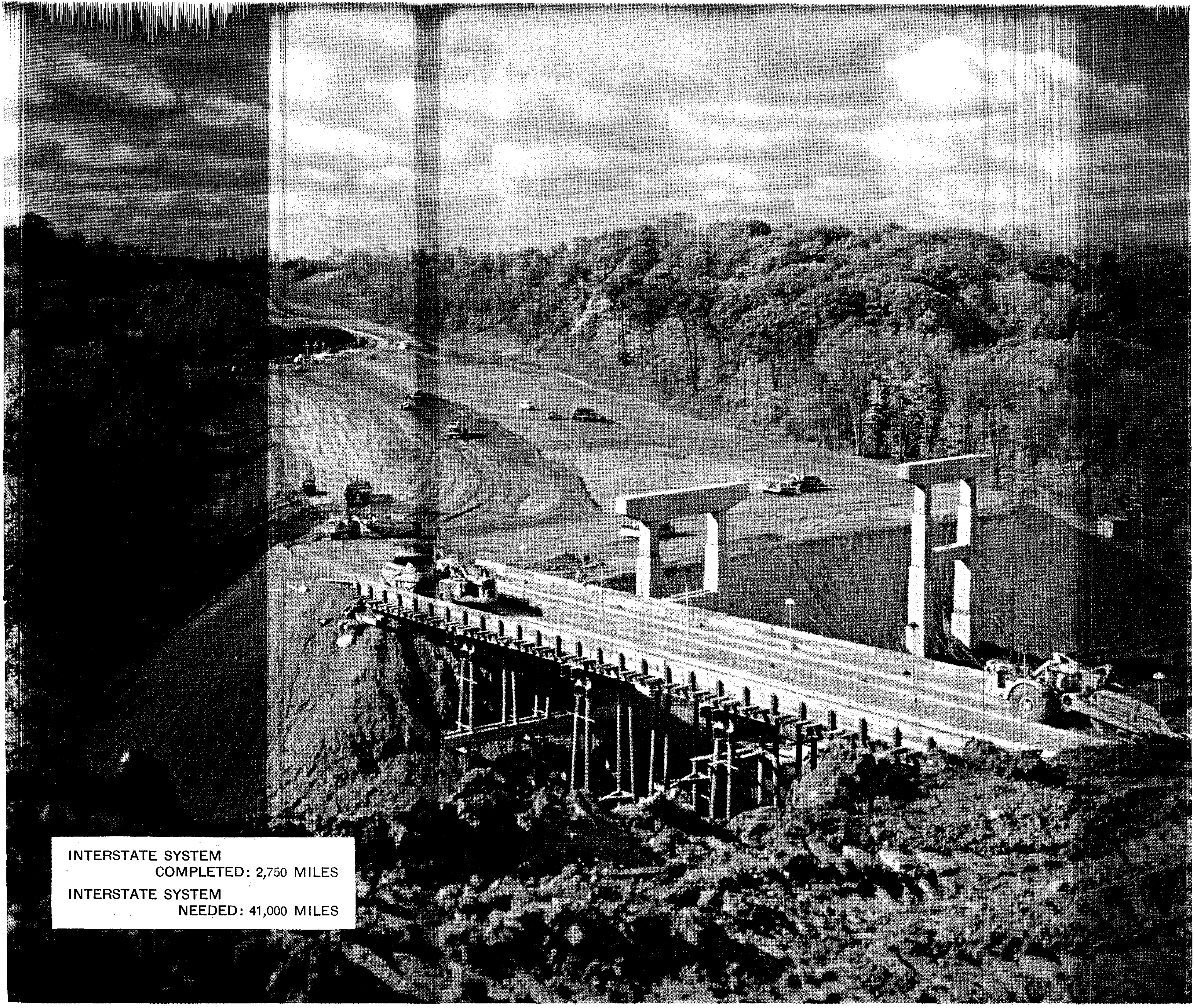
A SHORT STORY BY

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT



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NEEDED: 41,000 MILES

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FOR A GROWING AMERICA

# Why I Love Lake Champlain

(Continued from Page 33)

No marker stone left unturned. The celebration started on January first, and throughout the year there will be dozens of pageants, canoecades, naval battles and land battles. And speeches in such quantity that next winter is bound to be mild. The climax comes late in June and early in July when the Champlain canoecade re-enacts Champlain's trip down through the lake.

The original trip started when Old Sam agreed to accompany a war party of assorted Huron, Montagnais and Algonquin Indians against the Iroquois, their enemies to the south, if they would show him a beautiful lake they had told him about. The expedition paddled down the Richelieu River and on July fourth entered what was to become Lake Champlain. They paddled down the lake for several weeks, meeting the Iroquois in a battle which started the morning of July thirtieth. The Frenchmen used a harquebus to kill three Iroquois chiefs, whose followers, ignorant of firearms, then fled.

The 1959 version of this war party will paddle down the Richelieu River into Lake Champlain in twenty-four genuine birch-bark canoes made by Indians in Canada last summer. The canoecade will reach Isle LaMotte on July fifth and from there will crisscross the lake to many towns and cities until July twenty-sixth, when re-enactment of the battle with the Iroquois will take place. Still, if you shouldn't see a single pageant, a single businessman looking uncomfortable in wig and light armor, or even one fake Indian putting his foot through a birch-bark canoe, I believe that just visiting my beautiful lake would repay you for the trip.

Lake Champlain is a body of fresh water which separates northern New York from Vermont, and sticks up a little into Canada. It is 118 miles long, and twelve and one-eighth miles wide at its widest point, and 399 feet deep off Essex, New York. It was once part of the Atlantic Ocean, then became a river, which later was dammed by glacial deposits. It flowed for a while into the Hudson; later it flowed into the St. Lawrence. A year in its lifetime is like a fraction of a second in the life of old Methuselah.

**Something Different**

I'm shopping for a
"different" hat
And none can pass the test;
They're all like all the
others that
Are different from the rest!

**May Richstone**

To my loyally biased way of thinking, Lake Champlain is the most beautiful lake in the world—a lake of wide, soft vistas; of mountains sometimes rising abruptly from its waters, sometimes well back from its shores; of fertile farm lands; of cities and towns; of commerce and recreation.

Two thirds of the way south the lake tapers to a comfortable two- or three-mile width. Below the Champlain Bridge, at Chimney Point, Vermont, it narrows still more. Just above Whitehall, New York, George Washington could have thrown a thin dime across it instead of a dollar. Underhanded, to boot.

Lake George, a sister lake which parallels Lake Champlain's southern end, is the exquisite, voluptuous calendar girl. Lake Champlain is that nice housewife next door. Lovely, but less flamboyant; wonderful, quiet, companionable, efficient, friendly, wearing well, useful beyond her beauty.

Sometimes the lake, again like the nice housewife next door, under the stress of storm and unexpected upheaval, can become temperamental. Then, as a French-Canadian told Captain Hill of the Burlington Coast Guard, "It is more better for sail on shore."

Much more better, believe me. The waves on the broad lake, where the sweep is great, can be tremendous. When I was a small, wide-eyed, redheaded kid, my family rented a cabin cruiser for a long trip and started north from our cottage in a north wind. We got along fine until we rounded Split Rock into the broad lake, but there the full force of the wind hit us. We dived into a couple of waves; then the motor conked out. The cruiser turned sideways into the troughs and rolled terribly. Bags, dishes, hampers and passengers landed in a heap in the bottom.

We couldn't anchor; the water there is from 200 to 399 feet deep. My father climbed into his skiff, which we had towed, and with it pulled the big boat around out of the trough. Then, keeping it out of the trough, he helped the wind carry us back within a couple of miles of home, where he towed us behind a point, repeating loudly and often all the while that never again would he set foot in anything that he couldn't row.

Bigger boats than that cabin cruiser have felt the force of the lake storms. In my youth, each person throughout the length of the lake knew where, a little awed, he could point down to a number of thick-ribbed skeletons of canalboats which had fought to a gallant death at the hands of the elements. When we were trolling in Potash Bay we'd sometimes catch our trolling spoons on the centerboard-well of one of them.

Always Lake Champlain was a great waterway. At first it connected the land of the Iroquois with the land of the Algonquins, a broad pathway along which war parties, hunting parties, fishing parties paddled. They traveled mostly at night, the darker shadows that were the canoes making no sound, not even the drip of water from paddle blades, as they ghosted along the dark, timbered shores.

Later the lake connected the settlements on the St. Lawrence with Albany and New York. At first travelers would portage into Lake George; then, at the far end of that body of water, would cross to the Hudson and thus reach Albany. In 1823 the Champlain Canal was opened to carry boats from Whitehall at the end of Lake Champlain to the Hudson.

When I roamed the lake, there were still the fabulous old side-wheelers, the *Vermont*, *Ticonderoga* and *Chateaugay*. They were the first steel-hulled steamers. The third *Vermont*—the first *Vermont*, in 1808, was the world's second successful steamboat—was 262 feet long and could carry 1800 people at twenty-three miles an hour. With all her flags flying, her red paddle wheels churning, she was a wonderful sight as she steamed daily on her round trip between Plattsburgh and Ticonderoga on the New York shore.

The others were almost as big and practically as thrilling. One of them came down into Westport, on the New York

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side, every evening, stayed overnight, and went back the next day. On this trip she'd drop across to the Loomis Orchard, within a couple of miles of our cottage, to load apples. We'd see her rounding Barber's Point and we'd run for the canoe. We'd watch wide-eyed while she docked, and while the stevedores loaded the apple barrels with carts at a dead run. Then there'd be bells ringing, hoarse commands, the paddles would start to churn, the gangplank would be pulled aboard, the lines cast off, and she'd move majestically away. We'd watch the water at the end of the dock boil and swirl long, long after she had gone.

One of these nights my pal, Sid Gage, and I dived off the upper deck of the *Ticonderoga* with our clothes on while she lay there loading, all because a very beautiful girl, who was engaged to a Yale football captain, bet us that we couldn't. We squished our way home afterward with an expansive feeling of masculine accomplishment.

Each time I saw the big boats move away I'd remember with a little shiver my father's story of standing off the *Vermont* once in his skiff to say good-by to some people, when the paddles suddenly started up. The suction began to pull him in. He began to row with all the strength and skill at his command—and that was considerable. But the paddles churned with full power and sucked the water in and downward. Father actually was rowing uphill.

His arms ached, his chest was restricted, and his eyes went out of focus from the strain of his efforts. The flashing red paddles came nearer and nearer in spite of everything he could do. Then, just when it seemed as if he must be sucked in, the *Vermont* moved far enough away so that the suction lessened, then stopped. Father was left swirling in the ship's wake, collapsed across his oars. So vivid did he make this incident that I would never come anywhere near those steamers in a small boat.

Between regularly scheduled trips the *Ticonderoga* and the *Chateaugay* ran "moonlight sails." There'd be a small orchestra aboard for dancing, and chairs along the rail. And the romance of the moonlight. I knew something many didn't—that there was a very narrow little dead end up against the paddle housing, with a railing you could lean against and watch the night, dark where the rest of the boat was light. A terrific bit of knowledge for a young man squiring a young lady.

When the moonlight trip was almost over, the steamer would blow her fires. A cascade of live coals would shoot out from the side and strike the water with a little hiss. And there'd be a drawn-out "Ah-h-h" from the eight or nine hundred watching. The lake those nights was so beautiful that it hurt you inside.

All three boats are gone now. The *Vermont* was towed through the canal and went to operate in Atlantic waters. The *Chateaugay* was cut in pieces with torches and shipped to Lake Winnipesaukee in New Hampshire to be reassembled and used as an excursion boat. The *Ticonderoga* was moved two miles inland to the Shelburne Museum in Vermont. She crossed farm land, one railroad, and her trip cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. But you can board her now in the museum ground and can eat lunch aboard. Probably the little cubbyhole next to her paddle housing does no good any more for a young man in love. Even today, around eleven o'clock when the *Vermont* ought to be passing, I look out and wish that I might sit again on shore and wait for her waves to come in.

The canalboats used to carry hay, lumber, bricks and many other items. They were towed two abreast by a tug, as many as twenty or thirty in a tow, and they'd move very slowly. Several times drunks who were rowing home late at night from the wet town of Port Henry, New York, to the dry town of Addison, Vermont, tried to pass between a tug and her tows, were tipped over by the towline and drowned.

Each canalboat had a tiny cabin aft for the bargeman and his family. Their washing would hang out on the line, and there'd be kids running around on deck or climbing over the deckload of lumber. The operator would cut away from the tow and hoist a sail and come in to a hay chute or a lumber-mill wharf. Then when he was loaded he'd wait until a tow came into sight, hoist his sail, go out and intercept it. It seemed to me that life on a canalboat must be the most interesting in the whole world, and I rebelled a little against a fate which made me a college professor's son.

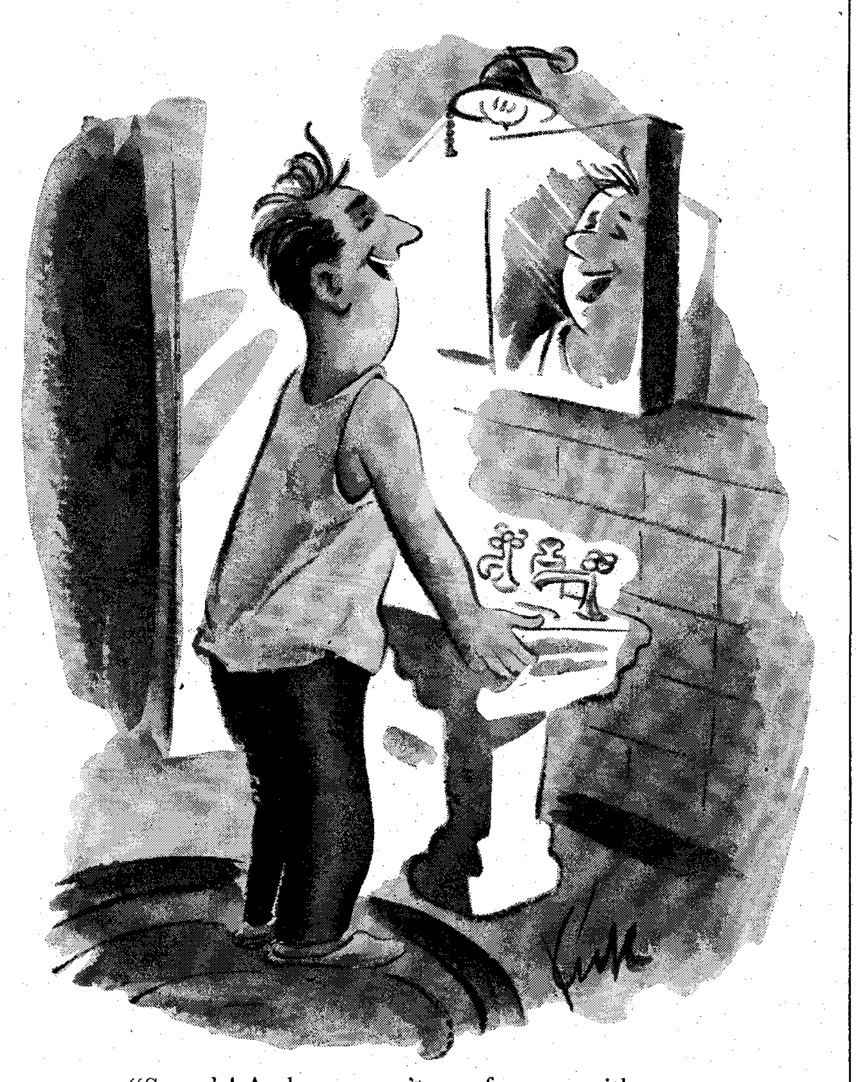
The canalboats gradually disappeared from the lake and in their place came the huge steel barges with a tug nuzzled into a V in their stern. These carry oil from Bayonne, New Jersey, to storage tanks in the cities and towns on both sides of the lake. Self-propelled paper-carrying boats, under Canadian registry, now ply the lake taking paper from Canada to New York and returning with coal, sulphur and other merchandise. And once in a while there's one of the amazing eel barges, going down to New York in late fall for the Italian holidays. The eels are netted in the Richelieu River, Lake Champlain's outlet, and the boats that carry them are huge live-boxes with wire mesh for a bottom to allow the water to circulate.

There are still the ferries. Some cross the very broad part of the lake. For many years there were only the ferries. Then the Champlain Bridge was built across the Narrows. I went to the bridge opening by canoe and watched to see whether or not the rumor that the *Vermont* would knock her smokestack off when she first tried to go underneath, was true. It wasn't.

The bridge put out of business the ferry at the Narrows which had carried teams across the lake in my father's youth. The boat was the old *G. R. Sherman*, Captain Weatherwax commanding, and she couldn't run if there was a heavy north wind. I was very partial to that boat. When she could run, she kept on schedule and wouldn't wait for passengers coming down the hill, causing one farmer's prim wife, who had to wait two hours for the next boat, to say, "I told that Captain Weatherwax gently but firmly that I would never ride in his boat again."

Of late years the popularity of the outboard motor has grown and grown until nowadays you seldom see a rowboat or a fishing boat being propelled with oars. And speedboats skitter across the water, some of them towing water skiers. So now Vermont is building public access areas where a boatowner can launch his outboard boat from its trailer, spend the day enjoying Lake Champlain, reload the boat at night and go home.

The cities and towns along the lake are still small by modern standards. Burlington, only 37,285, is the largest. Some "villages" in New Jersey actually are larger. In the last fifty years more and more cottages have been built along the lake shore. But still it is bordered mostly by farm land. Lake pastures allow the cattle—usually Holsteins because of their greater production of milk—to drink when they want to, and stand deep in its cool waters to keep the flies off their legs and stomachs on hot summer days. In the old days the fields, seen from the lake, were dotted with haystacks, and many times on canoe trips I burrowed into them to sleep dry. Now, with the hay baler and chopper in common use, another picturesque landmark is gone.



"Superb! And now won't you favor us with your inimitable impersonation of Maurice Chevalier?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Apples are still raised in quantity in the Champlain Valley. When the orchards are near the lake, its waters temper the air and keep away early frosts. No apple in the world, in my opinion, tastes as good as a Champlain Valley McIntosh that pops when you bite into its wonderful, juicy flesh.

There has been an increase in the number of resorts along the shores. Many of the older summer-hotel-type establishments have added cottages. The delightful Basin Harbor Club is an example. New cottage colonies have sprung up. But, considering the hundreds of miles of shore line, there are still very few.

I know about this business firsthand because, feeling the way I do about the lake, I couldn't endure the idea of being away from her most of the year. So I built and for twenty-two years have run a cottage-camp for families, called Owl's Head Harbor, on the Vermont side in West Addison. Thus the old lake and I have gone on living together, and she has become the woman who keeps me.

Fishing still remains the lake's number-one attraction for city people. Champlain boasts some really tremendous northern pike, pickerel, and a few muskellunge in the Missisquoi Bay area. The largest northern pike I ever saw taken from the lake was twenty-eight pounds. Our last-summer's record was just over nine pounds. Each year there are walleyed pike runs that under ideal conditions net terrific catches in the Winooski River area, and just south of the Champlain Bridge. Lake Champlain bass jump just a little higher and fight just a little harder than those in other lakes, I like to think. Yellow perch are plentiful and tasty.

There are the little-known fish, too, such as the skin ling and the scale ling, the sheepshead, the sturgeon, the billfish, the eel, the mullet, the mooneye. A skin ling looks something like a compressed eel. The Lake Champlain sheepshead is a member of the drum family and has two stones in its head which have to do with its hearing apparatus. The stones each have a scroll L—if you use your imagination a little—and are supposed to be lucky. I've seen earrings and other jewelry items made from them. If you fry or bake the sheepshead, its flesh gets harder and harder—forks have been broken on fried sheepshead—but if the flesh is boiled correctly and served with thick cream dressing, it's a gourmet item.

The fresh-water mullet is like a sucker, and the mooneye is like a shad. Once I found a dead sturgeon on my shore that weighed over a hundred pounds. He had a round mouth set back and underneath, with a cartilage ring and membrane that pulled out six or eight inches like a tube—a handy instrument for sucking things off the bottom. We pulled him to higher ground with ice tongs and had a picture taken so we could send copies to friends with the message, "As soon as you left, look what we caught."

In the days when I was a boy, the farmers used to troll for northern pike a lot. They trolled on Sundays and on rainy days when they couldn't work on the farm. They hammered trolling spoons out of something they stole from their wife's spoon drawer when she wasn't looking. That's how trolling spoons came to be called by that name. The farmers trolled with long bamboo poles that got the spoon out away from the shadow of the boat, but still allowed them to get hold of it quickly by lifting the pole in the air if it became fouled in weeds.

We used the same rig. When I was too little to hold the pole, I'd sit in the bow. The moment I proved I could lift the pole, I graduated to one of the fishing seats aft. There I'd sit, a tiny redheaded bump on the end of a long yellow pole, not much more than my head and shoulders showing above the gunwale.

We fished every morning except Sunday between our cottage and the farmhouse where we bought milk. Those were wonderful mornings. Once a guest of my father's had the bamboo pole held with his knees, while both his hands were occupied in holding a joke book. A northern pike hit suddenly, jerked the pole from under his knees, across the gunwale and away. The fish headed out into deep water and my father, who was rowing the skiff, backed in pursuit. I finally caught hold of the pole, and my father, who hated to lose a fish and was disgusted with the guest, told me to play it. I played it for half an hour and brought it in. It weighed nine and one quarter pounds and broke the record for our cottage, which I had held previously. To my chagrin, my father decreed that the championship now was held by the guest. I was about eight years old, and losing that record was a bitter blow.

I later said to my father, "But he didn't have anything to do with the fish except hold his pole wrong."

My father said, "But it was his pole." So that's how it was. I held in until I could go away by myself and lie atop the big rock in Potash Bay. And there I cried it out, the prerogative of all small boys who have suffered a great disappointment.

Fishing isn't confined to the summer. The lake freezes first below the bridge in December, below Split Rock usually in January, and the broad lake not until late February. People drive on the ice, and back in horse-and-buggy times evergreens were cut and spaced to mark the route so that in snowstorms a driver would not wander in circles and perhaps perish. Many a driver took a chance, and dropped his team and wagon—and sometimes himself—through the ice.

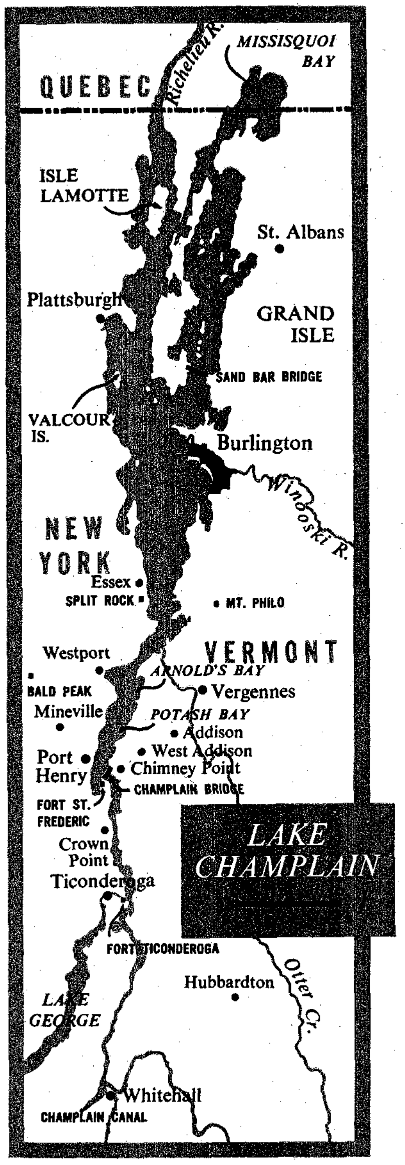
After the lake freezes, in certain good fishing spots villages of shanties mushroom on the ice, their owners for the most part after smelt. Inside these fish shanties, with a fire going in the stove, you sit in shirt sleeves and fish through trap doors in the floor that match up with holes in the ice. You use a strip cut from the side of a smelt for bait, and you jig with the line constantly to make the bait dart like a minnow. You can look down into the water and see hundreds of the shadowy fish passing. They bite best in the morning, seldom bite much between eleven o'clock and four.

The shanties are dragged out onto the ice on runners. When the ice is glare, they have to be anchored so that the wind won't blow them away. A little old man named Charley Gooley, whom I knew and revered as a boy, once failed to anchor his shanty and it got away. Another friend, Rob Moorby, stuck his head out of his shanty just as Charley's shelter whooshed past.

Charley was clinging to the doorway and looking worried. "Rob! Rob! Where am I going?" he called. And Rob called back, "Depends mostly on the life you've led, Charley."

There are many reminders around Lake Champlain of its place in the path of history. Things which happened on its waters have changed the lives of millions of people. Old Sam Champlain's fight with the Iroquois so infuriated the Six Nations that they hated and fought the French for generations. Without them the French might never have been driven out of upper New England and New York. Those areas might have by-passed the Revolution and be part of Canada now. If it's true that Old Sam returns, he must have been astounded at the repercussions of a canoe trip and a few shots from a harquebus.

On May 10, 1775, at four o'clock in the morning, Ethan Allen and others, with a very inadequate number of boats, managed to ferry about eighty men from the Vermont shore to a spot within half a mile of Fort Ticonderoga. Just as day was breaking they attacked a wicket gate, the sentry's gun misfired, and they took Fort Ticonderoga, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This must have confused the British commander, Captain William Delaplace, because the Second Continental Congress hadn't yet assembled—in fact, met for the first time that same morning in Philadelphia. There never has been any question but that Ethan and Benedict Arnold were the first two to enter the fort. But I've talked to at least a hundred people whose ancestors entered third.



Lake Champlain extends 118 miles between New York and Vermont, into the province of Quebec.

On October 11, 1776, Arnold's fleet fought the British fleet and was defeated at the battle of Valcour Island. He slipped away in the darkness and mist, and ran his flagship and some other boats into a small bay, later called Arnold's Bay, where he burned them to the water line. You could find the hulls there in the water when I was a boy, but later they were raised by divers. The battle itself, though a defeat, so delayed the British that winter set in before they could follow up their advantage.

In early July of the next year Burgoyne finally recaptured Fort Ticonderoga for the British by dragging cannon up the impossible Mount Defiance. The American troops crossed the lake in darkness and retreated to Hubbardton, Vermont, where they were overtaken. They fought from behind trees, Indian-style, and were finally defeated by the arrival of three hundred fresh troops. The Celebration Committee has tentative plans for the re-enactment of the Hubbardton battle this summer with 2000 men participating. This will certainly be worth seeing if it takes place, but I have the feeling that with 2000 actors and even more spectators, the parking problem will be acute, something the original participants never had to think about.

In an effort to control the lake during the War of 1812, Commodore Thomas Macdonough achieved one of the greatest shipbuilding feats of all time at Vergennes, Vermont. On March second he selected trees growing in the forest, on March seventh the keel of a ship was laid, and on April eleventh the *Saratoga*, mounting twenty-six guns, was launched. Other ships were built at the same time, and they brought the United States enough strength so that, though outgunned ninety-two to eighty-six, they challenged the British for supremacy at the Battle of Plattsburgh. Macdonough chose his position carefully and devised a multiple-anchor setup which, by pulling on different lines, allowed him to turn his ships. When all the guns in his starboard battery had been silenced, Macdonough swung the *Saratoga* around. The British flagship, unable to do the same thing, was no match for this new firepower and soon surrendered. This battle will be re-enacted this summer. It's going to be interesting to watch sailors of the motor-boat era try to turn the *Saratoga* at the proper time.

During the Civil War, twenty-two Confederate soldiers in disguise, some traveling down from Canada by boat on the lake, gathered quietly in St. Albans, Vermont. There they suddenly took over the city for a period of about three hours. They captured three banks and commandeered horses. They then galloped the horses back into Canada, carrying the contents of the banks as a reward for their farthest-north victory. One citizen was killed during the raid. Late last summer three masked men rode into St. Albans, claiming the Southerners were outraged by the wording of the historical plaque regarding this incident, and covered the plaque with a cloth. At last report the police still wanted them for double parking.

Least known of all are the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870, which the committee will by no means overlook. The Fenian Brotherhood, a secret Irish society sworn to free Ireland, planned to capture Canada with an army of 100,000 men, most of them Irish veterans of the North's forces in the Civil War. About a fifth of that number actually showed up at the three staging areas along our northern border.

The big push was to be near Buffalo, but the right-hand spearhead was to attack with over a thousand men through the Champlain Valley in Vermont. The United States Government cut off the supply lines of the main raid and arrested the participants. The Champlain attack was confined to skirmishes and cattle stealing.

Four years later a second attempt was made in Vermont, but after an afternoon of fighting at the border, one leader was arrested, another wounded, and the pangs of hunger became strong. The Fenians gave up their attempt. So help me, I'm not making this up. It actually happened.

Here are some events and places which won't be listed in the anniversary program, but might make a visitor's tour more enjoyable.

You can get a terrific view of the whole area by driving up Mount Philo on the Vermont side between Vergennes and Burlington. Or from Mount Defiance at Ticonderoga on the New York side. If you're willing to climb on foot, there's Bald Peak, reached out of Mineville, New York, and Grand View Mountain, which lies south of Vergennes on 22A. Not many tourists find these, but their views are breath-taking.

If you're camping, you might like Crown Point Reservation, right at the Narrows where a lot of the fighting took place, or Sand Bar Bridge State Park, north of Burlington. Both have fine swimming and fishing and camp sites.

You'd enjoy going to Battery Park in the city of Burlington, to sit high on a bluff in the late afternoon and watch the sunset over the lake and maybe a ferry making its way in.

Everybody knows about Fort Ticonderoga and its excellent restoration, but not many know that north at the Narrows where the Champlain Bridge crosses, there are two forts—the old French Fort St. Frederic, and the English Fort Crown Point. No admission to these, and no signs telling you how to reach them. The Army must have been the same in those days, because the men's barracks are about gone, the noncoms' barracks are in fair repair, and the officers' barracks are in fine shape by comparison. Near the forts is the Champlain Memorial Lighthouse which was built to commemorate the lake's three-hundredth-anniversary celebration. My father took me to the dedication when I was five, and I remember only that I sat on the grass and saw real Indians.

If you come to Champlain in spring, the apple blossoms in Grand Isle and the Heros are very beautiful. The walleye-run, south of the Champlain Bridge, comes usually a couple of weeks each side of Memorial Day. In the fall when the mountains and woods turn to flaming colors, the foliage display is likely to be at its height by Columbus Day.

If you travel by cruiser or yacht into the lake, either up from the Hudson or down the Richelieu, don't miss a trip up the Otter. And don't fail to spend some time near Split Rock Mountain, between Split Rock and Westport, New York. This is one of the wildest, most beautiful areas left in the whole of the eastern United States. The mountains drop into the water, and the water is over 200 feet deep only a few feet from the land. There are beautiful little harbors there, as well as the steep Palisades. Once I rode along the length of this mountain in the moonlight aboard the *Ticonderoga*. It was so breath-taking that I waited for a friend beside me to make some appropriate comment. After a long time he said, "There's certainly a lot of waste land around here."

Maybe I've proved by now that I've had more from Lake Champlain than Old Sam ever had. I brought my bride to the lake. I was on the lake when a sheet hung on a tree on our point signaled me to race for home because my daughter was showing signs of wanting to be born. For years the lake deposited my firewood at my door.

There have been the nights of waking to hear geese honking their way south, there've been ducks coming into my blind, and big fish taking my spoon. When I was a kid and the summer was at an end and school in Worcester was only a couple of days off, I used to sit in the bow of the canoe and try to keep my folks from seeing any tears. I'm afraid I would still feel that same way if I ever had to leave this, my one and only Lake Champlain. THE END

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# The Secret of the Tin Box

(Continued from Page 34)

what I had in mind really be quite the sort of thing Kingston would ever have expected of me? What, in any case, was so abso-ba-lutely urgent about it that it would cause me in the springtime of my junior year to withdraw from college, thus abandoning every advantage which at some sacrifice by certain persons had been placed at my disposal? The young, he had to remind me, often had these little storms of revolt against conformity; but, he would add, not without a sigh of pride for his small part in the continuing tradition of Kingston, it all depended upon what you were asked to conform to. In his view—and that of thousands long gone before us—what Kingston asked me to conform to was pretty well the best tradition of civilized life a chap could ask for.

I could have written his remarks out before seeing him. I sat silent, trying to invent a way of departing without rudeness.

"Still urgent?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He sighed and played a little tune with the tip of his tongue against the bit of his pipe.

"I'll take no action," he said, "until you talk to Grace about it. You may go over to Elizabeth to see her during the week if you like. I'll let you have the necessary cuts. You and your mother have been very close since—since your father was lost, Archer. I'd trust her to advise you in the best way. I feel sure she will agree with me. Not that you need my agreement to do anything at all. It is entirely up to you. But if you want my advice, which is wholly another matter, you already have it."

He stood up to terminate the interview. He had an uncrackable, pliable, tiny strength behind his signs of jolly tolerance. He was the enemy. He was the world. I left him.

I walked away from Dean Braxton's office down the main corridor of Steuben Hall toward the front door, passing the faculty portraits. Yours is there now. It was commissioned by the alumni after World War II. Having been painted from photographs, it doesn't really look like you; but I know what you look like, so it doesn't much matter. When it is viewed eventually by people of the future who never saw you, it will look to them like a fine likeness of a distinguished university professor in his doctoral robes and hood, showing a lighted mind behind a strong blue eye. It is amazing to me and, I feel, a trifle disrespectful, that I am taller than you now. Mother says I look like you. She knows it pleases me, though I can't see it.

I went to see mother in Elizabeth, New Jersey, later the same day. She has a small apartment in the Edgemere Manor Estates. Whenever I come to see her I always remark on how charming she has made her little sitting room, with flowers, books and family photographs. She has two bedrooms, of which the spare is used as a storeroom for boxes and boxes of "things" kept from our old house. Now and then she will think of a "thing" which she has not seen for a long time, and she will begin systematically to hunt for it, fearing that a well-loved reminder of the time of Used-To-Be has become lost. She will search through carton after carton of her possessions in the spare room. These journeys past family landmarks give her deep pain and pleasure. As the years passed since you left us on that day to go into the Army, the time of Used-To-Be grew always more vivid for her rather than less so.

"Your father never meant me to come to this," she would say, indicating the Edgemere Manor Estates—that long succession of identical L-shaped red-brick buildings with Tudor references at every third window and the same half-timbering on the street end of each block of apartments.

She was startled to see me in the middle of the week.

"Archer! What is wrong!"

"Nothing is wrong, mother. I have the dean's permission to come."

"The dean! Then something *is* wrong. Wiley Braxton would never let you cut classes if ——"

She dwindled away out of my embrace and sat down in her bay-window armchair, and the dropping sun printed her with diamond shapes cast by the leaded panes. I came and sat down on the footstool facing her.

"More than I can stand," she murmured against her fingers. "First, daddy, and I think day after day that this will be the day when I will hear from him, or at least something more about him. And then staying here, hardly daring to go out to shop for fear of missing the message. And now you, today. Something is wrong or you wouldn't be here."

I took her hand and said, "Please, mother. Just listen to me, and don't think, or feel, until I am done. I have something great to talk about with you. You can make me happy if you will see what I see." And then I told her what I must do.

Her eyes grew dry with horror. She let me finish only because she had not the physical resource at the moment to interrupt me. I saw from the beginning, then, that my case was lost with her. I was nothing of a man in her eyes, only the child who had come to life through her joy and pain. Whatever he did, the child must bring her only further pain as he tried to go his way.

When I was done, she kissed my forehead with a hot sigh and then, breaking into sobs which racked her small body so properly groomed and dressed for the afternoon and evening, however empty these must be, she flew to her bedroom and shut the door and turned the bolt.

I was left to silence in the empty living room, where all the "things" accused me by their reference to Used-To-Be, when we were all together; when I did as I was told, and had such promise, and nothing would ever end.

An hour of silence is charged with power. My mother had suffered much before today. Everything she wanted for me in life was bought by sacrifice on her part. She hardly breathed except for my good. I brought her real trouble on that afternoon. I weighed it in my mind. What could I do? I asked. What could I do?

When her door opened she found me sitting in the dusk looking out of her Tudor window. Finding a thread of voice, she asked, "When would you intend to carry out this—absurd plan of yours?"

"I see no point in waiting, mother."

"Now? Before the semester is even over?" I nodded.

"And your obligations to your father's memory?" she asked. She honestly saw her duty. She was busy with what she wanted me to be—not what I wanted to be. "Is this what your father would have wanted of you? To throw away everything he saved for and planned for? Who ever heard of any of our family going in for anything like what you have on your mind? To think that you would throw away the scholarship, and not stay to take your degree and go on to honors in graduate school, and use the budget which we have kept sacred for this purpose. How I have slaved and pinched, giving up the house, and coming to this, so you would be able to finish your education! How can you do it to me!"

She leaned over and framed my face in her hands and looked into my eyes. "Does this mean so much?" she asked; and then she said in a choked voice, "Yes, I can see it does."

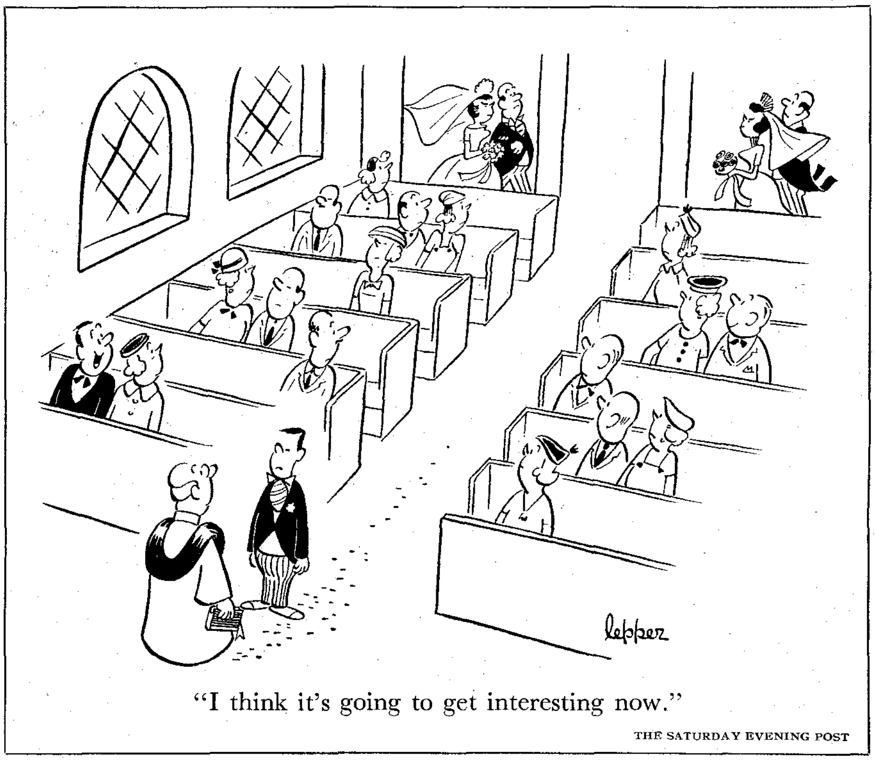
She weakened me with the power of her feeling. How did I know she might not be right, father, about what I owe to you? Would it truly betray your hope for me if I went my own way now, without further regard to what the family had always expected of me? I could not make a promise to her which I might, after all, have to break; nor could I break the promise I must make to myself.

With a caved-in feeling under my breast, I said, "I tell you what, mother. I'll hold on for a while. I'll go back to Kingston and think over very carefully what you have said."

"Yes," she said, "and then we'll see."

"Yes, then we'll see."

"At least," she said lightly, "this delay won't make the loss of the house seem quite so useless, will it? It gave us the trust fund for your education, didn't it?"



"I think it's going to get interesting now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There were two things in this. First, she was binding me to her world by referring to sacrifice made for me; and second, she was, as usual, reaching for peace by going back through the memory of our house to the time of Used-To-Be.

As usual, she took me with her until I, too, could see the house where I lived my first life—the life of a boy. It was a life which ended on that day when you left to accept your commission in World War II. I was proud of being the son of Maj. Archer Wilmington, AUS.

All we were told by the War Department—all they have told us to this day—is that your flight from Washington to North Africa by way of Belém and Dakar vanished over the Brazilian jungles and was never heard of again. "Presumed lost," they said, and yet they have never felt able to announce the death of all on board. As much as anything else, it is this which has held my mother bound to Used-To-Be. I would want you here again as much as she does, father, but after all these years, how can I think it possible? I do not feel disloyal to you in looking ahead.

But meanwhile, with mother on that midweek evening, I had to look back.

"There are so many things," she said, "which I don't seem able to find. I've been going through my boxes lately—for example, do you remember the perfect little model of a brass naval cannon of the period of 1812 which your father kept on his desk? You used to love it. That was when you loved Stephen Decatur so; he was your hero. I made you a little blue naval frock coat just like Decatur's, with white facings and the tails buttoned back with brass buttons. Well, I cannot find the little cannon. I know I could never have lost it or given it away, even though I was in such a state when we had to move. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," I said. "We'll find it," I added, just as falsely as I would have said, "And he will come home again."

"Yes, well, I did find these," she sighed, taking up an envelope from her laden desk. "Some old snapshots I thought you'd like to have, taken of all of us on the last day at home before daddy left. Do you want to look at them with me?"

I excused myself. "I have to get back now if I am to continue the high degree of excellence so far displayed by me as a junior in Kingston University. I'll look at the pictures when I get back to the campus." I put them into my pocket.

"You will go back, then, and stay on?" she insisted, in a sort of legal maneuver, to make a firm contract.

"I told you that I would change my plans to the extent of not going away at once. I will keep that promise until I know beyond a doubt about my idea. But try to remember, mother, that this is not a whim. This is what I hope to do with my whole life."

She let me go with a little shift of tactics. She kissed me lightly, and said, "I'm not afraid. I know my boy better than that. You will do the right thing. You always have. *We* always have."

But in quite another way than it did with her, the time of Used-To-Be put its power over me a few days later.

I returned to Kingston and threw myself into my work, trying to close my mind against all that had moved me in this springtime, though I knew my private day of reckoning could not be put off forever. I was glad to think of the few dollars I had managed to save in case I should ever need to go my way.

One night a week later I put on a jacket and went for a walk around the lake to clear my head for a physics test I had to face in the morning. Though a hungry lump of frustration still hung in my belly since the week before, I was feeling so sleepy and tired that only my immediate concerns were important for the moment. I had had a letter that day from a friend of mine at Radcliffe. I let myself half-think about her—about us together. When I came home after half an hour I hung up my jacket, and as I did so I felt something in one of the pockets. I reached for it. It was the envelope of snapshots which mother had given me, and which I had forgotten. I thought I might as well look at them.

Well, father, there we all were, and there was the house, with its four white columns in front against the gray of the fieldstone walls; and there were the little evergreens along the driveway, and the big windows downstairs and the small ones upstairs, with the window of my room at the corner where, in honor of the war, at that age, I had hung outside a string of little silk flags of the allied nations. You were photographed with us not only because you were going away but because you were in uniform and we all wanted a record of that.

There was one snapshot of me wearing your cap. It was too big. It engulfed my ears, but I brought my hand to its visor in a salute anyway. It was a faintly embarrassing glimpse into the sentiments and ardors of a small boy in the fond sanctions of his family, and I turned hurriedly to the next picture. There I saw the garden out in back of the house, and the gate which led through the picket fence to the hillside beyond, and the little woods that rose all upon it, and the course of the brook that went winding along at the base of the hill.

The woods were my great forest. The hill was my mountain. The brook was my river. In my imagination there was plenty of scale to enlarge all these things. I peopled them for myself in the hours which I spent along the brook with my toy boats, and miniature forts, and, in the woods, with tiny Indian stockades built of twigs and whittled branches. There was a great rock that rose like a castle at the bend of the brook just opposite to our back gate, a hundred yards from it. I gave it a name. It was the Castle of Torquilstone in honor of scenes from Ivanhoe, which I had read many times.

The snapshots told me all this again. They tried to tell me more. I would not have it. I put them away and went to bed. But Used-To-Be was not done with me.

Late that night I awoke from a strong dream which made some reference to our house, and the rock, and the brook; and I struggled awake to remember what I tried to remember. It came. I wonder if you remember it, father?

After we took the pictures that day, you returned to your study, saying you had some last things to attend to. In a little while I followed you there, and said, "Come and play with me."

"What do you want to play?"

I said the first thing that came into my head. "Treasure."

"How do you play treasure?"

"You take and bury some things and then try to forget where you put them, so if you come and dig them up again it is a surprise."

You looked at me, and then said, "Have you any treasure?"

"Lots."

"Am I to bury some too?"

"Oh, yes. In the same chest."

"What shall we do for a chest?"

"I have a nice tin chest, painted with colors and designs, that mother gave me. It came with lots of different cookies in it. It is called a treasure chest. It says so in gold print on the front."

You looked over the objects on your desk—that collection containing so many items which I coveted.

"How big is it?"

"Like this ——" and I measured off in the air about eight inches of treasure chest, four inches deep.

"I think we can manage quite a respectable hoard," you said. You turned and looked out the window for quite a long moment, and then, rubbing the back of your head the way you used to when you settled something, you added, "This will take a little time to prepare. Suppose you put your things in first and then bring me the chest, and I'll add mine. Then we'll bury it."

It was a fine excitement that held me aloft in my breast. I put my things into the tin box, and I brought the box to you. You were working at your desk. I waited, but you dismissed me.

"No, Archie, trot along. I'll put my things in by myself." I was suddenly sobered with new delight at the seriousness with which you took the game.

It was at least half an hour before you came with the treasure chest to find me. "By the brook, of course," you said, carrying the chest. We crossed the garden to the gate. "Where shall it be, precisely?"

"There, there, by Torquilstone!"

"That great rock?"

"Yes, yes, the castle. If robbers come to dig for it, the knights in the castle will fight them off and protect the treasure."

"Good enough."

With garden tools which you had brought we dug a deep hole for the chest before the hillside face of Torquilstone Castle. We settled the chest and poured displaced earth back upon it and around it. We tamped the earth home. We put twigs and old humus over the fresh scar in the ground, and we covered all with the winter's leaves of the oaks above us. We both dusted off our hands over a job well done. I could not help asking: "Daddy, what did you put in the chest?"

You said in a different voice which I now remember, "Archer, look at me." I did, a little startled. Our adventure had somehow stopped being a game.

"Listen to me," you said. I did. "Don't ever dig this up and open it," you said, holding my chin with your hand, "till you really believe you need it. Till nothing else will seem of any help to you. When you think that way, come here and look for our chest. Perhaps you will find what you need. Who knows? But that's part of what treasure is for. Until then, you will not know what I put there."

Subdued and robbed of magic, I followed you back to the house—toward the rest of that, our last day together. At first I pretended to forget the treasure; and then I really forgot it, for when we had to sell the house and move, I was so confused by all the changes that the treasure by the brook never again entered my thought—not even on our last day at home, when mother made a point of saying good-by to everything there, and took me with her to do the same.

These events are what my dream took me into again. Except for my physics test, I would have cut classes the next morning; but after lunch, when I had no class to make, I borrowed a bicycle and rode out past Library Road, turned into Mountain Avenue, and followed the road to our old house. If only to touch again the last touch of your life, I had to go back and find the brook and the treasure, and see what it was you put into my tin box so long ago—nearly ten years, actually. Maybe I was only looking for you. I don't know. Anyhow, if I could feel again the strength of your mind and the steady humor of your heart, I

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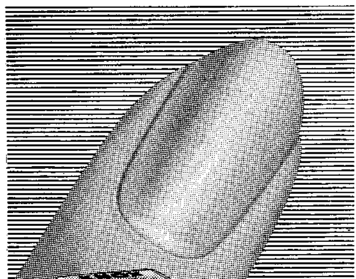

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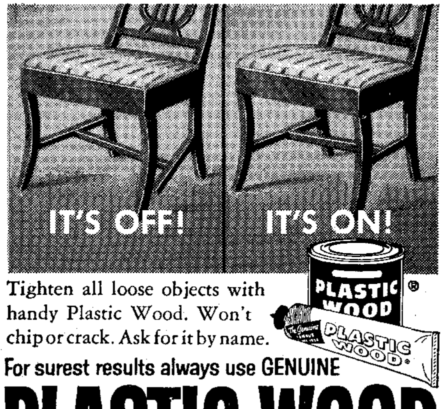

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might find the comfort I needed in my confusions of hope and loyalty.

I did not know who now owned our house. I rode fast, rehearsing just how I could halt a few hundred feet before the little road bridge under which the brook ran away; and how I could hide the bicycle in a clump of rhododendron and climb over the roadside fence and disappear into the woods I knew so well. So I could come to the Castle of Torquilstone from the far side, and avoid seeing anyone and being seen by anyone of the house. I knew every step.

Yet when I came to our own hillside, and searched for Torquilstone, I was a while finding it. There it was, of course, but something was all wrong about it, and about the brook, and about the house. My rock castle was only a small boulder now, which reached hardly above my waist. My house, which had always seemed immense to me, was only a moderate-sized, suburban house, like a thousand others. The brook was hardly two footsteps wide, though it was there that I had sailed fleets to fight under Decatur before the forts of Tripoli. Places I had once made great I had now quite literally outgrown.

I scraped away the deep carpet of oak leaves blown against the hillside face of my rock and packed there by the rain and snow of ten years. As I came down to the spring damp of the earth itself, I released with my hunting knife a dark, sweet scent which took me powerfully back to the day when together we dug our treasure deep into safety. My excitement made me shake a little.

"This is silly," I said to myself, "to get so worked up over something a child and his father made a game out of years ago."

In another moment I had the chest in my hands. It was rusty but intact. I was about to open it when I saw I was not alone.

Across the brook, standing in an attitude of grave regard, was a boy about *ten years younger than myself.* He wore a paper hat with a skull and crossbones painted on it in nursery water colors. He carried a wooden sword. He looked at the tin chest in my hands, and then raised his large brown gaze to my face.

"Have you been digging up treasure?" he asked with hungry ruefulness.

"Why, yes, I suppose I have," I said.

"I wisht I'd'a' known it was there all this time. I'd'a' dug it up myself. I buried lots of it around, but I never thought of that place."

"It was a good place."

"Did you know it was there?"

"Yes."

"What is in it?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Well, let's look."

"Well, no, thanks, I'll have to go along with this. Good-by."

*I turned* and, feeling oddly guilty of having betrayed both manhood and childhood in being caught at my task by a boy, I scrambled up and along the hillside, holding my box against my ribs. I found my bicycle and rode back to Duffield Hall. If I got there soon enough, I would have my room to myself, for my roommates would not be back until after five.

I found when I opened it that all my ancient contributions to the hoard, scattered amidst yours, represented my idea of treasure when I was eleven years old: from the drawer of an antique table a broken glass knob which once looked to me like a large diamond; some chocolate money wrapped in gold foil; two knights in armor made of lead, and painted; a gold tassel with cord from a dance program brought home one time by mother; a small key, meant to open what I could not say; one large and one small brass button; five detonated shells caliber .22 long; and a folded print cut from a newspaper of battleships burning at Pearl Harbor. With an indulgent smile I put aside my own history and came to your contribution.

It consisted of three long manila envelopes whose contents varied in weight and thickness. Each bore an inscription. This is how they read, and I arranged them in the suggested order: "To my son if he is still eleven years old." "To my son if he is about sixteen years old." "To my son if he is over twenty years old."

I took up the first. It was the thickest and heaviest, and feeling it with both hands, I had a notion of what was inside. I was right, for when I tore open the cover there was the miniature brass cannon of 1812 which I had coveted so lovingly, and which had come to me instead of to the Smithsonian Institution. I gulped away the surge of boyhood that threatened me.

The second envelope was perfectly flat. Was there anything at all inside? I opened it and found two ordinary, uncanceled three-cent stamps. Treasure, yes—with actual value, even though modest. But why stamps? Perhaps, I thought, this was simply a desperate and comic solution for a small problem, when on the day when you were to leave for the war, you had greater worries than to find treasure for your young son in a romantic game.

But in this thought I was wrong; for your third envelope told me how truly I lived in your mind, and why it took you some little while to come out of your study with the treasure all prepared. I opened the third envelope and found your letter. It covered all four sides of two pages. How well I remembered your handwriting. I can speak or think all of the letter. I shall never forget any of it.

"My dear Archie:

"This is addressed to you for the time when you will have crossed the threshold of manhood. God alone knows whether you will ever read it, or if you do, under what circumstances. If you find it too soon, please try to keep it against the day when it might be useful.

"Today as I prepare to go away to meet a duty that may be full of hazard (my new friends in the Army enjoy speaking of this), I find myself delivered from the constraints of conventional thought and even logical behavior. I've never gone to a war before, and at my age I'd never have gone to this one if the Government had not reached out to pluck me from my obscure, academic treadmill. I'll certainly never go to war again, and, smile as I will about being made a major, and being asked to put on clothes which I shall never be able to wear with any plausibility, I must admit that I am impressed by all the unspoken pressures of tradition and occasion which come at us from long out of the past at a time like this.

"I, the head of a small tribe, am become a warrior; and before I vanish into the conflict with a new headdress of goat bones and rancid butter, bearing my shield and spear, I am moved to leave with my son and heir such words of counsel as seem necessary.

"If I introduce them with words that lie somewhere between duty and irony, you will recognize the manner as that which prevails in academic groves; and hear the matter with an open mind, like a good student. This letter may be only an elaborate way of controlling and spending the emotion I feel just now and must not show. But whatever, I address you seriously and with love; and I may hope you will listen to me in the same way.

"When you asked me for treasure a few minutes ago, I wished that you were more nearly grown up so I could speak to you what is in my mind instead of write it to you. But if I here address the future blindly, I must also address it with confidence.

"Now: if you are like your father, a situation may arise for you when you will have a misery of indecision about a matter of vast importance to you. Sons have been known to repeat the experience of their fathers. If you should do so, you may find yourself taking up a position against all the sensible people—the people in charge—the powers of your world. This happened to me when I was in my twentieth year.

"There was something I desired to undertake with all my heart and soul. It was disapproved of by those who were then responsible for my welfare. I used every means of my youth and inexperience to persuade them to my view, but without success. If I had succeeded in my desire, I might have found all they promised for me in it—obscurity, failure, waste of my natural endowments, perhaps disgrace, and the rest. Who knows?

"On the other hand, who could prove that I, in following my inmost want, might not have found success even in the very terms they sought to insure for me? Nobody. This should be noted, quite apart from my own certainty that my inner life would have been a wholly different, a vastly finer, a more truly grateful one for the bounty of God, than it has ever been.

"For I gave in to the demands made upon me. I must faithfully add that these demands were imposed with every mark of love, worry, and respect for "the right thing." Archie, it doesn't matter so much now what I believed in and wanted to do; but *that I did not do it* matters enormously.

BILL HARRISON

"Now, what was it you wanted me to do?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"So today when you proposed that we play together a game of burying treasure, there came into my mind a desire to leave here for you the greatest treasure I could bestow upon you if events should bring this into my power to bestow. In other words, in this little cookie box I give you freedom, if you should ever come to find it here. And even if you should not, it has given *me* some sense of freedom, as I leave you for a long while, to commit you to freedom as I never was.

"I will take the risk to believe that if you should ever want to do for your life something that is opposed to what others, even those close to you and dear, want you to do, it will be a good thing which you want to do. Assuming this, then, I solemnly charge you to do it. Let no one dissuade you. Ask the blessing of God on your hope, and go to find its fulfillment.

"If when the war is done and we are all together again, I myself should ever come to be one of those who would oppose your best desire, I hope you will confront me with this document. I will honor it, even if I have forgotten the feeling of today—today, when I see clearly what my life has been and what, in all hope, yours may be. Good-by for now, Archie.

"Your loving FATHER."

So it is that late at night I am waiting with all those other people in the bus station. You have told me what to do and I am doing it. You gave me strength to do the big thing. I do not have enough to do the little ones—arranging matters in an orderly way before departing, saying good-by to classmates, shaking hands with Dean Braxton; above all, telling mother. I will write to them all. The one last thing I did do was to send by registered mail the little brass cannon to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington in your name.

It has been hardest of all to wait here in the bus station and not go to the bright aluminum telephone booth and there place a call to Elizabeth, New Jersey, and tell my news. I know how it must give pain to my mother that I have not shared my final intention with her. But I do not dare, until I am far away. Her power is great—as great as love, as great as pity.

The shadowless light of the white ceiling tubes shows us all to each other in the waiting room. We are tired and exposed. The people—old, middle-aged, young and child—all live for me in a new way since I read your letter today.

I'll never cease wondering, father, what it was you wanted to do when you were my age. Wondering about you makes me look at those people around me now, and ask what lies behind their daily faces. And I think that because I am able to ask myself this and to feel that in my work, someday, I might be able to help them answer it for themselves, I am waiting for the right bus. The loud-speaker has just called it. It is a westbound limited.

*Others are taking it with me.* We are given new spirit by the beaded voice that fills the glaring midnight room. We rise and take up our possessions. Our energies return and give us again our public natures. We file considerately to the gate, we show our tickets, we go down the concrete ramp with its hooded, golden floodlights, we enter the open-folded doors and take our seats. Our engines are idling with a rich, soft rumble. People of experience in travel are settling themselves with little amenities. Children have hardly awakened long enough to move from waiting room to vehicle. Old men and women are bright awake. The night is no stranger to them. Younger ones can feel their own hearts.

When the bus starts to move, certain passengers lean forward and look ahead through the front windows into the headlighted darkness, as though to take us faster and more surely where we must go.

THE END

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# Desert Bride

(Continued from Page 24)

looked at her white face that was so sensitive she could not brazen the thing out at all, but stood wincing before the rough humor. Tribus was mildly amazed at the depth of his anger as he watched the women, not one of whom had brought a salad or cake or ham, setting themselves to measure the city woman against their own toughness. Tribus thought back to what Ma Rankin had said, and knew that Lydia Murdock had already been judged. They were there tonight only to have that judgment borne out.

"A man here can't afford a play-pretty of a wife," Ma had said. "And this one is not *that wide*." Ma held up brown hands as rough and strong as any man's. "Not strong enough to carry kindling."

On the morning that he heard the news that Lige Murdock had brought home a young wife, Tribus had ground his Model T up the bank of the dry slough and had paused on the rise of it. Though no more than a quarter of its slow way across the searing sweep of the sky, the sun had already brought out the jumping heat devils and over the whole flat vastness of the plain, the only movement was a wavering little ghost of a whirlwind far out. Tribus had a letter for a Basque sheepherder who was out there somewhere, but there was no dust cloud to mark his flock, so Tribus let the car coast on down the slope onto the flat where Ma Rankin's bleak place cowered under the slap of the sun.

Tribus had no mail for Ma. A couple of weeks before, a pair of silly sparrows had nested in the crotch formed by the upright red flag and the box, and Tribus could not find it in him to disturb them. Usually Ma left in the box a list of the small things she needed from town, but since the sparrows came Tribus drove on down to her house each day. Three years before, he had found Ma struggling to get her husband's body out of the press of the hay baler. The picture stayed in his mind and made him glad to help out.

He shut off the motor and went around to the windmill tower and yanked the furling wire, setting the blades to catch the smallest breeze. Ma hailed him from the porch and he went in for coffee.

"Well," Ma said, pouring, "I guess you heard."

Tribus smiled, letting her enjoy it. The poor lonely thing had small chance of being first to hear anything, so he waited.

"Haven't seen a soul," he said finally.

"Lige Murdock," she told him, "has come home with a wife no more than half his age."

Tribus stopped stirring. "Now, what do you know!"

Tribus was shocked. Lige was a stolid red block of a man, farming a half section alone by main strength and red-haired stubbornness. He was helpful to his neighbors, minded his own business, and for all but two weeks of the year he worked hard enough to kill any horse, living alone in bachelor bareness, cooking his own beans and biscuits, and spending more time currying and combing his prize bull, Gunner, than caring for his own wants. But when the crops were by, Lige hired a hand to feed his stock, dressed up in his tight, blue serge, shined his shoes and took off for Los Angeles and two weeks of concentrated sin. At the end of it he'd come back, his eyes red and puffed and his clothes looking like he'd slept in them the whole time. He'd drag himself out to the corral where he kept Gunner penned, and scratch his ears before he'd go to bed to sleep the clock around. Then he'd buckle down for another year.

"Good!" Tribus said. "Best thing in the world for that old batch. Maybe he'll spend less time with that bull of his."

Ma had shaken her head and gone on to measure Lydia. "Not *that wide*."

Tribus had stopped at the Murdock place and Lige had met him at the door, swelled up with pride and excitement. He shook Tribus' hand two or three times and led him over to where his new wife sat on a stiff chair, like company, her small white hands folded in her lap.

"Mrs. Murdock," Lige said with vast formality, "meet our friend and mailman, Tribus Afton. Tribus, meet the new Mrs. Murdock. Lydia."

She was older than she looked at first glance, Tribus saw, shaking her hand. Maybe thirty, but with a little-girl thinness about her. It was not the wiry thinness some women have which makes them tough as barbed wire. She looked close to being scared and he could not picture her standing up to the heat and the work that Lige would expect of her.

"I want to make you welcome, ma'am," Tribus said warmly. "We just couldn't be more pleased."

There was something about Tribus that drew trust, and the lines around her eyes deepened pleasantly as she looked at him, liked him and thanked him.

Tribus took to her straight off. She wasn't a talker and she didn't have airs, and as Tribus made the long circle of his route he thought of the distance between neighbors. It took a special breed of human to stand against the constant ache of loneliness. It took a reservoir of content for a woman to draw on against the long days while her man was in the fields. And during the real work season the men came home after dark too tired to talk, too tired for anything but dead sleep. A lifetime of batching had done little to teach Lige the small ways that would help a woman who found herself isolated both physically and spiritually.

Lige's house was a mean little paint-peeling box set in a square of dead Bermuda grass without even the usual chinaberry or eucalyptus tree to give shade. Inside, it was a bachelor's mess. The dirt was ground deep into the floor and the spiders had had free run of the place since Lige took over.

*Well,* Tribus thought, *she'll have plenty to keep her busy for a while.*

But Lydia Murdock was a mooner. She wandered around the next day, looking at the dirty bareness of the place and picturing bright curtains at the windows and linoleum on the floor. It was noon before she knew it and Lige was watering the team at the horse trough. Before he came in he went over to Gunner's corral and they talked to each other a minute, the bull pawing and snuffling and Lige cussing him affectionately.

He came in finally, beating the dirt out of his shirt. He looked at the table and got red in the face.

"I got to have my dinner on the table when I come in," he said, his voice rising.

She looked at him, her eyes flying wide.

"What should I fix?" she asked.

"Biscuits, beans and coffee." Lige said it like a litany. "I've had it for thirty years. Biscuits, beans and coffee."

"Lige..." she said, licking her dry lips, "I don't know how to make biscuits."

Lige looked at her, not smiling.

"You'll learn soon enough. Watch."

With the expertness of years he mixed top-of-the-flour-sack biscuits, made bacon gravy to spread on them and threw coffee on top of the old grounds in the pot.

"I'll have it waiting tomorrow, sure," Lydia said.

"Never mind," Lige said. "Put me up a lunch of biscuits and sowbelly mornings and I'll eat in the field."

"Wouldn't it be nicer ——" but he cut in, determined to bring her up to mark.

"I got no time to waste," he said.

"I—I could look up in a cookbook and maybe fix something different."

"Biscuits—beans—and—coffee," Lige answered and went out into the heat. She stood and listened to the fainting jangle of the tug chains.

Few people realized the extent of Tribus Afton's contribution to the valley. He was the string that drew the scattering of poor ranches together into a community. He carried fresh meat when somebody butchered, and bread when they baked. If a child broke its arm, Tribus rushed him to the doctor and held him against the pain of the setting. Because of Tribus, men and women could come to a Grange party or church potluck and could meet easily as neighbors, even though six months had passed since they talked.

So, it was natural for Ma Rankin to send over a cake to Lydia Murdock, and it was natural for Tribus to take it. Holding the cake carefully in one hand, Tribus knocked on the door and Lydia all but knocked him down with her welcome.

"Something wrong?" Tribus asked anxiously.

She swung an arm in a circling gesture and then spoke in a half whisper.

"Listen!" she said, and they listened.

Out in the sere grass a locust grated his brief, dry song and when he stopped the great pulsing silence came swirling in from the plain and Tribus knew what it was that had brought her out in panic.

"I was scrubbing," she said, trembling. "I stopped a minute and this happened."

Tribus nodded. He knew the terrible panic that claws at a person who suddenly realizes that he is small and alone in a desert land. He knew what it was to face the blazing malevolence of the plain and shrink to mote size and stand small, solitary and mute before it.

"It takes time," Tribus said gently.

"I—I couldn't get my breath, of a sudden," she said. She hadn't heard Tribus at all. "I was —— Why, I guess I was scared."

"You'll get used to it," Tribus tried to comfort her.

"No," she said. "Never." She looked across the plain. "It hates me."

Tribus wondered how to tell her.

"It's neutral, ma'am," he said slowly. "The land sets rules and we live by them. If you follow the rules—why, you live. If you don't, the land beats you and casts you out."

He suddenly felt foolish and mumbled that he'd be getting on around his route.

"Oh, please"—her voice was scratchy with urgency—"stay on a little while." She wasn't inviting. She was begging. "I'll have coffee in a second."

Tribus went in and sat down at the kitchen table. She got the pot on and stood for a moment so, and when she turned around to face Tribus she was almost crying.

"Can you make top-of-the-sack biscuits?"

Tribus looked down at his big hands and knew what was bothering her.

"Not much of a hand at the stove?"

She shook her head miserably.

"Lige just throws things in the top of the flour sack and makes them. They just come out hard globs when I try it. I've always been a schoolteacher and my mother always took care of cooking. She died last month, and I met Lige and—well, I just don't know anything."

"It's just his way of showing off," Tribus said. "I'd forget that top-of-the-sack way. I'd mix things in a bowl and measure every drop."

He had wondered then if he shouldn't tell her about the shivaree, but he didn't. He spent the next half hour showing her how to mix a batch of biscuits. When he pulled them out of the oven, all brown and fluffy, her face was calm. He left then, troubled that he hadn't warned her what would be expected of her. At least he could have told her that she should lay in supplies. There didn't seem to be much of anything in the kitchen.

Looking at her now and watching her move timidly from neighbor to neighbor, Tribus realized that she probably still didn't know that she was to go out to the kitchen and get together a supper which those neighbors would judge her by for the rest of her life.

Lige got out his jug and started passing it, and the young ones rolled back the thin carpet and threw cornmeal to dance on. The stable buck from Deep Wells started tuning his fiddle.

Lige Murdock finally went to his wife and whispered to her and she looked at him, bent her head and listened again. Lige's face was impatient as he repeated. When she understood, her mouth flicked down to cry and Lige grabbed her elbow and steered her out into the kitchen.

"We don't have groceries to do it, Lige," she said. "What could I fix?"

"It's for you to say," Lige said. "I'll build up the fire for you, but beyond that I can't help."

"You won't help me at all?" she asked. "Nobody ——" And she saw his face and stopped. She knew.

Tribus saw it and reflected on what he had told Lydia Murdock about the land ruling the people on it. The land forced people to set rules almost as hard as if they were commandments graven in granite. Every woman there had a heart as soft as butter and at any other time would have come bearing all kinds of food, but the rules said that at a shivaree they could not help her. It was the way.

Lydia Murdock stood helplessly behind Lige while he built up the fire, then went to lean against the pantry shelves, her face in her hands. When the fire was going, Lige went to her.

"Well?" he asked, his voice flat.

"Oh," she choked, and put up her arms to him, but he moved back and looked at her, waiting.

"Shame me, then," he said after a while. "Shame us both." His face was hacked out of red stone.

She looked at him with tears running down her face, her arms still half raised, and Lige Murdock did nothing. She let down her arms and walked past him out the kitchen door and into the night.

She walked, stumbling barefoot through the dark toward the willows lining the slough, and as she walked a coyote voiced a long, quavering wail. She stopped, fear-struck, then stumbled on toward the slough. She sat down on the bank and a second coyote answered the first one, closer. Lydia began to tremble. The mosquitoes came out in clouds from the tules and settled on her bare arms and face and she didn't feel them.

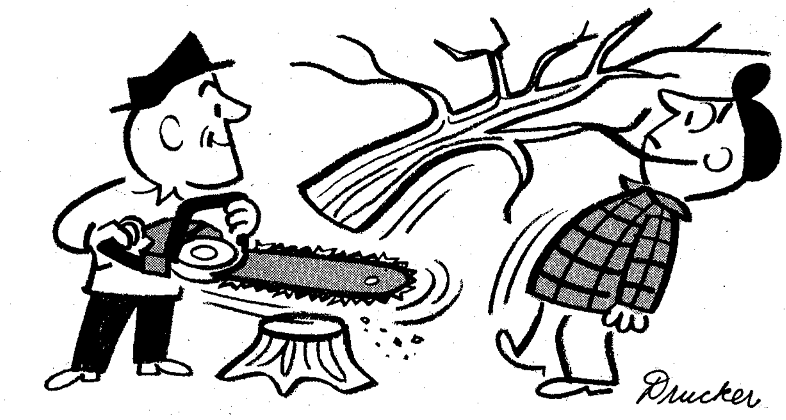
The rule was broken and the people had to be fed. Lige Murdock got Ma Rankin out into the kitchen to cook while he made himself look more ridiculous by putting on a long apron. He was shamed and the plain guts of him forced him to wear the apron as a badge that he was an old loner who had foolishly married a young woman who couldn't hold up her end of the load.

Tribus went in and spoke to Lige.

"Would you want me to go bring her in?" he asked hesitantly, knowing he, too, was breaking the rules.

Lige's face above the silly apron was set and his eyes as he looked at Tribus were hard.

"Mind your manners, Tribus," he said.



## The Perfect Squelch

Carl and Pete were weekend farmers. Both held city jobs and lived on neighboring country places. There the similarity ended. Carl bought all the tools and implements he needed, and took good care of them. Pete bought nothing, relied on borrowing Carl's, and abused them.

When Carl bought a new chain saw, he prepared for the worst. Sure enough, Pete promptly appeared while he was cutting an old apple tree into firewood. "That saw looks mighty handy," Pete began. "We've got a lot of wood to cut on our place. Is there any special trick to handling a chain saw?"

"Yes," Carl replied evenly; "it has to be kept under control at all times. That's why the first rule to make if you get one is never to lend it to anybody."

**John L. Edwards**

There was wet straw on the fire of the party, then, and before midnight it smothered itself out. People went home, talking too noisily, leaving too early. Lige, bidding them good-by, urged them to stay, his teeth showing in a kind of game grin.

After they left he cleaned up the place and washed and stored the dishes. When there was nothing left to do, he went to the kitchen door, looked briefly out into the night and then went up to bed.

At dawn he woke and sat up to hear soft bangings in the kitchen. He dressed as usual and went down. She didn't turn from the range where she stood, and he took a step toward her, seeing the great welts on her bare arms and neck where the mosquitoes had bitten her cruelly. He took the one step, then turned and sat down at the table. She brought his food without a word and he ate.

He wiped his mouth when he was through and looked at her. She was a mess, her face all swollen from bites, and she looked small and utterly defeated. The valley had beaten her in a week and Lige was moved deeply to go to her, but his shame was an ulcer inside him and he could not and would not.

As he was going out the door Lydia spoke. "This is the way it will be, then. You won't forget it." It wasn't a question at all.

He turned, a solid red-haired man who had been shamed before his neighbors and who had had small practice in charity or forgiveness.

"Let's let it ride for a while," he said and went on out to curry Gunner.

Lydia was still standing at the table, looking down at the dirty dishes, when she heard the sound a man makes in desperate trouble. It was a half groan and half scream, and it brought Lydia out through the kitchen door, flying.

Lige lay just outside the corral, and Gunner was banging in fury against the corral rails. Lydia could only imagine with what agony Lige must have dragged himself out under the bottom rail after the bull had turned on him.

When she got to him he was lying on his elbow, his face white as lard and his eyes closed, sucking wind into his lungs. After a while he opened his eyes and looked up at Lydia.

"Almost had me that time," he said, and closed his eyes again, and Lydia was astounded to hear in his voice a strange pride in the fierceness of his bull. Lige lay a while, breathing more quietly and when he spoke again his voice was calm. "Now, let's see. My leg is broken. You can't move me, and I'm not going to travel to the house. Tribus will be along around ten o'clock. You leave me and go down and bring him here. He'll take me into Doc Purdy's."

She shook her head.

"I don't want to leave you. There must be something I can do to help."

"There's nothing you can do," Lige said, and could have bitten his tongue off. She turned and started down the ruts toward the section road.

"Lydia." She turned quickly and came back. He opened his mouth to say it, to say he didn't mean it that way at all, and was amazed to hear himself ask her to bring him some water.

By the time Lydia had hailed Tribus and brought him back, the leg had really begun to hurt. Tribus brought his car in close beside Lige. Gunner bellowed once and threw his weight against the corral and Lydia shrank back in the seat. It was so hot that the car ran on falteringly for a while after Tribus turned off the switch. Lige was soaked with sweat. He looked up at Tribus and grinned.

"That bull is tricky as sin," he said. "As soon as I

*(Continued on Page 93)*

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(*Continued from Page 91*)

get up and around, I'll take it out of him."

"That won't be for a while yet," Tribus said dryly. "I got to get you into town."

"You'll have to rig a gin pole and a set of blocks," Lige said. "You can't lift me."

Tribus bowed his shoulders and knew he could. But he was aware that Lige and Lydia hadn't spoken to each other and he saw Lydia's poor swollen face.

"You're not such a big man, Lige," he said. "Lydia and I together can lift you."

Lydia shook her head.

"You just get on that side of him, and when I say hup, you hup," Tribus told her.

All awkwardness and hesitation, she did as she was told. Tribus bent his wide back into it, rocking back on his heels with Lige in his arms, and Lydia Murdock's thin neck corded with effort too. When they were standing, holding Lige between them, Tribus had never before seen such pleasure on a human's face as lighted Lydia's. Lige let out a huge curse at the pain as they moved him, and Lydia spoke to him for the first time.

"Now, we're doing the best we can, Lige," she said, and there was a trace of tartness in her voice.

Going around to crank up the car, Tribus stayed bent long enough to smile a pleased smile to himself. The night hadn't beaten Lydia completely. She could still find pride in doing a thing she thought she couldn't, and this thought occupied Tribus' mind all the way back to town.

Lydia wanted to help when Doc Purdy started to set Lige's leg, but at the first scream she went into Doc's living room to wait. Tribus stayed and held Lige down and fed him great swallows of raw whisky against the pain.

When it was done, Doc shook his head.

"I'm not satisfied at all that it's right," he said. "It's going to have to be casted and if it's done wrong, it can cripple him for life. He's got to go to Bakersfield. They'll likely keep him a week at least."

Lige was lying down, his breath coming shallowly out of his pale lips, but this brought him up on an elbow.

"I can't stay a week or anything like it," he said. "I'm cultivating that south forty and the weeds will take it."

But in the end he went when Tribus promised that he'd scratch around and find a hand to take over.

"It'll be closer to a month," Doc told Tribus aside. "It's a bad break. But I couldn't see much sense in upsetting him by telling him so."

It was night when they started back from Bakersfield, Lydia perched beside Tribus on the front seat. The wind blew cool and Lydia lifted her chin against it.

"You know, Tribus," she said after a long time, "I never for a minute thought I could lift him. Never for a minute."

"A person can do a lot more than he thinks he can," Tribus answered slowly. "I'm wondering about you, now. You look like you spent the night out."

"I did," she answered. "I did, and he'll never forget it. I guess none of them will ever forget it."

"It could just be that you could make them forget it, someway."

"No," she answered wearily, "I just want to go back to where I belong."

"You belong with the man you married. I've known Lige Murdock for a long time. He's stubborn and not used to sharing, but that man needs you."

"He never even talks to me," Lydia said, her voice rising. "I sit there all day long and when he comes home, he doesn't even say anything. He thinks more of that beast that crippled him than he does of me. If he needs me, he should show me."

Tribus considered it.

"He hasn't had any practice at it at all," he finally said. "He's got thirty years of loneliness backed in him. He's probably got so much he just can't get it out."

She thought about it for ten miles. Tribus wrenched the car out of the ruts to miss a jack rabbit fear-crouched in the road, and it brought her out of it.

"What could I do?" she asked. "How can I make them all forget about it?"

"Well, the first thing," Tribus said, "is to get them all together again. It seems like it would be real nice to kind of have a gathering to welcome Lige when he comes back from hospital."

She nodded thoughtfully, and Tribus breathed easier.

"We'll work it out. There'll be mountains of food and you'll do it all yourself. You'll plan it and do it, and while Lige is gone I'll come out a little early every day and show you how to chore. It'll be something to show him when he gets back."

She nodded again, sitting up straighter on the seat. When Tribus dropped her off at her house she said, "I won't feed that bull, though. I'm scared to death of him."

"You won't need to," Tribus told her. "I'm going to get a hand from Deep Wells and he'll take care of the field work and the bull. But I don't think I can get anybody to chore. Can you milk?"

She shook her head, and Tribus knew he was up against a job.

"I'll help you."

"I'll be grateful," she said.

Tribus came out an hour early every day and she got cramps in her forearms from milking, but she gritted her teeth and stuck to it. She climbed to the mow and threw down hay. She fed chickens and even chopped wood, and she got to love the feeling of it, the sensation of being part of the land. But best of all, she was working up an enthusiasm over the party she had planned.

"I've got my mother's damask napkins and crystal and silver. I've been thinking of using them on the table. That would show them."

Tribus grinned. "It sure would. But I thought you wanted to make friends, not a valley full of female enemies. Keep it plain, but make the food good."

When Tribus spread the word and said that there would be no need to bring food, a lot of them grinned. They grinned, but a span of mules wouldn't have kept them away, and the grins drove Tribus to outdo himself.

He borrowed a hay tarp and drove stakes and he and Lydia strained to rig the tarp into a shade that covered half the yard. They put planks on sawhorses for tables. Tribus brought a hog scalder to make iced tea in, and watermelons to drop into the irrigating stand pipe to cool.

"He'll be ready to come home Sunday," he told Lydia after he'd talked to Doc Purdy. "I'll bring him back early enough so you and he can talk it out and he can see what you've done."

She nodded.

"Emeterio Alvarez always does the barbecue and I'll get him out early Saturday so he can get the pit dug."

But Lydia shook her head. "Isn't that what they always have? A barbecue?"

"Well, it is the way here."

Her voice was strong when she answered. "Then I'm going to change it. They can laugh and never come back, but I'm going to fix something else. It'll be cool and easy to eat and pretty."

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One time the modern father looks after his son is when the boy is driving away.

HAL CHADWICK

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"What is it?" Tribus asked, but she would not tell him. She just asked him to bring out a nice ham the next time he came.

The car had two flats on the way home from the hospital, and Lige had to sit grumpily while Tribus changed them. It made them so late that when Tribus drove into the yard there were fifty or sixty people under the tarp, waiting to eat.

When Lige saw it, his brows drew down and he sat up stiff.

"Now what ——" he began, and Tribus cut him off.

"Your wife nearly worked herself to death to make up something to you, Lige. I hope you'll give her a chance."

Before Lige could answer, Lydia came out, half running, and then stopped suddenly. Lige got down painfully, using his crutches.

"All this for me?" he asked Lydia, and nothing, neither anger nor joy, showed in his voice.

"I—I thought it would be nice," Lydia answered in a voice so small that he could hardly hear.

"Who's barbecuing?" he asked.

"It's not a barbecue."

"What is it?"

"I'll show you," she answered and didn't look up at Lige's scowl.

There were the usual things on the table—the celery, the olives, the potato salad. Lige made his way around, shaking hands with his neighbors, while Lydia went into the kitchen. After a little she came out carrying a huge covered platter and set it in front of Lige. She took a deep breath, looked once around the circle of faces and lifted the cover. There wasn't a sound. Before her was a great mountain of cool-looking jelly, so clear that when they bent down to look at it they could see the pink cuts of ham all through it, the slices of green pepper and the cool tomatoes. Every woman at the table let out her breath so you could hear it, but nobody spoke while Lydia sliced it and sent the plates around the table.

Ma Rankin picked up her fork and nobody made a sound, waiting. She put the bite into her mouth and chewed and Lydia's mouth opened a little in her anxiety. Ma Rankin's fork poised and then came to cut again. When she spoke, she closed Lydia's mouth and every mouth in the valley for all time.

"I wouldn't mind having the recipe for this," she said.

After the watermelon, Lige said abruptly, "I'm going to look at Gunner." Lydia gave Tribus a look of alarm, but she got Lige his crutches and went beside him.

At the gate Lige looked down between the bars at his bull and the bull looked back at him. Lige slowly slid the latch.

"Are you going in there?" Tribus asked.

"I've got to show him I'm not afraid," Lige answered, and Tribus was shocked to see sweat on his face that was pale from his stay in the hospital.

"Lige," Lydia said faintly, "I wish you wouldn't."

But he hopped around the arc of the opening gate and went in.

"Gunner," he said, and that was all. The bull charged, and Lige on his crutches was an easy target. He didn't fall, but went back against the rails. Gunner wheeled and came at Lige again, but this time Lydia Murdock was standing before him, thin and small, a pitchfork in her hands.

"Get him out of here, somebody," she said calmly. Tribus squeezed through and got Lige out just as the bull took the tines of the fork in his shoulder and came on through without feeling them and hit Lydia.

The bull stopped then, swinging his head to try to get at the trailing handle of the fork, and Tribus came in and scooped up Lydia and started carrying her toward the house.

He was halfway there when Lige's great voice came to him. He stopped because Lydia's head had moved and she was looking back at Lige with wonder and joy making a beauty of her.

"Tribus," Lige was shouting, coming as fast as he could on his crutches, "you carry her gentle, you hear. You carry her gentle as you can."

## Riviera Prelude

(Continued from Page 39)

fingers on the guitar. He had not planned that, nor could he ever remember later what notes he had struck or when he had struck them in this wild and passionate dance until at last Romulo tossed his castanets away and sank on one knee and bowed his head.

Miranda paused, then raised him up by touching his hands. She smiled very slightly. Then Val came over.

"Could we please ——"

"Oh, the name is Miranda," said Mike. He paused. "Miranda Caldon." Mike smiled. "She is learning to dance."

They were so absorbed that they did not see Bianca until she came into the group, looking very young and very elegant in an evening gown cut in a Venetian style.

"And I am Bianca Caldon. Just mom, I'm afraid." She turned to Val. "Thank you for letting me sing to your beautiful music."

"What I want to know," roared Igor, hitting his forehead, "is, who did this set?"

The question was never answered. Val winked at Romulo, then they both looked at Igor, and the three of them rushed Mike. He didn't have a chance. Bianca came out and watched him as he climbed up dripping out of the sea.

She said calmly, "There are always nice people in the Navy! Miranda, take Mike up and borrow a suit from Popeye. Then, I think, a little champagne for everybody." She called Michel out of his cache to celebrate with them.

His dark young face all laughter, he said to Romulo, "We make you the liddle surprise. It make you the surprise, yes?"

When they had all calmed down on the terrace, Val began to plan. "Look, we've got a couple of weeks here, and we ought to be able to work on five scenes. That one in the courtyard at Taormina, that's a tarantella, and a Sicilian love song on a theme I took from the pastorale music. Then that brawl in a bistro on the Cannebiéré. And maybe even the finale outside the gypsy cave. But we need a tambour drum and a bass fiddle. We might get Murray and Lincoln—of course, they are marines, but if we soaked them in a cask of wine all night, they might come alive and breathing."

Val got it blueprinted, as the nightingale sang, and the fireflies danced among the roses, and then he paused. He was very quiet. "You know, even if we get it on Broadway, it will never be like this night in the boathouse." He listened. "Now, that nightingale ——"

Igor put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Let's go!"

They had all got up to say good night, when Mike realized he was wearing the admiral's clothes.

"Say, my uniform! I wonder is it dry yet?"

Miranda went in and came out and reported, "It is not—quite dry."

Val had a very sharp ear for other things than music. He said, "Maybe you'd better come along later, Mike."

Bianca was going to run them out to the quay at Vilferrat in the car, and now Mike and Miranda were alone in the night.

"Well, I guess it looks as if Val has programmed a busy couple of weeks ahead."

It was a little time before Miranda spoke. "Only a week for me, Mike. I'm set to go back to Barcelona next Friday." The pause seemed very long. "Romando is coming back from Paris to meet me there." The nightingale was still singing, but now Mike did not hear him.

"Romando? Oh, the guy who took his ballet to the marquis?"

"Yes. We've been working on his ballet a long time, and—and I guess I'm a part of it."

"Only of his ballet?"

"I don't know, Mike. I came alive in Spain, and, I guess Romando came alive at the same time. I mean, he began to create at the same time I met him in Seville, and it was just then my dancing went into my blood, and—I just had it, forever, I guess."

"And Romando?"

"It had been working in him, and he was ready—and maybe, I was the match that lit the fire."

"I guess Romando is—pretty important to you?"

"Yes." She paused until the firefly stopped dancing around her head. "I know what you are asking, Mike. Well, I just don't know. Sometimes, I think that creation and —— In a way they are the same thing. When you are creating with somebody, you are breathing the same air. And then Romando needs help. He is—a peasant, and he just thought all he had to do was to go to Paris, and that decadent marquis would recognize his talent. And now he is going to be down, and—alone."

"I think I understand."

Her voice suddenly was cool and far away. "In a way, yes—if you have the same thing. Otherwise, you will never—really understand." She moved. "I think your uniform will be dry." She stood looking at the bay. "But I know one thing—that your musical will go on Broadway. I don't know how I know. Nor how it will happen. But —— I just can't stand these ice needles!"

The music of the nightingale was very sweet in the tender night.

They had worked on the five scenes one by one in the boathouse, and now, on Thursday, the day before Miranda was going back to Spain, they decided to run them all through in a program during the long afternoon. That was the day the Princess Mandelieu bolted from a quarrel with the marquis in her speedboat to lunch in her favorite lobster tavern on the quay at Vilferrat. She was in such a tremble in all of her 239 pounds that she dared not invite herself to lunch with Bianca or with anybody. She just wanted to be alone.

The marquis had come down again from Paris to plan out the settings on her lawn, and they had had a shouting argument over the slender silver tree from Kashmir which the marquis wanted cut down, while the local Midi workmen hired to remove a wall listened in amazement. Finally, Matty slung a garden vase at him, and left him to lunch alone, shouting a last command that the ballet could go, but the Kashmir tree must stand.

The lobster and the wine and lusty gossip of old Mère Romaine, who bossed the tavern, had relaxed Matty into such good humor that she decided to cross the bay and visit Bianca in the villa. Thus, just as Mike was closing the door of the boathouse, so that they could light the sets in daytime, Matty's speedboat coasted into the slip.

Bianca groaned as she came and met the princess, who was landed on the slip by a chair suspended from a crane, an operation that drew crowds on Riviera quays. She looked at Bianca and gasped, "What the hell are you doing in that costume!"

Bianca had forgotten she was wearing a Sicilian costume for the courtyard scene in Taormina, and she blushed.

"Oh. We were going to have a rehearsal."

"Rehearsing what?"

"Why don't you come and see?" asked Miranda, coming down, in a swinging scarlet skirt and embroidered blouse.

In five minutes Matty was installed in an armchair brought down with the brandy from the villa, and Mike closed the door and called to Michel for lights.

It really was a show now, dressed and lighted; in fact a real pilot performance of Mediterranean Blue—and ran forty minutes, outside three costume and scene changes. In the Granada-cave finale, even the two marines looked like Spaniards.

"Cut!" called Mike to Michel, and Matty creaked in her chair.

"Well, I'll be powdered and pomaded, but this one really rolls! But what is it?"

Mike had to tell her the whole book, before she was hauled on board again in the crane chair, and she still looked astonished as the speedboat snorted away and then opened out into a wake of spray in the deep bay.

Val took Miranda's hands in his and said, "I just can't think about you going away tomorrow. Can't we do it all once over again?"

"Sure."

Then Val kicked a pebble into the sea. "You know, I get hunches, but this one is gone wrong. I never saw you going away on the plane tomorrow in my crystal. Come on, let's roll it in your farewell performance!"

Matty was still in good humor and braced from the speed ride as she stepped out of her limousine at the Château Mandelieu and looked down at the Mediterranean blue. Mediterranean Blue! They had a smash title—and something to go under it, judged Matty out of her old Broadway memory. There was plenty of wham, whip, and whaddyaknow in what she had seen in the boathouse. Then Matty stepped around the corner and saw the marquis leaning back in a low-slung chair watching the bare-chested boys as they swung the saw between them in the bole of the silver tree from Kashmir. It was beginning to lean over, and the marquis waited for the crash as he might wait for a crescendo.

The Sicilian boy watched Matty pause, and ran forward. He thought she was going to keel over, and she very nearly did. She could neither think nor speak. She walked up to the marquis, saw the Kashmir lean before it toppled, and then, with a roar, she swung around, did a backward jump, and crashed down all her weight on the marquis.

As the chair smashed beneath them, his scream of anguish could be heard over on the islands of Lérins. He never saw the Kashmir fall out of the blue sky. The Sicilian boy and another footman hauled Matty upright, and she balanced again, aimed her rump, and dropped like a blockbuster on the marquis.

This time he could not scream. In fact, the next scream heard at the Château Mandelieu was the siren of the ambulance as it came to take him to the hospital.

By this time, though, Matty, smoking a black cigar, and gulping from a brandy flask, was on her way to the Cap in the limousine, and roaring at Cassidy: "If you can't drive round 'em, drive through 'em!"

They were all having a quiet *apéritif* at the villa before the farewell supper to Miranda when Matty arrived. With the black cigar in her mouth, she gave the impression of a bomb smoking on the fuse just before it went off. She flung the brandy flask at Cassidy, stomped up on the terrace, and in one violent bawl described the marquis. Then she plomped into a chair and looked around. Nobody had said a word. She glared at Mike, and her voice was suddenly very quiet.

"How long did that show run today?"

"Forty minutes."

"Forty. O.K.; we'll have to double that time. For a hundred bucks a head they will have to get something You have nine days to get it rolling. You can have everything you want." She paused and scowled around at them all. "Everybody here understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes." It was Val who answered, but they all knew the Marquis de Bière ballet was out and Mediterranean Blue was in.

"All right." She looked at Bianca. "Now I want a cold shower."

"But," said Miranda, with very bad timing. "I'm going to Barcelona in the morning."

Matty arose and walked over and looked down at Miranda. Then she roared again. "Barcelona!" She waved the cigar at Miranda. "Talk to him on the telephone. Send him tranquilizers! Tell him go and fight a bull. Send him a bull!"

As Matty went in, backfiring blasphemy, Mike rolled in his chair. Matty's blind arrow had hit the target, and Miranda sat with her face in flame, under the amused eyes of Igor and Romulo. There was a silence then. Romulo looked around.

"Well, we all ought to be surprised! Boy, we'll really have to hit it up now in the boathouse—that is, if Matty gets us the O.K. from Captain Humber. But I guess Matty and the Red Cross would wrap this up as a goodwill mission even for the Pentagon."

Matty came to supper in the admiral's bathrobe. When Matty was in a hurry to get cool she just stepped under the shower and pulled the chain and undressed later. Now she pushed the carafe of rose-tinted Provençal wine away and said, "I'm not drinking any more today. Just gimme a bottle of champagne."

Mike opened the bottle and the cork blew and bounced on Matty's nose and when she had traced his ancestry all the way back to Adam, she got to work on the marquis. She made Kinsey seem like Emily Post, and she was still going hard when they saw the admiral coming up the path with Captain Humber for a good-by toast to Miranda.

Said Matty, "All of you scram, and get busy on the show. I'll unbutton the brass!"

With Miranda they went down to the boathouse and argued out a basic plan to mount at least eighty minutes of Mediterranean Blue before a thousand people in a moonlit garden. And with all the glamour press of Europe reporting the show. Val had a grim face and tackled Miranda at once.

"First, are you going to Barcelona or no?" There was a very long pause.

"No." But it was Mike who said the word, and Igor hid a smile.

"And we can't do it without a girl to sing those blues songs. After all, the title song is a blues number, in the garden at Naples, and we must open there. Who's going to find the girl?"

"I am." This time Miranda spoke.

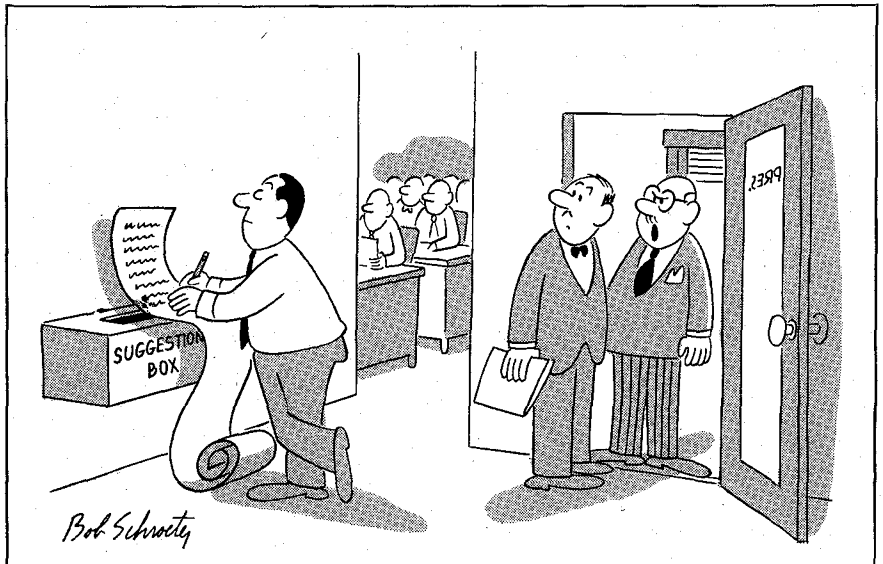
"O.K. Miranda knows somebody. And we've got to have a bitter-sweet boy with a boudoir voice to sell the male side of the blues. But who?"

"Brannigan," said Mike. "After all, he got a couple of notices in the pro papers out of a college musical, and that does not happen every day."

"A marine!" Val shuddered. "Maybe. He's got a creamy good-night voice. I guess he's the mom in every marine." Val paused. "And then we need another man dancer if we are going to do that wonderful duel dance of Romulo's. Who's going to find him?"

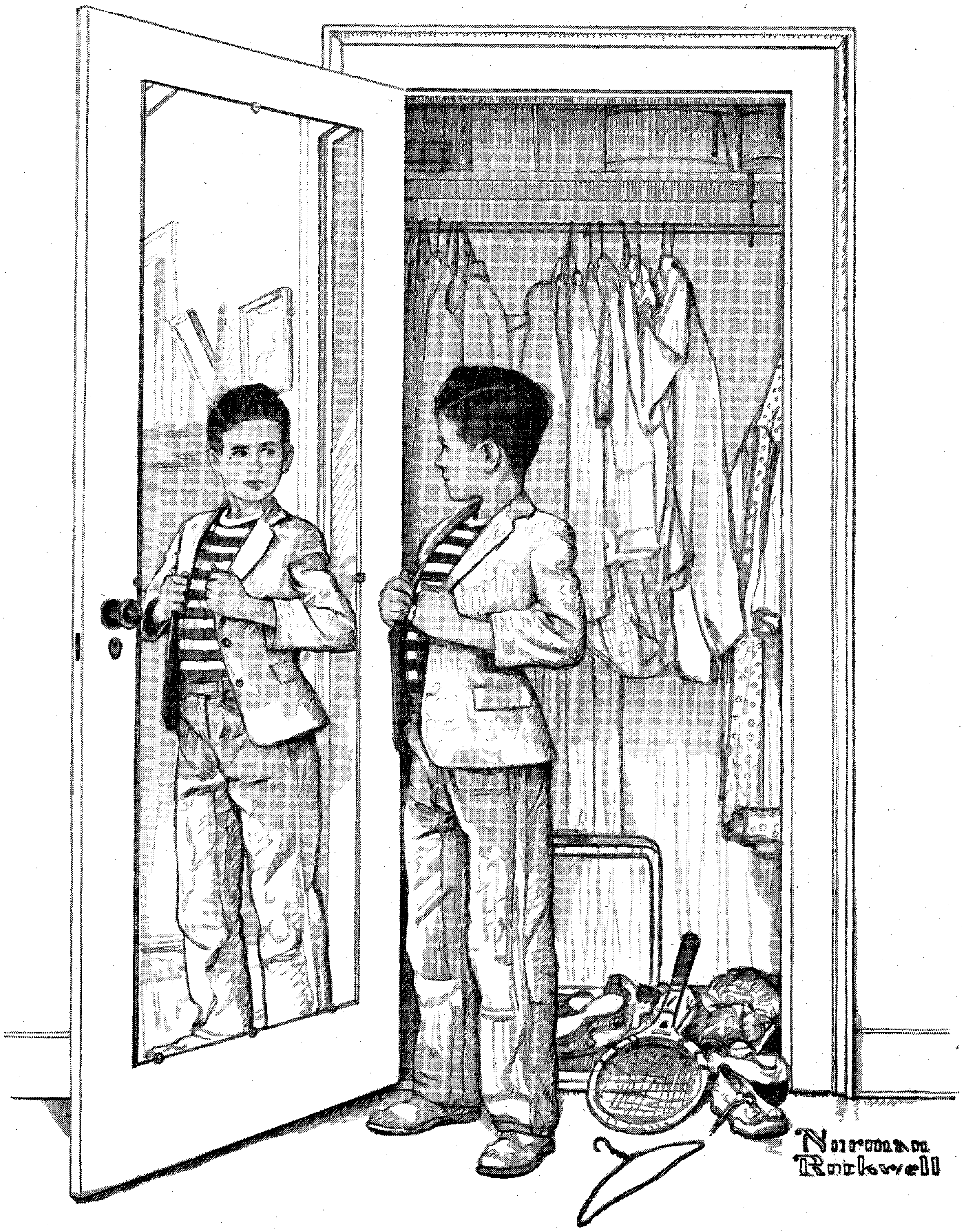
"Miranda," said Mike.

There was a kind of silence that stopped questions, and Val coughed and continued. "Now, there's no use in dishing out scenes without (*Continued on Page 96*)



"Keep an eye on that new man—he looks like a troublemaker."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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(*Continued from Page 94*) a continuity, so I propose Mike narrate the book before each scene and give it a story line. And Mike will have to handle the preparation over at Cannes. Anybody can play a guitar." He looked at Miranda. "So you get us a blues girl and a male dancer?"

"I hope so. If I can get away to the telephone now, while you select the scenes. I think Mike better come with me."

They paused in the garden, and Mike asked, "Who's this girl? A pro?"

"No; my cousin Rosalind. She also climbed a college wall and worked her way to Paris, and is just about ready to go as a night-club singer. She's a glamorous blonde, with plenty of what it takes, and is set for a screen test next month." She paused. "And just who is the dancer I'm supposed to find?"

"Just call Romando and tell him you are not going back to Barcelona, and he'll come down from Paris—even if you don't ask him to come."

"Oh—but he's a Spaniard, and ——"

"Look, anybody can get on with these boys. It's his fault if he can't. Come on, let's get on the line."

It took a long time to locate Romando and Rosalind in Paris, but Miranda got the answers she needed. When they came out, there was a full conference on the terrace. Matty was saying, "Listen, there's a ballet company at the opera in Nice, and you can get a chorus line there, and ——"

"No," said Val shortly. "We don't want anybody. This is going to be a Sixth-Fleet-and-friends job, and nobody wants anything."

"I do," said Igor, "I want mirrors, many mirrors, and"—he smiled at Captain Humber—"some of the gadget boys on board, sir, if they'll line up."

"Don't worry," smiled the captain. "Everybody will line up on this." He rubbed his round chin. "H'm. Once I used to play the drums."

As Miranda took the wheel to drive the boys to Vilferrat, Major Paddy MacKinley dropped by for a late drink at the villa, and Matty went to work on him for Brannigan. Then she called Cassidy and went home to Cannes. Bianca turned off the light, and they sat in the moonlight, a smile playing on her face as she listened to her husband and the captain, happy in the oldest Navy pastime—needling a marine.

The next morning the four were granted and drew advances on leave, "hoping it will be refunded, sir," added Mike to Commander Nolan. Then they tackled Brannigan, just leaving on a weekend leave to study Italian from a *signorina* on the beach at Portofino. Brannigan had a few words to say, said them, and then put down his suitcase. He sent a telegram to Portofino and cursed them all the way over to the villa, and only calmed down when Mike got him alone in the salon of the villa and handed him the book to read while he made an outline of the narration he would speak to link the story to the audience.

Brannigan read for nearly two hours, hummed his songs, and then said, "Boy, I'm just—stunned. I thought you guys were just playing a game. Why, this one might ride it to Broadway. Where is a piano?"

"Down in the boathouse. Bianca is using it, I guess. She sings the arias. Your warbler is on the way from Paris. Let's go!"

Igor had conscripted Grindhof, an electronics guy with a classified brain, and Igor had masterminded him over to the Château Mandelieu, before one had time to say M.I.T. Grindhof removed his glasses, gazed at Matty floating on the pool, like a giant white whale in a blue bikini, and said in a daze: "What the hell am I doing here?"

"I want to do something with mirrors," said Igor.

Grindhof gazed at Matty, listened to her snoring on the rubber mat, and then carefully dropped his foot into the pool and turned over the mat in the water.

"Better drowning than sunstroke," remarked Grindhof calmly, and a footman came running down with a boathook, which he inserted under the bikini. Subsequent happenings used up a little time, but when at last Igor got down to the mirrors, Grindhof came back out of his orbit and began with some notes on a block of paper, and finished up with something that looked like Einstein's homework.

"Can we do it?" asked Igor.

Grindhof walked the lawn and made several more calculations before he answered, "Yes, I guess so. But if it's going to be done in eight days, we'll need relay squads of technicians at twenty a time to get it done." Grindhof studied him. "I must say I'm getting interested in Mediterranean Blue."

……

## Winter Carpentry

By Herbert Merrill

When windows of my workshop close
Their little eyes beneath the snows
And blizzards wander white and deep,
I light the swinging lamp and keep
On whittling at the weeks until
Time turns into a daffodil.

I saw the minutes up and plane
The hours down till none remain,
And now and then, like chuck or bear,
Go shuffling out to sniff the air,
Then hurry back to sweep away
The shavings of a winter day.

……

"Go and get your guys," said Igor. "Matty has a speedboat to get 'em here and back. I'm going back to the boathouse." Back at the boathouse, Igor constructed a wooden frame, seven feet by seven, marked a circle two feet in diameter under the frame, and spoke to Miranda.

"Now I want you to learn to dance, feet in that circle, arms within the frame, for all the solo dance parts I am going to mark up for you. O.K.?"

There was a long and furious hassle over the Igor-Grindhof operation, and when they got down to the dancing, tempers began to spark in the long, hot afternoon. And Brannigan at the piano was losing a little of that famous Marine discipline. He roared at Mike, "I want words of one syllable in this song."

"You've been using 'em all afternoon," said Bianca calmly.

The atmosphere might be described as climactic when Marianne, the villa cook, escorted Romando down to the boathouse. He stood at the door, in a suit of Spanish dustcloth, his black hair matted in sweat from the long journey from Paris, a dark Moorish light in his eyes, young, handsome, and dynamic as a spring bull.

Everybody stopped, and, in silence, Miranda walked out to greet him. She held his hands a moment, said something in Spanish, then led him in. "This is my friend Romando."

Mike walked over, looked hard into his eyes, smiled, then introduced him to everybody. Romando had learned American from Miranda, and greeted everybody with an I-am-very-happy-to-meet-you, spoken with great dignity.

"Please come up to the villa," said Bianca. "We all need a break and a drink anyway."

Mike put his arm around Romando's shoulder. "You need a wash or a cold shower. Come on."

Over cool lemon drinks Mike explained it all to Romando. He listened in silence, until Mike mentioned the marquis. Then, very softly, noiselessly as a sword going into the flesh, Romando spoke one word. It was in Spanish, but Brannigan knew the word, and he looked at Romando with hard blue eyes, and then he looked at Miranda. He guessed that if Mike was interested, as he seemed to be, he was going to have a rugged ride. Romando was the kind of guy that a girl would not forget in a long time.

They decided to rehearse again for an hour, and also Mike wanted to work on Romando, because it was clear nobody could order the Spaniard around. Then Mike left them, and borrowed the car, and rode to Vilferrat to get a room for Romando. Igor wanted to get to Nice on the mirror project.

Down in the boathouse, it was nearly dusk before Romando made his decision. What he was really deciding was whether he liked these Navy guys.

Suddenly Miranda broke a pause. "Romando, I've told them all about your dance. Will you do the solo part, please?"

Romando made no fuss. He took the castanets from Romulo, and slowly warmed up by a curious sequence of leg-kicking and hops. And then suddenly he opened out and hit the floor with a crack of his heels that made Val jump. Miranda went and stood in the coolness of the doorway. She knew it all, but it still made the blood beat in her forehead, and she was lost in the hot sunlight of Spain when she felt an arm on her shoulder.

"Don't move!"

It was Rosalind, down on the evening plane from Paris, and she stood there, taut and slim, with a kind of cool fire in her, and the last sunlight in her golden hair. She kept her hand on Miranda's shoulder, and soon Miranda felt the throbbing in Rosalind as the dance began to pulse in her and her lips opened and she gave a shudder as the last steps crackled into a shocking silence.

She seemed to have no breath at all as she asked Miranda, "Who is he?"

Miranda just looked at her in amazement and led her by the hand to Romando. "This is my cousin Rosalind—Romando."

The whole place, and the whole evening seemed to pause, and then Bianca came over and kissed Rosalind on the cheek, and one might think nothing had happened, as Bianca introduced her to everybody.

They decided to call it a day, and as Miranda walked up with Rosalind to the villa, she looked at her cousin, so chic and beautiful in her Paris dress, and almost laughed. But, as she helped Rosalind unpack a few things in her room, neither of them mentioned Romando, and Rosalind sat away from him on the terrace as they had drinks.

The next morning a local Riviera journal printed in the foreign social column a late item in red stencil that read:

> The Marquis de Bière lies in the hospital from a broken wishbone suffered under a tree falling on him in Kashmir.

Clarified somewhat, the Paris papers had it by noon, and at lunchtime an American columnist called Matty from Paris. Then he printed a double-column story containing 243 asterisks standing in for censored words in Matty's dialogue. But the columnist was also syndicated all over the U.S.A. The next thing Captain Humber knew was that he was handed a decoded message asking what, why, and wherefore was something called Mediterranean Blue.

The captain pressed a button, sent for Lieut. Michael S. Maloney, and spoke exactly five words: "It had better be good."

"Yes, sir."

That was all, but in no time the word got around ship that any guy not volunteering for off-duty work on Goodwill Mission Mediterranean Blue would get no more special pepper sauce in his tomato juice.

Day in the boathouse now began at daylight, and Romando, when not dancing, sat learning new words from Brannigan. Rosalind quarreled with Brannigan so furiously over their duets that Val had to take her out of the boathouse.

"Listen, honey, I am with Brannigan. There is enough tension in the job itself without personal pressures blowing up. Bluntly, get this Spanish guy out of your mind until it's all over, and get on with your blues songs with Brannigan."

Val walked away and the message went home to Rosalind that trying to stand a hundred yards away from Romando in a boathouse twelve yards long might not be the best way of hiding the feelings of a young American lady.

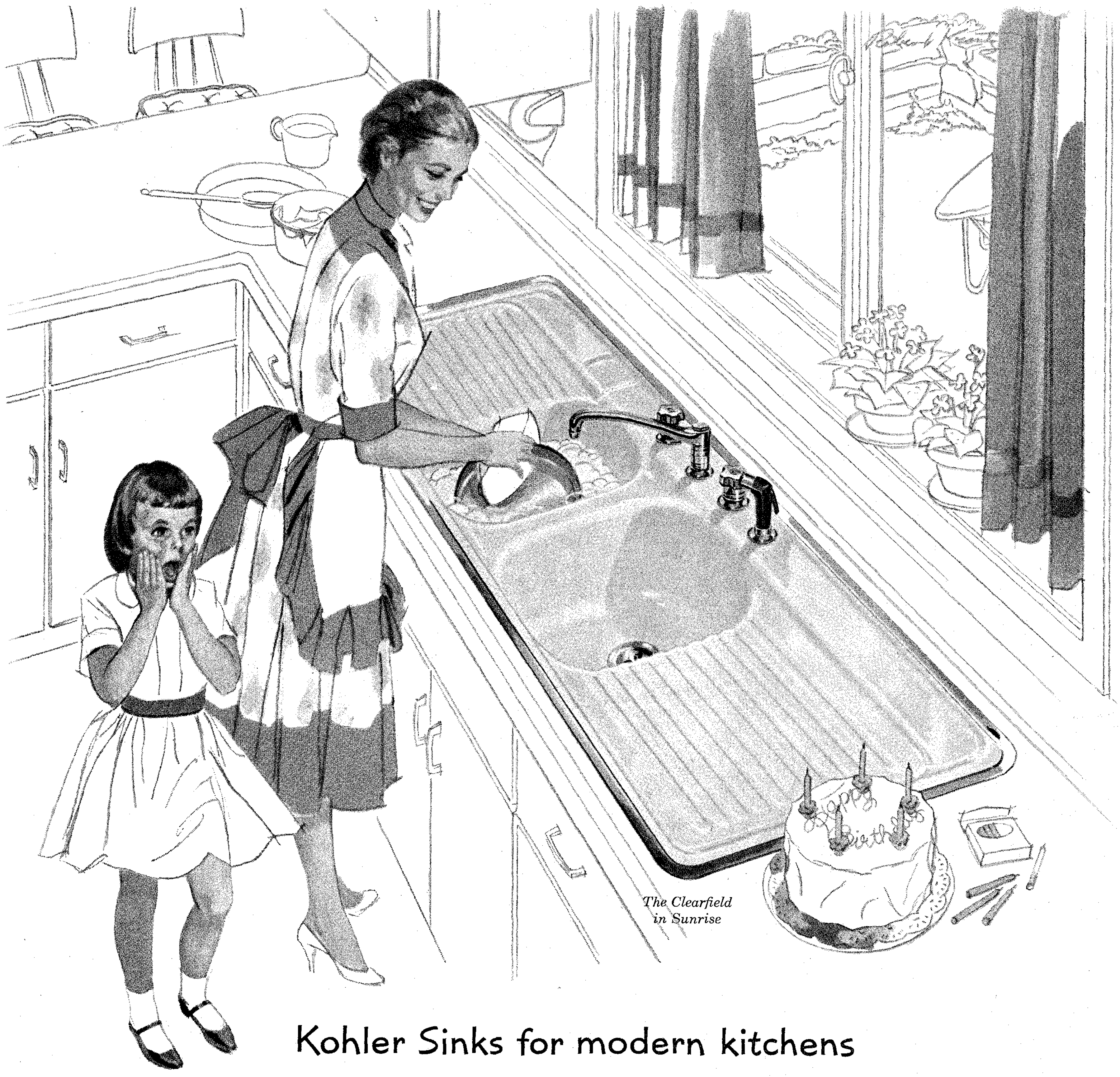
Nevertheless, they got it alive and cued to the Château Mandelieu on the afternoon before the big day. They spent seven hours locating it inside the perimeter of wires and lights planted over an acre of ground by Grindhof and his boys. They had an hour's break for sandwiches and coffee and began a dress rehearsal dead on midnight. Grindhof sat with a stopwatch in hand, and Igor sat by him.

The sun was coming up in pale gold over Antibes when they hit it for home in the speedboat and launches. Mike said curtly, "This is going to be the biggest bust ever known on the Riviera, or ——"

It was a beautiful night and the prefect arrived and was greeted by his national anthem played by the Marine Corps. The admiral arrived and was greeted by his national anthem played by the Chasseurs Alpins. At last the white-gloved ushers got everybody seated and the photographers out of the way. Everyone waited in brilliance and beauty in the blue night.

On the tenth stroke of ten o'clock, Mike, in a tuxedo, and wearing a rose in his lapel, walked to the microphone, took the spotlight with a smile, and, over a whispering of Neapolitan music, began: "Now, you are going to hear a song sung in a garden in the city of Naples, lying in the golden sunlight of the afternoon over the Mediterranean blue, by an American girl whose name is Linda, and a young American naval officer whose name is Frank, and this is why they are here in the garden."

Mike had a musical and compelling voice, and the small man in a dark-blue suit, with eyes that made a blue light in his glasses, paused before striking a match. He put the cigarette back in his case, and sat up a little (*Continued on Page 98*)



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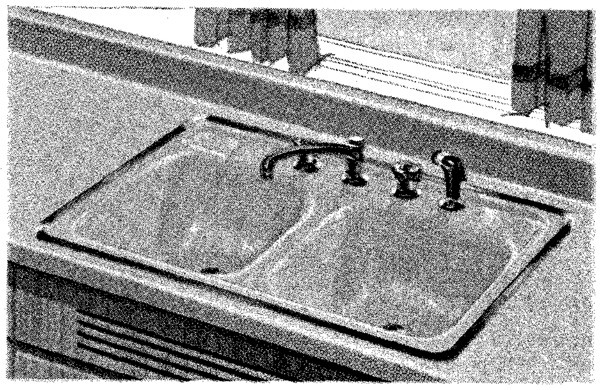

*The Delafield in Peachblow*

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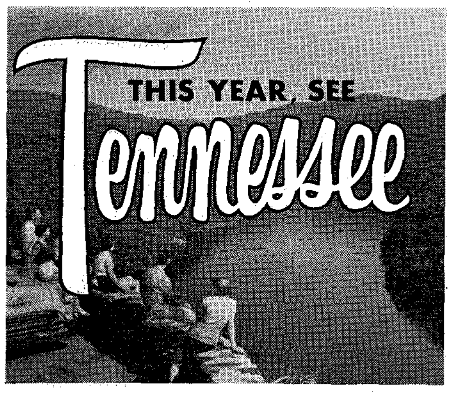
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(*Continued from Page 96*) in his chair on the terrace, behind the more fashionable people in evening dress and silks and diamonds that glowed in the blue night. Mike looked at the stop watch in his palm as he stepped down from the platform laid over the swimming pool, and saw that he was just two seconds inside the two minutes he had planned for the opening narrative.

Then, from his chair under a palm, Igor snapped his fingers for the lights, his heart beating as he looked over at Grindhof behind the panel, who was flanked by a hand-picked squad from the coding room.

The little man in the back of the audience once again put back his cigarette as he watched the Isle of Capri suddenly lighted in the night, beyond the Naples garden, in a long shimmering view that made it seem as far out as the islands of Lérins in the bay just below. A champagne burp in the front row became a gasp and there was a burst of applause. In the garden, limned in the green shadow of a tree, was a Greek or Roman statue of a woman who seemed to be clothed in a tunic, and then from somewhere in the night, a warm and honeyed voice poured out:

*There is a blue that lies upon Capri,*
*In the blue wave, in the blue sky,*
*In the blue sail, that sailing by,*
*Leans in the lovely morning.*

*There is a blue that only lovers see,*
*In the blue cave, in the cool cave,*
*Where day is night, and night is day,*
*And the light is all a rainbow.*

As the song died away in the night, and everybody waited for the singer to appear, the statue moved in the green shadow, a white silk skirt, that was the tunic, swung free as the statue danced. Then Brannigan, trying to look like Pinkerton in Madame Butterfly, swung in the gate and sent his golden caressing voice floating into the night. Many a pearl earring trembled on many a pink ear, and Pinkerton got wild applause. The blackout and change took only two minutes, while Mike narrated the story, and the admiral's heart missed beats when he saw Bianca, dressed as a Sicilian peasant girl, a pail in her hand, pause in the courtyard of an inn, and sing up to a balcony window:

*I come from the hill where the sheep*
*Are sweetly grazing,*
*And the milk I bring is sweet*
*As the dew of morning.*

*I came by the valley where the herd*
*Is slowly winding,*
*Red and dappled, to the sound*
*Of a shepherd piping.*

There were many people in the audience able to appreciate the technique involved in the song, and the admiral flushed as he heard the praise. A fierce old marquis in a pointed white beard kept insisting Bianca was somebody the Sixth Fleet had borrowed from the Met or La Scala, and practically told the prefect he was a liar when he said she was the wife of the admiral.

There were also loud calls for the composer of the music and the author of the lyric, but Mike just took the microphone, silenced them with his hand and, stop watch in hand, kept the show running sharp to time as lunch hour in the Pentagon. And by this time, also, the little man in the back seat on the terrace had his lighter over his watch, timing the changes, and had given up trying to light that cigarette.

Hence it was precisely at twenty-three hours seventeen, as planned, that Mike ended his prenarrative of the Granada scene, and Miranda came on, and very carefully taking her position, swung into the dance so long practiced in circle and frame. And very soon, Igor, taking a long breath, waved his hand at Grindhof, and the boys of the coding room got down to what they had christened Operation Nightmare.

They lit the Granada cave in a crescent of which the deepest curve was seventy-four yards from the front audience, and produced forty girl dancers all dressed in the same pattern as Miranda, but varied in five different colorings. At this distance, guided by no music, they danced in perfect rhythm with Miranda, and the last wild crescendo got the audience to its feet in one long roar. Then the lights were cut, and Miranda took her bow, faded into shadow, and Mike replaced her to say good night to the audience. But before he could speak, a man from Michigan yelled: "Let the line take a bow!"

The man from Michigan was in the front row, and maybe he felt he'd like to see all those girls up close. For one instant Mike did not get his meaning, and then he got it and also got his inspiration. He smiled.

"I'm afraid the line is not scheduled to take a bow. But perhaps you would take a bow for them!"

The man from Michigan flushed, and then he also got his inspiration. He would go out there and thank the Navy on behalf of the U.S.A. So, a long way from home, he walked out and stepped up to the microphone.

He waved his cigar, and was just about to speak when Mike called over to Grindhof: "Light it!"

There was a sudden roar in the audience and the man from Michigan reddened in surprise at this tumultuous welcome. But he was the only person there who did not know that the audience was applauding forty-one men from Michigan. Operation Nightmare had taken everybody there. Finally the man from Michigan looked around and saw forty pictures—of his back.

By this time, the prefect, grand uniform and all, had his arms around the admiral's shoulders, trying to hold himself steady. But the little man in the back row did not laugh at all, as, once again, he put his cigarette away and walked around muttering "Mirrors, mirrors, mirrors," until he located the group in the Japanese arbor celebrating with champagne. He hesitated, in his shy way, blinked behind his glasses, then spoke to Val.

"I liked your show." He paused. "I wonder if one of you would be so kind and tell me a little more about it. I—just happened to come over from Cap d'Antibes. Oh, here is my card."

Val put down the card on the table and looked at Mike, who, always the gentleman, went along and sat on a rustic bench with the quiet little man, who took out a cigarette, began to light it, then put it back in his case. The little man had a very quiet voice.

"A very pleasant evening, indeed." He paused. "Now, I know you told us the story, and in a very clear way, but I would like to know a little more. Am I disturbing you from your friends?"

"Oh, no, sir." Then Mike began to tell him the whole story, and it was a little time before he realized he could never move his eyes from the curious blue light in the lenses over the calm eyes of the little man.

The little man paused, then said: "And none of the four of you has ever done any musical or theater work before?"

"No, sir. But then, we are all very young, and the time in the Navy ——"

"I see. And how long would the whole show run?"

"I'd say about one hundred and forty minutes, sir."

"I see. And who owns this property?"

"Property? Oh, the show, sir? The four of us, I guess."

"I see. Of course it would be better to incorporate and call yourselves Capri Incorporated or something. Then there would be one lessor and one lessee. Then, I suppose the minimum basic agreement would cover as a contract."

"I don't follow you all the way, sir."

"I just want to make things simple. You see, I would like to buy Mediterranean Blue."

"Buy? I don't understand, sir. Who are you?"

"Well, I did give my card to your friend."

It was at this point that, putting down her glass, Miranda saw the card on the table. She stared at it, then turned to Val.

"Where did this come from?"

"Oh, that guy who ——" He looked over at Mike and the little man.

"They've been a long ——" Then Miranda stuck the card in front of Val's nose. He actually went pale.

"I don't believe it!"

All eyes swung over to Mike and his friend. The little man was playing with that cigarette again and there was a sudden glitter in the pince-nez.

"My name is Roland Rodger." He struck the lighter and held it by the tip of his cigarette. "Yes, or no?"

"Yes," said Mike and felt all the air in his lungs exhale in one small word.

The little man lit his cigarette. Then in silence he came over to the group. He was all apology again.

"I'm staying over at Cap d'Antibes, and I had nothing to do, so I just happened to come along. Thought I'd spend a little something on the Red Cross. Might I have a sip of that champagne? Ah, thank you." He took one sip and paused. "Perhaps you could all come over and have dinner with me at the Eden-Roc tomorrow evening. Call me in the morning. Oh, and I would like the whole book, of course." Then he caught the quick, uneasy look in Val's eye. "Don't worry, mister. The book is only what it is written on. I buy the people." He picked up his card and drew an Arabic sign on it, then wrote his name through the symbol. "That is known all over Broadway as the same as a contract from me. Good night, ladies and gentlemen."

They all stood there in the arbor, and then the silence was broken by a sob. Bianca hid her face in her hands and the tears poured through her fingers.

"I can't help it. I am the only one not going on Broadway. And I can't bear that somebody else will sing those lovely ——"

"Oh, mom!"

As her daughter led her away Bianca whispered, "Forgive me. But it has been—so long."

Brannigan used a battlefield word and said, "I could do the same thing myself. I'm just all gone from no sleep." His face was taut. "And clam up about Broadway. It's bad enough to face that mink mob up there with Matty, without having newspaper guys on our necks all night. All we want is to get home and sleep."

But they had to make an appearance in the salon, and Mike bolted from a countess who was dressed below the waistline in satin and above the waistline in diamonds, and found Grindhof cornered by the prefect, who was digging Operation Nightmare and still could not understand the principle of the mirrors.

"Perhaps you explain it to me in French?"

"Look," said Grindhof, desperate, "I can't explain it to these guys in American. Mike, you tell him!"

With that, Grindhof jumped over the window sill and out into the clear and lucid moonlight.

Miranda, smiling, as she watched her mom, now very calm and smart in an evening gown, swapping protocol nothings with Madame the Prefect, also escaped into the garden. She wanted to get alone, and sat out of sight in a small green arbor over the path that was the vista promenade away above the moonlit sea.

Then, walking slowly, Romando came along the path, and stood looking southwest over the sea, as if his eyes searched for Spain. He stood there a while. In a whisper of silk, Rosalind came along the path, saw Romando, stopped, then slowly approached. She paused, looked into Romando's eyes, as if she wanted to say something, but they only stood there, as if transfixed by the moon. Then Romando suddenly hit his forehead with the palm of his hand and his voice trembled.

"In there, since I see you, I hear the wild bull running in the grass, and ——"

"Oh, Romando!"

Miranda softly moved away as Rosalind's hands went up to cool his burning forehead, and she walked up quickly to the house, whispered something to her mother, then got her cape and, walking swiftly, collided with Mike as he came in the doorway.

"I'm going home. I'm taking the car. Good night."

Mike said nothing, but walked by her, opened the off door of the car, and said, "I'll drive."

All along the moonlit Littoral not one word was spoken in the hour-long drive to the Cap. When she got out of the car, she unlocked the sleeping villa, put on the light, and soon came out with glasses on a tray. They sat on the terrace as the nightingales talked in music, and finally Mike spoke.

"Are you upset about your mother breaking down?"

"Not upset. Just thinking."

"Well, what your mother said upset me. The last thing she said: 'It has been—so long.'"

"Yes." Miranda gave a kind of shiver. "You know, I told you about what Popeye—daddy said to mom when he grabbed her on that night of her first concert: 'That was a wonderful first and farewell performance.' Every time it came up as a family joke I used to laugh." She paused. "Then I stopped laughing."

"Why?"

"Well, when I saw daddy with his young officers—the way he is with them, like a boy. Then I knew how he longed for a son."

Every note of the nightingale pierced the silence.

"Yes?"

"And—and then I saw that I was also a first and farewell appearance, the only child." She shivered all over. "I—I just—I feel it is the same thing. I just can't explain. But then when it came out of mom, when she said, 'It has been—so long.' Yes, long—between the first and the second appearance of a person born to be a singer. So ——"

"I am listening, Miranda. And understanding, I hope."

"So, nothing like that is going to happen to me. It was hard, in Spain. Muscles that kicked all night long by themselves so that I could not sleep. But I got it at last, because I am a dancer, and I must dance. I am going to Broadway with Mediterranean Blue, because I want to give, because I must give what I've got to give to people. Then, later, I shall not feel guilty when, and if, I—find I have to give something to one person alone. Do you understand, Mike?"

"Oh, yes."

"But my dancing is not so important, like Romulo's choreography, like Rosalind's singing, like Igor's designs. The people that matter in all this are you and Val, because it is as certain as we sit here that Val is going to be a great composer, if he is not one already. What he is going to do will not die with him, as my dancing will die with me, when I hang up my slippers. He is the creator, and nobody else matters at all in the long run. It is Val who matters—and you."

"Me?"

"Yes. A child could know from your lyrics in Mediterranean Blue what you are. But that is not all. Val talked to me last night about you." She paused. "He stole something from you. He swore me to silence as I swear you. He stole the play you have nearly done, that you have been working on in secret since you found out what you could do in Mediterranean Blue. And Val is too good in his own work to be wrong about another kind of creation, and I believe in his judgment, so ——"

"So—what?"

"You'd better forget the law school at Harvard, Mike." She got up. "I'm going to sleep. Take the car and leave it on the quay at Vilferrat. Mom will pick it up in the morning." She paused. "I won't be at dinner at Eden-Roc tomorrow night. But tell Rodger I want my part on Broadway. I'm going away to Arles in the morning."

"Not Spain?"

"No." She paused and there was a curious faraway smile on her face. "I often wondered what the matador feels when he walks away—from something dead on the sand. I found out tonight."

"And what does he feel?"

"Nothing. That is why he looks shocked and numbed always." She stood by the doorway. "I guess I'll be home in the spring. And mom will have your number in Boston." She looked very steadily at him. "It will only feel like a little pause. Like the dawn before morning. Good night, Mike."

"Good night."

She went in and left him on the terrace. He sat there a little time, and then got up and walked to Vilferrat, around the bay, where the silver ripples washed out of the deep.

THE END

## Our Plans for Outer Space (Continued from Page 25)

were obtained from a determined military-missile program started soon after the end of World War II. By 1954 they had a sound basis for undertaking the exploration of space. This led to putting up the first Sputnik, in October of 1957. It was followed by heavier satellites, such as the one carrying the dog Laika. Their successful launching of a heavy payload which passed within 5000 miles of the moon on its journey to outer space added dramatically to the evidence that the Russians possess some capabilities in excess of our own at this time.

In the United States, our thoughts about venturing into space were formulated later and until recently were more diffuse. In the last few months, however, we have been working night and day, not only building an organization capable of carrying out our plans but hammering out the short-range national space program to do the things now possible, plus making the long-range plans for the space ventures in the years to come.

Almost a year ago, in a special message to Congress outlining his request for a national aeronautics and space agency, the President urged a civilian setting for the administration of space activities because it would emphasize the deep concern of our nation that outer space be devoted to peaceful and scientific purposes. The National Aeronautics and Space Act passed by Congress last July, which set up NASA, specifically provides that "it is the policy of the United States that activities in space should be devoted to peaceful purposes for the benefit of all mankind."

Of course, we are finding that, as is the case in any field of scientific exploration today, there is very little that is exclusively civilian or exclusively military. Almost all of the progress made so far toward space flight has been based on "booster" rockets inherited from the military-missiles program. NASA will continue to draw on the military for this and other types of assistance. And while our program will be oriented toward civilian-directed exploration of space, all our technological developments, such as more powerful rocket engines or advanced guidance systems, will be co-ordinated with and will be of interest to the Department of Defense.

There is some confusion today about the terms "space" and "outer space," and neither the scientists nor the lawyers have yet been able to agree on a definition which satisfies everyone. In fact, the House Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration recently announced that one of the most pressing international needs was to define exactly what and where is "outer space," so that agreements as to its use could be worked out peacefully among all nations.

The reason for the confusion is that there is no clear-cut upper limit to the earth's atmosphere. At NASA we make no distinction between "space" and "outer space," although until further scientific break-throughs occur, even our long-range planning is limited to investigation of the moon, sun, nearby planets and the space within our own solar system.

Some people have asked, why all this urgency about a space program? There are several good reasons. The simplest is man's basic curiosity. Throughout history he has attempted to get away from being earth-bound. He finally made it on a limited scale with the airplane. Now, for the first time, the advancements of science and technology have made it possible for him to take his first faltering steps toward the stars.

Curiosity alone is not enough to warrant spending the billions of dollars it will take before the first man can step onto the surface of the moon. There also must be some tangible payoff to the American taxpayers, who will have to foot the bill.

We know already that there are definite possibilities for commercial applications. The recent Department of Defense experiment contained in the 150-pound payload of the "talking" Atlas missile sent into orbit was only a small example of what lies ahead in communications, suggesting such exciting possibilities as world-wide television. United States Weather Bureau experts estimate that savings of billions of dollars a year through helping business and agriculture and minimizing storm damage would be possible if the accuracy of weather forecasting could be improved by as much as 10 per cent. And scientists tell us that not only are improved weather-forecasting results probable within the next few years through the use of satellites but also that advances in space science and technology may lead to some slight degree of weather modification in the not-too-distant future.

The military objectives of executing a bold space-exploration program are obvious. As long as the possibility exists that space can be used by others for military purposes, we must be prepared to use space to defend ourselves and to maintain a strong deterrent potential.

After a slow start, the United States space program has been picking up momentum. Despite early failures, the record for 1958 is not at all discouraging. As part of the United States participation in the International Geophysical Year (I.G.Y.), four American satellites were put into orbit around the earth, and the Air Force and Army also launched deep space rocket probes, both of which went out more than 65,000 miles. And the Department of Defense communications experiment noted above also succeeded in guiding an entire Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile (I.C.B.M.) weighing 8700 pounds into orbit.

Much valuable scientific information has been gained from these satellites and deep space probes. For instance, their use led to discovery of two previously unknown bands of high-intensity radiation. These radiation fields might harm or kill a space traveler who stayed within them for an extended period of time, unless he had adequate protective shielding.

In the latter part of 1958 it became increasingly apparent that the national programs in the space field, both military and civilian, needed to be more clearly defined. Along with the establishment of NASA, a National Aeronautics and Space Council was set up, headed by President Eisenhower, who presides over all council meetings. Other members of the council are the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the Administrator of NASA, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and four appointees of the President—one from government and three from civilian life. The council advises the President on space matters and provides for co-ordination between NASA and the Department of Defense.

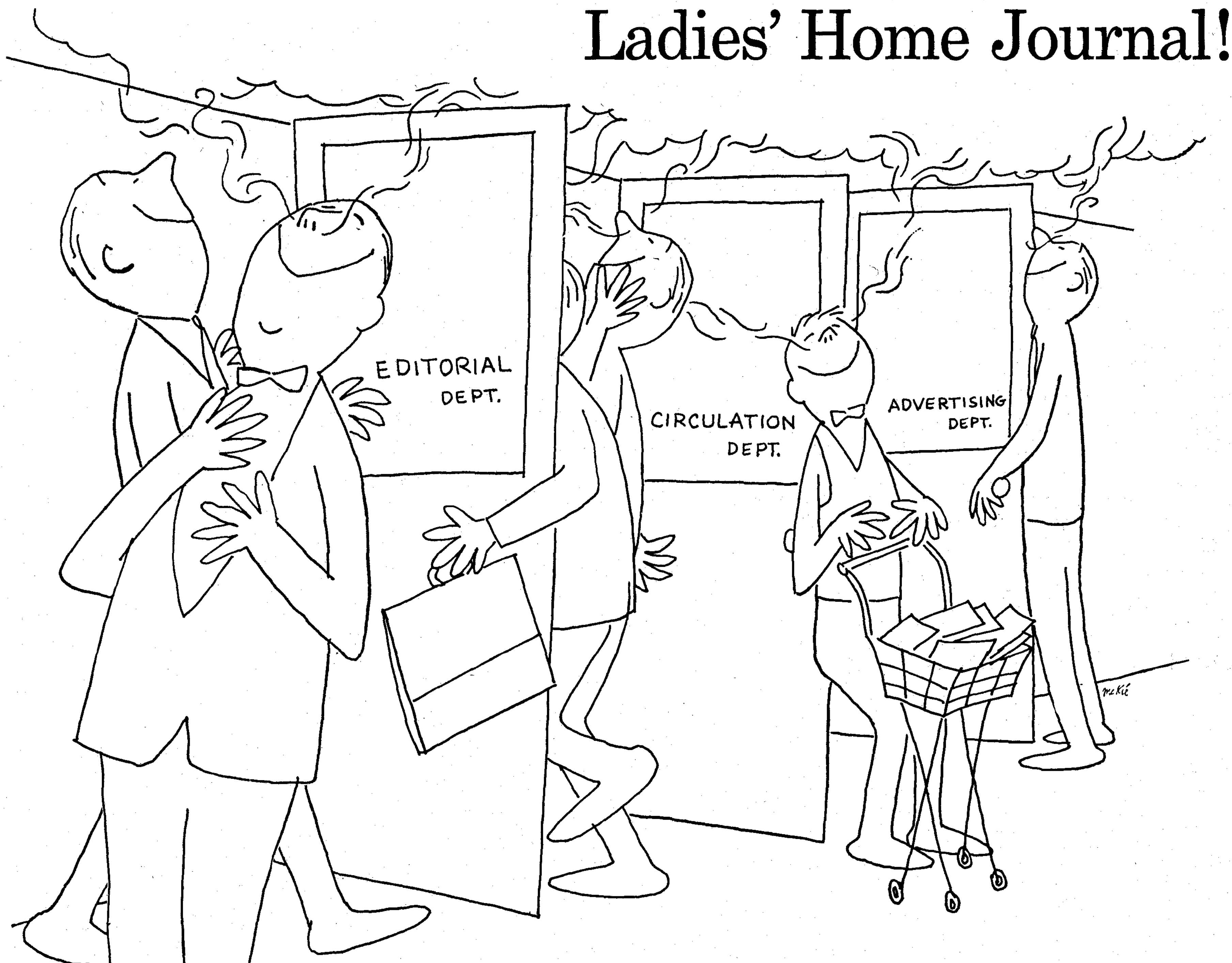
Although space science and technology advanced tremendously during 1958, we have hardly scratched the surface. Our limitations far exceed our present capabilities, and we do not yet even know all of the problems that face us in our efforts to soar into space.

Development of a national space program will be especially difficult because the course is uncharted and the possibilities are almost unlimited. A great many able scientists and engineers have ideas—and good ones too—about what we should be doing. Unfortunately, the costs of doing everything are so tremendous that we cannot hope to satisfy everyone.

The Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences brings to us some of the best of the concepts proposed by their scientific committees in all fields concerned with space. Every aircraft and missile company and hundreds of other industrial organizations send their top scientists and engineers to our offices with suggestions. Military personnel frequently offer exciting

*(Continued on Page 101)*

# Wonderful things are cooking at Ladies' Home Journal!


EDITORIAL DEPT.
CIRCULATION DEPT.
ADVERTISING DEPT.
McKie

**Some epicurean editorial items:** During 1958, ten Journal books appeared in hard covers and some are *still* on best-seller lists. Coming in 1959, will be more exciting fiction by such authors as Daphne Du Maurier...Isak Dinesen...Jessamyn West. Also, the Journal will continue to publish stimulating articles by Dr. Spock, Dorothy Thompson, Margaret Hickey, and, of course, such ever popular features as "How America Lives," "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" and "Tell Me, Doctor."

**Some tasty figures on circulation:** Ladies' Home Journal's average circulation for the first nine months of 1958 was 5,703,413*—a gain of 160,000 over 1957...483,000 over 1956! (That means advertisers have been receiving a circulation bonus of over 200,000.) At the newsstands, the Journal still outsells...and by a wide margin...all other women's magazines.

**Some appetizing news about advertising:** The March Journal set a new revenue record for that month with a total of $3,233,475—up 13.6%. This continues the surge which began with the record-breaking February issue, when the Journal showed a 36% gain in advertising revenue and a 25% gain in lineage. *All this makes the first quarter of 1959 the biggest in Journal history!* No wonder the Journal is No. 1 in the plans of advertisers who know the importance of womanpower and Journalpower.

*A.B.C.

*Never underestimate the power of a woman...*
*nor the womanpower of the No. 1 women's magazine*

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

**NO. 1 IN CIRCULATION ★ NO. 1 IN NEWSSTAND SALES ★ NO. 1 IN ADVERTISING**

(*Continued from Page 99*) projects, for which there may not be immediate defense requirements, but which nevertheless have excellent possibilities. Among our own NASA headquarters staff and at our laboratories in the field, ideas come up every hour of the day, every day of the week.

A man came to my office the other day with a suitcase. He had an idea for a launching pad which he thought would add to the thrust of a rocket. He unfolded his model on the floor and set it up. It seemed obvious to me that it wouldn't work, but he had his hearing. We can't afford to pass up any possibility.

After listening to all the proposals, the NASA staff will boil them down, and the best ideas will be put together into a balanced program. There are many needs to be satisfied. We must conduct research in pure science—research that may lead to later achievements in the applied fields of technology. We must provide for improved fuels and space vehicles. Applied projects must be programed to make sure we are not ignoring the possibilities of a real contribution to the civilian economy in such things as meteorology and communications.

When we estimate the cost of all these projects, we know that we will find ourselves faced with a program that would run into the billions. We don't have the ability to spend that kind of money sensibly at this stage of our development. On the other hand, we must stretch our capabilities to the utmost to accomplish what needs to be done. Our final selections of projects for inclusion in our program are being made with these realities in mind.

At the same time we were planning our program last fall, the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) of the Department of Defense was readying its budget, which included some activities that overlapped ours. We got together with the ARPA staff to eliminate the duplication. Some of our projects, such as particular communications satellites, had urgent military requirements, so we deferred to ARPA. Where there was no specific military requirement, NASA assumed the project. On some projects the two agencies will work together.

The act under which we operate says that—except for matters involving the national security—we shall tell the people who pay the bills, the American taxpayers, what we have done. I include, very definitely, telling about our failures as well as our successes. I also believe the public easily can be misled by wild exaggerations or by setting rigid goals of accomplishment and then failing to keep up with them. But I am perfectly willing to outline in advance our goals. It may not be a glamorous program, but it is realistic.

Our program for the balance of 1959 and the first half of 1960 covers a wide range of projects.

In the area of manned flight operations, the only project ready for testing is the X-15 experimental research airplane, a co-operative venture started seven years ago by the armed forces, industry and the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA). Although not a true space vehicle, the X-15 will for the first time allow man to experience a few minutes of flight at altitudes in excess of 100 miles and at speeds of more than 3600 miles per hour. Preliminary flights at lower altitudes and speeds will be started soon by North American Aviation Company test pilot Scott Crossfield.

The X-15 is really an experiment in the transition from aeronautics to space. Its maximum flight time is less than an hour. But in it we expect to study the problems of space flight and learn much about the effects of brief periods of weightlessness, control problems in the thin layers of air and the heating and control problems of re-entry into the more dense portions of the atmosphere.

In our basic investigations of space we have planned a large amount of scientific research. We will continue the upper-atmosphere probes and satellites started as part of the I.G.Y. program. We will also deploy deep space probes by which we hope to uncover some of the mysteries of the moon, the near planets and the sun.

The scientists need to know more about the atmosphere of the earth—how far does it extend, how is it affected by the sun or by other influences? Where are the fields of heavy radiation and how strong are they? What further can we learn about cosmic rays? How is the aurora formed? Does the moon have a magnetic field? What are the chemical properties of the other planets and their atmospheres? Does life in any form exist on the moon or on Mars? These are only a few of the subjects for study.

We plan to use small vertical sounding rockets which can carry scientific instruments out as far as 4000 miles and which will enable the study of a cross section of this territory much better than can be done with orbiting satellites. Over the next couple of years we expect to fire eighty or more of these rockets.

We have planned more than twenty satellite and deep space-probe launchings in the next year. Some of these will carry on quite unusual scientific experiments. For example, we will try to place one satellite in a highly elliptical orbit which may range from several hundred miles out to 40,000 miles or more.

Another satellite, not yet firmly scheduled, may carry a so-called "atomic-clock" experiment to attempt confirmation of Einstein's general theory of relativity. Clocks accurate to one part in 100,000,000,000 which operate by atomic frequencies are being developed to work in satellites. We can then check Einstein's theory that they would run faster out in space, where the gravitational field is reduced, than a similar clock on the earth.

There will be little glamour attached to most of these continuing scientific studies. We cannot expect startling discoveries from every shot. We will need to repeat measurements, not only to get more accurate information but also to determine data variations with time. We know that some of the radiation fields vary in intensity and area over a period of time. Thus, no single set of measurements would be sufficient.

Several small instrument packages are expected to be sent far into space beginning this spring. The exact timing for launching these probes depends on development of the vehicles and the scientific instruments to be carried.

At this point, perhaps I should recall that Pioneer III, which the Army and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at California Institute of Technology fired in December under NASA direction, was programed to travel beyond the moon and then move into orbit around the sun, never to return to the earth. That Pioneer III failed to accomplish this mission was largely due to the fact that the first-stage rocket booster burned out three seconds too soon, before the desired velocity of 25,000 miles an hour had been reached.

The purpose of these deep space probes is not simply to establish new distance records measured in multimillion-mile units. Rather, we are developing the capacity to provide a reliable communications link over these vast distances. We must be able to send back to our receiving stations on earth the scientific data that our space vehicles collect. This will require long-life, lightweight power sources stowed inside the probe, to transmit radio signals carrying the information to earth.

One way will be to collect energy from the sun to provide the electrical power to operate the telemetry and other communications equipment in the probe. Another will be to develop similarly reliable, long-life, lightweight energy sources using nuclear power. Intensive work on both systems is in progress.

Getting back a little closer to the earth, we shall, of course, be sending additional probes near the moon. These will be similar in most respects to Pioneers I and III, which reached out almost one third the distance to the moon—238,000 miles. We hope to get pictures, crude though they may be, of the hidden side of the moon; we hope to measure the radiation, electrical and gravitational fields of the moon.

In a communications experiment this summer, we hope to launch a 100-foot plastic reflecting sphere into an orbit about 800 miles high. Tests will be run to check out the possibilities of world-wide instantaneous communications through ultrashort-wave or microwave radio. If successful, later tests could lay the foundation for global television, using satellites as relay points.

"Well, how's it going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We are developing several advanced satellites for meteorological experiments, although none of these will be ready to go this year. Some will be stabilized with respect to the ground, thereby extending their capabilities over the present ones, which rotate. Later, others will be set in equatorial orbits of 22,300 miles altitude. When the delicate control problems involved can be mastered, the equatorial satellites will circle the earth at the same rate that the earth turns, thus appearing—to earth observers—as fixed in space. The potential of these satellites to measure such things as cloud cover, storm location and wind direction should do much toward improving weather forecasting. The satellites may also double in usefulness as communications relay stations.

One of our major problems today is to develop engines for launching the heavier payloads required in advanced space exploration. The biggest United States launching vehicle now available is the Atlas I.C.B.M., which has a combined thrust of almost 400,000 pounds from its three engines. NASA's first major development contract was let a few weeks ago to the Rocketdyne division of North American Aviation Company for a giant-sized liquid-fuel rocket engine to develop from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 pounds of thrust. This single-chamber engine should be ready for operational use in four to six years.

Research is going on now to develop rocket engines using high-energy propellants, including hydrogen, fluorine and hydrazine. These engines will be especially useful for second- or third-stage rockets. By using hydrogen in place of kerosene for an upper stage, for instance, payload capability can be more than doubled with the same launch weight.

Solid-propellant fuels may offer some advantages. NASA's Langley Research Center in Virginia recently initiated development of the Scout, a relatively inexpensive four-stage solid-propellant rocket which will be capable of launching earth satellites with weights up to 100 pounds. Other work is in progress toward solid-propellant rockets for upper-stage boosters and retrorockets to slow down vehicles for approaching the moon or planets and for re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

The present NASA budget supports research being performed jointly with the Atomic Energy Commission on nuclear rockets. Research is also in progress at several laboratories—civilian and Government—on electrical-propulsion systems. At present, both nuclear and electrical propulsion appear to be a long way off. In theory, the scientists know how to develop these engines, which are extremely efficient and would be especially valuable for long-distance space flights lasting several years. But before achieving these engines, we must develop lightweight reactors, heat and corrosion-resistant materials, lightweight electrical-generating equipment and huge cooling radiators—to name a few of the more critical items.

Every week we get hundreds of letters with inquiries about manned space flight. Just the other day three boys in Oklahoma wrote, ". . . We would like to be on your first manned rocket to the moon, on the condition that you don't send it in the next ten years. After that it will be O.K. because we will have finished college."

While we can't give encouragement to these Oklahoma youngsters, it is a fact that our present budget contains a project for a manned earth satellite. We call this effort Project Mercury, and the objective is to send a man into orbit around the earth and return him safely. This will not be done during 1959, although we are pushing the program as fast as possible.

Last month, after a competition between twelve United States companies, we took the first big step toward this manned satellite. A contract was awarded to McDonnell Aircraft Corporation for the construction of a small capsule for use in an experimental program which should lead to manned space flight at some time in the next few years.

The capsule is engineered to protect the man from the violent accelerations of take-off and re-entry and from the intense heat incurred at re-entry. The cone-shaped seven-foot-diameter capsule looks almost like a giant TV tube. The man will recline on his back on a couch at the base of the capsule which sits atop the booster rocket. He has the protection of an escape system which will operate in a split second to lift him clear of the rocket and high enough to parachute safely to the ground should the rocket explode or fail during launching.

In the period when engineering problems are being worked out, candidates for the job of this modern-day Mercury will undergo training in the nation's aeromedical laboratories to determine in advance their ability to cope with the physical and psychological stresses of space travel. They will ride in space-simulation machines to experience the high stresses they will encounter during re-entry. And they will work along with the engineers who prepare the capsules, in order to become thoroughly familiar with the vehicle's capabilities and limitations. One hundred and ten men, all graduates of military test-pilot training schools, in top physical condition and holding degrees in physical sciences or engineering, have been chosen for this program. Twelve will be selected to man our first Mercury capsules.

Before manned orbital flight is attempted, preliminary tests will be made by releasing the capsules from high-altitude aircraft and balloons. Unmanned capsules will be fired from Redstone rockets to travel at sub-orbital speeds; later from the Atlas into orbit. Next, animals will undergo tests in the capsules and be launched from the rockets.

Should all of these tests prove the launch and recovery systems reliable—and not until then—the first man will be boosted into orbit. Just who this man will be will not be known until the final hours preceding the flight. A few minutes after launching, when the rocket has reached a speed of 18,000 miles per hour, the capsule will separate from the rocket, go into orbit at an altitude of from 100 to 150 miles and make several circuits of the earth. In orbit, small control jets will operate to stabilize the capsule. A small porthole is provided to give the traveler a glimpse of outer space.

After a few hours, the return process will start. Retrorockets will be fired to slow the capsule just enough to take it out of the orbit into slightly lower altitudes, where the higher density of air particles will cause rapid deceleration. In less than fifteen minutes he will be slowed to about 500 miles per hour. During this time a beryllium shield will soak up the intense re-entry heat. Finally, a parachute will lower the capsule safely back to earth.

No date has been set for this first manned-satellite operation. In addition to the problems already noted, we must establish adequate tracking and communications systems all over the world to monitor the orbit of our first man in space. We do not want to have him off in space without contact with our ground stations. We must be able to find him quickly if he lands in the jungle or the sea.

We will take no chances on Project Mercury. People may be killed in space exploration—many have lost their lives in aviation-flight testing. But no life will be lost because we tried to do something before we were ready.

In space exploration we are working with systems in which perfection is necessary. It is not like building a new airplane, where a pilot can test it and say, "Well, it doesn't quite come up to maximum speed and is a little sluggish on the controls, but it is still a darned good airplane." For the highly complicated and difficult space missions, we have to expect that some developments will go slowly and some test vehicles will fail. We don't like delays. But when pushing the state of the art so far and so fast, we have to operate on a flexible timetable to avoid disastrous failures.

HAZEL by Ted Key
DRIVE-IN BANK
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To show the perfection sometimes required, let me cite an example that gave me chills when it was mentioned by one of the NASA scientists looking far ahead. He said that in one method that might be used for firing a man-carrying rocket to the moon, it would be necessary to launch the vehicle with a velocity of 23,900 miles per hour. This is so close to the speed of escape from the earth's gravitational field that if the performance of the rocket system was underestimated only slightly, the traveler could be shot out into space—never to return. However, it is clearly evident that we would not use a flight plan like this that had no provisions for correction after launching.

Once we have succeeded with Project Mercury and repeat manned orbital flights enough times to work out all the problems, it will be time to worry about journeys to the moon and the planets in our solar system. From our present viewpoint, manned exploration of the moon is dependent upon a technology not yet achieved. But we do have a long-range research-and-development program looking toward such a possibility.

Several items in our budget are vital to this long-range planning. Mid-course and terminal guidance systems to orient space vehicles is one research project. Developing improved tracking systems and better methods for transmitting and receiving data are others. We are also doing research toward launching into space laboratories themselves, which can be stabilized and used for experimental purposes. We are sponsoring a study of the systems and subsystems necessary for space rendezvous, where vehicles can be sent up to join satellites already in orbit. These space stations could be used for the assembly of large pieces of equipment—possibly nuclear reactors—needed in such really long-distance space travel as going to the far planets.

I realize it is one thing to have a lot of plans, but quite another to get the job done. We have a really top-notch team in the making—a team which includes many of the nation's best people in science, administration and industry.

NASA itself is built on the foundation of the highly respected National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, whose 8000 employees and facilities were taken over intact when we opened for business last October. This includes the Langley Research Center at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia; the Ames Research Center at Moffett Field, California; the Lewis Research Center, in Cleveland; the High Speed Flight Station at Edwards, California; the Pilotless Aircraft Research Station at Wallops Island, Virginia, and the Plum Brook Research Reactor Facility of Sandusky, Ohio. Although specific programs at these facilities are being changed in many instances, the underlying NACA objective of improvement for all realms of flight—civilian and military—will be carried on.

Our new organization has been fortunate also in obtaining many of the NACA executives to assist in administering the new program. The space agency's deputy administrator, Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, brought to the job his brilliance as one of the nation's leading aerodynamicists plus his outstanding administrative ability in heading NACA for the past eleven years. Our director of space-flight development is Dr. Abe Silverstein, who was in charge of all research at the Lewis laboratory. The new director of aeronautical and space research is John W. Crowley, Jr., formerly associate director for research of NACA. Dr. Homer Joseph Stewart, director of planning and evaluation, came to us from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Caltech, where he was chief of the liquid-propulsion-systems division.

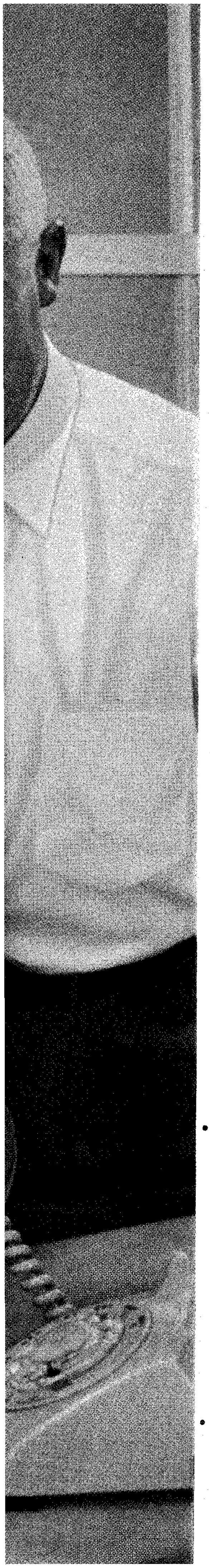
The National Aeronautics and Space Act provided for the transfer by the President to NASA of programs and facilities from other agencies. In that way we acquired 150 members of the Naval Research Laboratory's satellite-launching Vanguard group, as well as a team of about sixty upper-atmosphere specialists from NRL. Last December, the Army's famed Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Caltech was turned over to NASA. By this move we gained some 2300 trained workers in jet propulsion and missiles. We also have made arrangements for the Army Ballistic Missile Agency at Huntsville, Alabama, to work under contract on NASA projects.

At Beltsville, Maryland, a space center is under construction. Here will be conducted various basic and applied research activities and the national co-ordination of tracking and data acquisition. The Vanguard group will complete their I.G.Y. satellite tasks and then turn to new space activities at the center. Man-in-space research, now being done at Langley, may be moved to Beltsville.

Our laboratories will conduct less than 20 per cent of the total space-research program now envisioned. And we will do no large-scale development work, nor will we get into the production business. These will be the job of private industry, both large and small. Wherever the Space Administration's requirements can be clearly defined, contract awards on a fixed-price basis will be made to the lowest responsible bidder. Contracts also will be negotiated by NASA with educational institutions and other nonprofit organizations for the conduct of specified research and development.

The task ahead is not easy. It is going to cost a great deal of money. Our first year's budget was $301,000,000, and for fiscal 1960 we will need nearly $500,000,000 to carry out our program. We hope and fully expect, however, that the long-range benefits in even the few practical applications we now foresee in weather forecasting and improved communications will far outweigh the costs.

I will not even try to predict when we will land a man on the moon. Nor will I try to predict what great things may be ahead for mankind resulting from our space exploration—although we already have learned enough not to be surprised at any possibility. I learned my lesson about crystal gazing more than thirty years ago when I was a young engineer installing sound-motion-picture equipment in theaters in the West. At that time, I made the bold prediction that there would never be a full-length all-talking motion picture. I don't intend to repeat that kind of mistake. THE END



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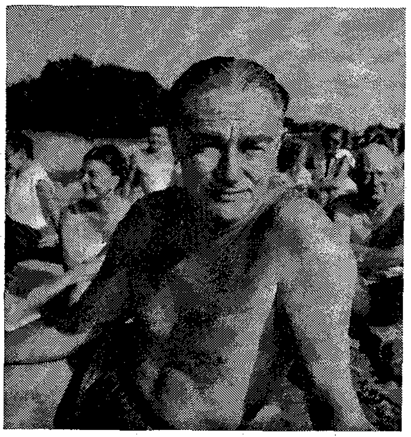
# Keeping Posted

## Tales of the Authors

Mary C. McCall, Jr.: versatile writer.



Murray Hoyt; at left, in white bathing suit, Mrs. Hoyt sits among vacationers.

**Mary C. McCall, Jr.,** of page 31, thrice president of the Screen Writers Guild, is always having to explain why she calls herself Junior—it's because her mother's name is Mary C. McCall, which seems a reasonable reason. Following college—Vassar '25—this New York-born lady got a twenty-five-dollar-a-week executive job in an advertising agency, where she wore a hat to prove she wasn't one of the clerical help. She has been writing successfully ever since—short stories, screenplays, TV scripts, verse, articles, a novel. She and her husband, David Bramson, sometimes collaborate; they are now teaming up on a novel, while Mrs. Junior, on her own, is having a go at her first play.

A smooth conversation piece—like heavyweight champion Patterson's chat with **Bill Heinz** on page 19—is more than just letting the talk wander whither it may. The Patterson-Heinz chat lasted about two hours, but before that Heinz had to read up notes and newspaper clippings of what he had been writing about the boxer for years. Then he made a list of sixty-five questions and regrouped them to move along in a natural succession—which, despite a few digressions, they did do. Patterson used to be painfully shy and taciturn, but now the self-assurance of a champion has helped him become pleasantly articulate.

Author **Murray Hoyt,** describing on page 32 his lifelong love for Lake Champlain, explains that years ago he built and still runs a cottage guest colony (Owl's Head Harbor). "Thus the old lake and I have gone on living together, and she has become the woman who keeps me." See picture for the *real* lady of his life, his wife Margaret. ("I brought my bride to the lake.") Incidentally, when photographers George and John Burns took the Champlain pictures, Hoyt's cottagers came in handy; he herded them, especially the bathing girls, into the photographic scenes and didn't charge them a cent for the chance maybe to get into the Post.

## Honor for the Editor

Post editor Ben Hibbs was doubly honored early this month. On February tenth he delivered the annual William Allen White journalistic lecture at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas. And on the same occasion he received a highly regarded award, the William Allen White Foundation's 1959 national citation for journalistic merit. The foundation, whose purpose is the betterment of journalistic standards throughout the country, is named for the famous Kansas editor and writer, who died in 1944. Ben Hibbs, an alumnus of the University of Kansas, was born in Fontana, Kansas, and he held editorial posts on several newspapers in his home state before coming to The Curtis Publishing Company in 1929.

## Best Year Ever!

Cinema stars Randall, Reynolds, Douglas, Merkel in The Mating Game.

Do you remember **H. E. Bates'** charming short story, The Darling Buds of May, which ran in the January 18, 1958, Post and then was expanded into a popular novel? It is about to be released as an M-G-M movie, The Mating Game, starring Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall, Paul Douglas and Una Merkel. Filmed in 1958, this is just one example of what happened to Post material during that banner year. In '58 Hollywood released eight movies made from Post stories and either put in production or purchased twelve others. The television people used Post fiction for four series and twenty-four single shows and bought ten other stories. And of climactic importance, Post serials, series and other features evolved into thirty-four books, many of them whopping best sellers!

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"Are We Making a Playground Out of College?"

A professor charges that campuses are becoming marriage mills and fun factories.

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